Saturday Review
September 25, 1971 50¢

Ballet Theatre Finds a Home

by Walter Terry

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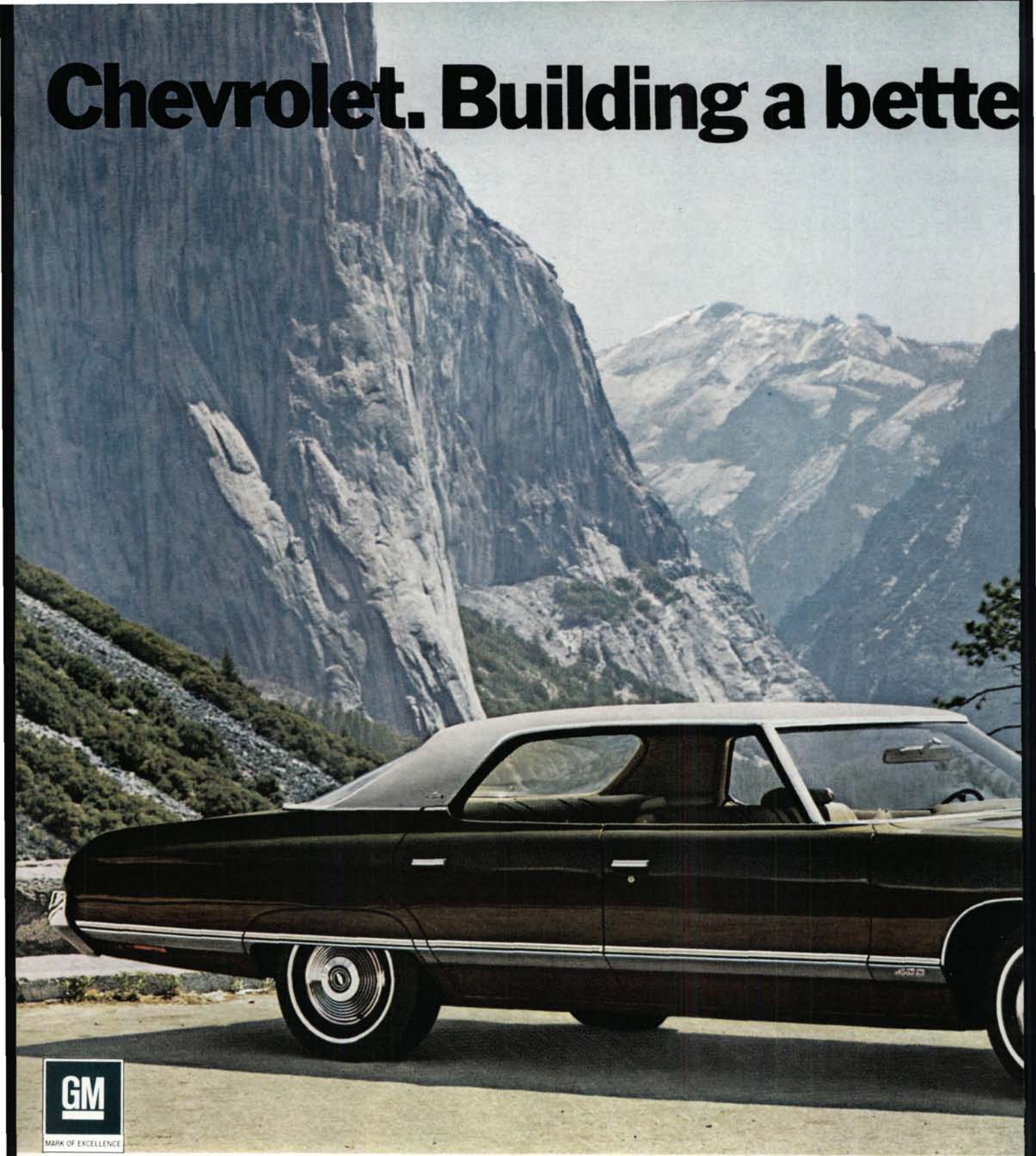
Chevrolet. Building a bette



Caprice Sedan in Yosemite National Park.

We want your 1972 Chevrolet t

The best.

No qualifications, no reservations.

We want it to be the most beautiful, the most trouble-free, the most comfortable car you ever owned.

We want you to be able to drive up one coast, across country, down the other coast and home again. We want you to be able to stop when you feel like it, not because you have to.

And because we want this for you, we've given every big new 1972 Chevrolet variable-ratio power steering and power front disc brakes.

We've given it a refined power ventilation system that keeps a controlled flow of outside air moving inside, even when the car isn't moving at all.

We've given it an improved front bumper

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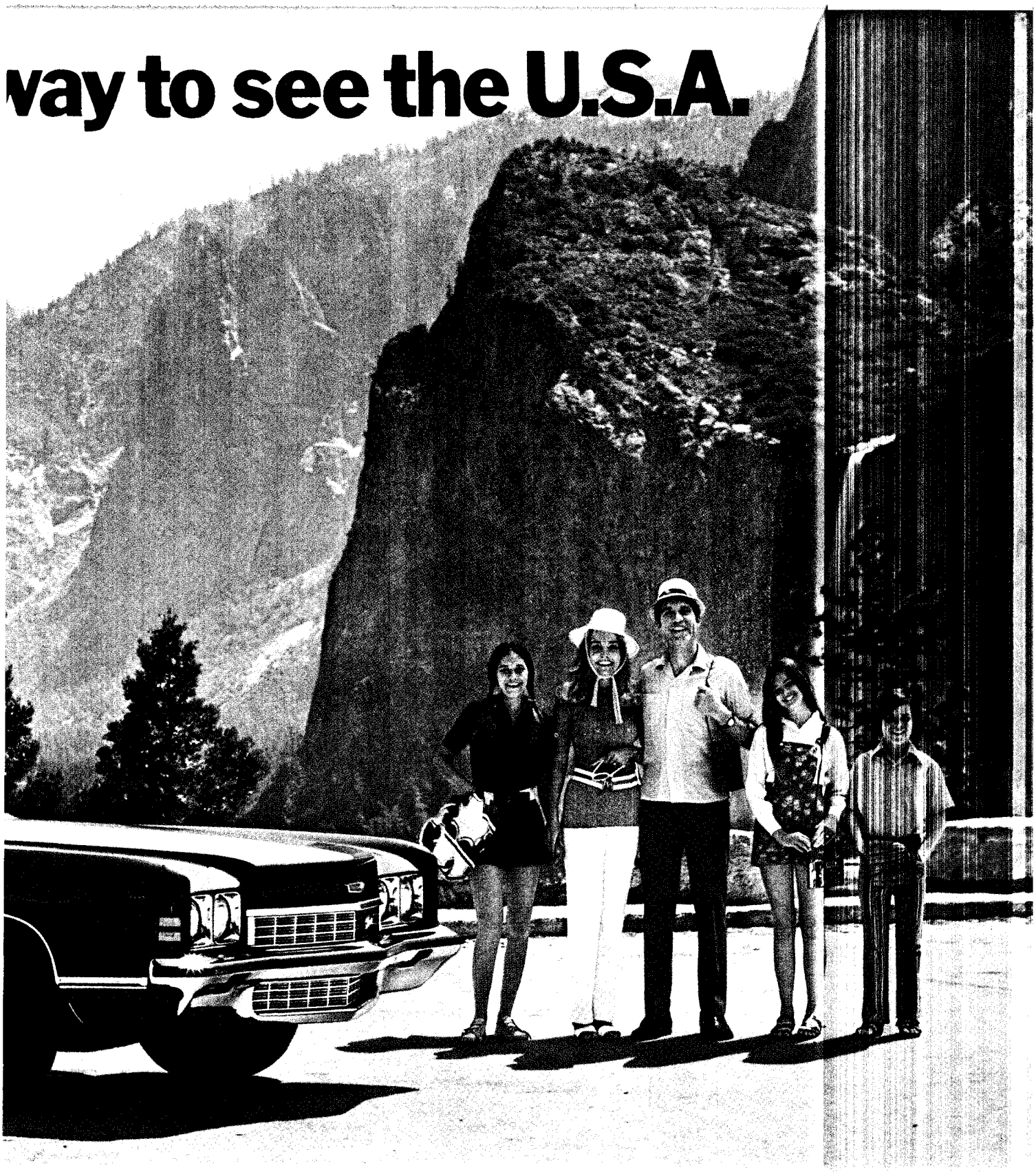
vay to see the U.S.A.



e the best car you ever owned.

o provide added front-end protection.

Along with all this, Caprice, the most uxurious Chevrolet, brings you even more.

A 400-cubic-inch V8. Turbo Hydra-matic ransmission (our finest automatic). Plus an ıbundance of other niceties you expect with ı luxury car.

All standard.

For we want you to ride relaxed, arrive refreshed and look forward to your next vacation in your new Chevrolet, whether it's a full month seeing the sights of our country or a long weekend in the country around home.

We want your new Chevrolet to be the best car you ever owned.

No less.

Chevrolet

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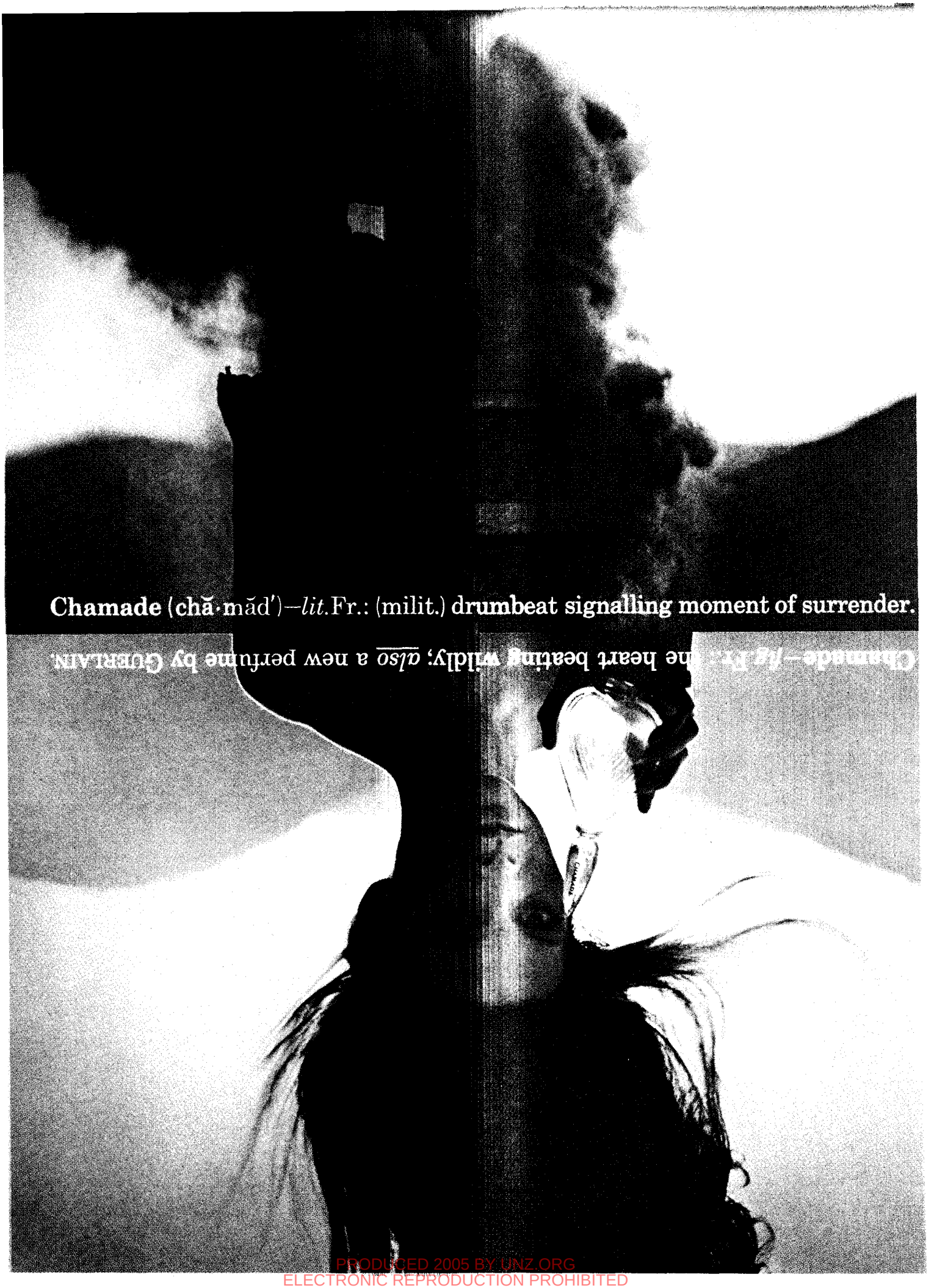
Chamade (chă·măd′)—*lit.*Fr.: (milit.) drumbeat signalling moment of surrender.
Chamade—*fig.*Fr.: the heart beating wildly; *also* a new perfume by GUERLAIN.

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Saturday Review

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Ballet Theatre Finds a Home

by Walter Terry

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CARTOONISTS: Orlando Busind, Robert Censoni, Joseph Farris, William Hoest, Dave Huffine, Jack Markov, Bob Thaves

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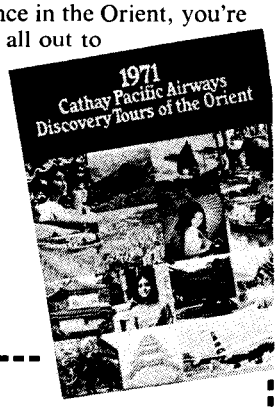

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AMERICAN MOTORS INTRODUCES THE GUARANTEED CAR.

If anything goes wrong with one of our 72's and it's our fault, we'll fix it free. Anything.

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A STRONG GUARANTEE IN PLAIN ENGLISH.

When you buy a new 1972 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship.

This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first.

All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada and that guaranteed repairs or replacements be made by an American Motors dealer.

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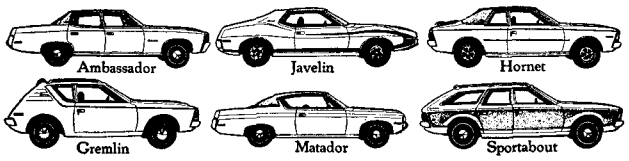
We will.

A MORE THOROUGHLY-CHECKED CAR. FROM THE FACTORY AND THE DEALER.

Naturally, we wouldn't be backing our cars like this if we weren't more sure of

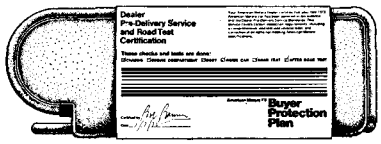


them than we've ever been before. For 1972, we've put in more quality control steps, more tests and more people to see that every car leaving our factory is as perfect as man and machine can make it.

At the dealer's, it's checked over again.

Every car (not one of 50, one of 5, every one) is road-tested for starting, handling, braking and overall performance. When the serviceman completes the test, he signs his report and slides it over the sun visor, where you can see it.

And, when a man signs his name to

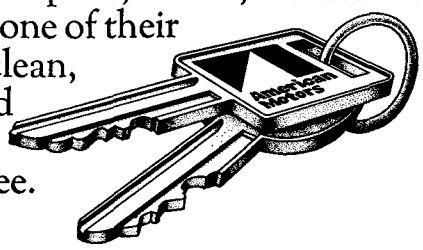


something, you can be sure he's done his job. And done it right.

A LOANER CAR WHEN YOU NEED IT. FREE.

Not only do we offer you a strong guarantee, we've set up a system to back it up without inconveniencing you.

If you have to leave your '72 overnight for guarantee repairs, over 2,000 dealers will loan you one of their cars. A nice, clean, well-equipped car in good condition. Free.



A DIRECT LINE TO DETROIT. TOLL-FREE.

We're making some big promises, and we fully intend to keep them. But, just in case you have a problem, we have a way of handling it. When you buy a '72, you get the name and toll-free number of a person in Detroit.

If you call, we promise you you'll get results. And fast.

These aren't just fancy words. We mean it.

Nobody in the business does as much for you after you buy a car, and it takes a lot of time, men and money to do all of these things.

But we think it's worth it.

Since we're giving American car-buyers exactly what they say they want, we should sell more cars than we've ever sold before.

American Motors

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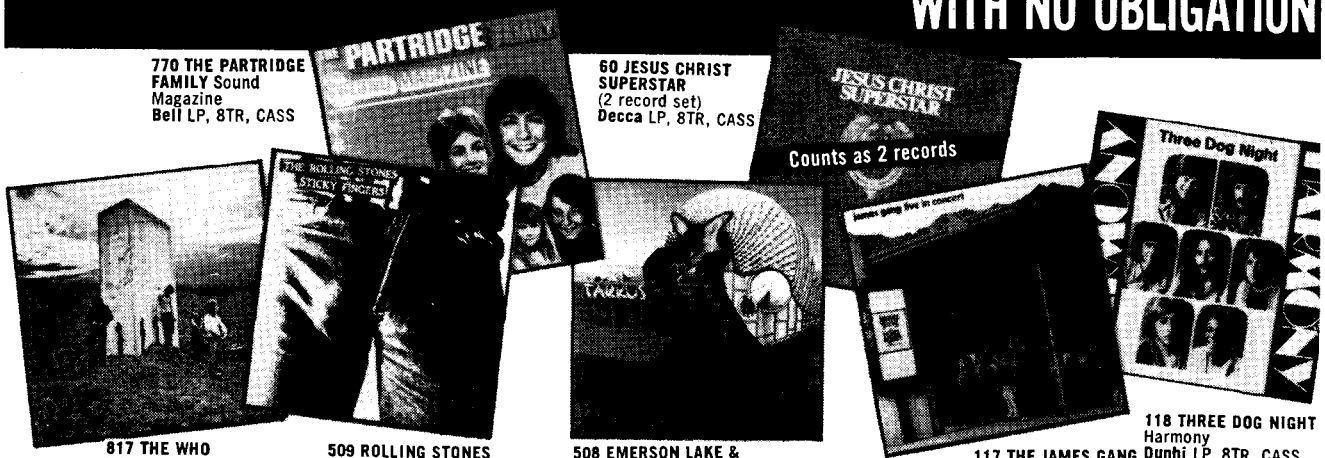
FREE... Any 3 Stereo LPs or

WITH NO OBLIGATION



770 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY Sound Magazine
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

60 JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR (2 record set)
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS

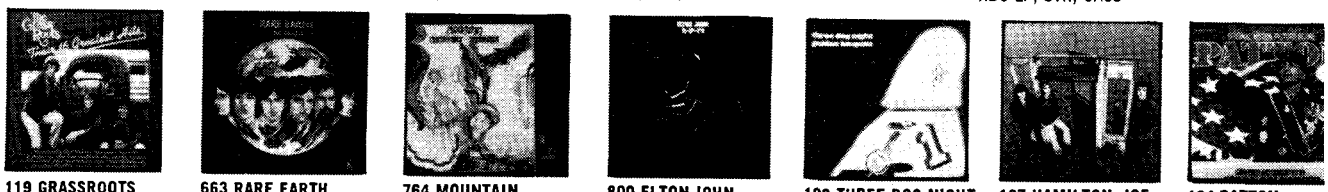
817 THE WHO
Who's Next
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS

509 ROLLING STONES
Sticky Fingers
Rolst LP, 8TR, CASS

508 EMERSON LAKE & PALMER Tarkus
Cotil LP, 8TR, CASS

117 THE JAMES GANG
Live In Concert
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

118 THREE DOG NIGHT
Harmony
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



119 GRASSROOTS
16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

663 RARE EARTH
One World
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS

764 MOUNTAIN
Nantucket Sleighride
Windf LP

800 ELTON JOHN
11-17-70
Uni LP, 8TR, CASS

100 THREE DOG NIGHT
Golden Biscuits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

107 HAMILTON, JOE FRANK & REYNOLDS
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

104 PATTON
Soundtrack
TweCe LP, 8TR, C/

703 RIMSKY-KORSA-KOV Scheherazade
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

263 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. 1
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

303 JOAN BAEZ
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

108 GRASSROOTS
More Golden Grass
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

603 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS

702 RED ARMY ENSEMBLE
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

767 MOUNTAIN
Climbing
Windf LP

Compare and see!

704 BEETHOVEN
Piano Sonatas
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

701 GREGORIAN CHANT TREASURY
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

265 B. J. THOMAS
Most Of All
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

304 JOAN BAEZ
One Day At A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

765 5th DIMENSION
Portrait
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

700 TCHAIKOVSKY
1812 OVERTURE
Yorks LP, 8TR, CAS

267 DIONNE WARWICKE
I'll Never Fall In Love Again
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

269 JOSEPH & THE AMAZING TECHNI-COLOR DREAMCOAT
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

300 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE Used To Wanna Be A Ballerina
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

30 BEST OF BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE (2 record set)
Vangu LP

32 IAN & SYLVIA'S
Greatest Hits
(2 record set)
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

404 IKE & TINA TURNER Workin' Together
Liber LP, 8TR, CAS

See for yourself why over 1¾ million record and tape collectors paid $5 to join Record Club of America when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free.

	Citadel Record Club (as adv. in TV Guide Oct. 3, 1970)	Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service (as adv. in Esquire Nov. 1970	Capitol Record Club (as adv. in Look Jan. 26, 1971)	Columbia Record Club (as adv. in Playboy Feb. 1971)	RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club (as adv. in Esquire Oct. 1970)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
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MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	12	12	12	10	6	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$59.76 to $71.75	$83.76 to $95.40	$59.76 to $71.76	$49.80 to $59.80	$41.70 to $47.70	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

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$5.98 LPs average as low as $2.25
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	Label	List Price	Average Club Price
Andy Williams—Love Story	Colum	5.98	2.25
Anne Murray	Capit	5.98	2.25
Ed Ames—This Is	RCA	6.98	2.56
2001—A Space Odyssey	MGM	6.98	2.56
Mary Travers—Mary	WarBr	4.98	1.96
Creedence Clearwater Revival—Pendulum	Fanta	4.98	1.96
Miles Davis—Bitches Brew	Colum	5.98	2.25
Love Story—Soundtrack	Param	5.98	2.25
Perry Como—It's Impossible	RCA	5.98	2.25
Bloodrock—3	Capit	5.98	2.25
Santana—Abraxas	Colum	5.98	2.25
Worst of Jefferson Airplane	RCA	5.98	2.25

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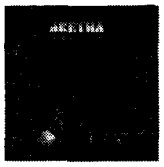
Any 1 Tape Cartridge or Cassette Shown Here Worth up to $20.94

TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!

Yes, take your pick of these great hits right now! Choose any 3 Stereo LPs (worth up to $20.94) or any 1 Stereo Tape (cartridge or cassette, worth up to $13.96) FREE . . . as your welcome gift from Record Club of America when you join at the low lifetime membership fee of $5.00. You can defer your selection of FREE items and choose from an expanded list later if you can't find 3 LPs or 1 Tape here. We make this amazing offer to introduce you to the only record and tape club offering guaranteed discounts of 33⅓% to 79% on all labels—with no obligation or commitment to buy anything ever. As a member of this one-of-a-kind club you will be able to order any record or tape commercially available, on every label—including all musical preferences. No automatic shipments, no cards to return. We ship only what you order. Moneyback guarantee if not satisfied.



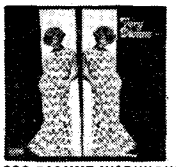
00 ARETHA FRANKLIN
ive At Fillmore West
tlan LP, 8TR, CASS

414 BOBBY GOLDSBORO
Come Back Home
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

400 BEST OF GORDON LIGHTFOOT VOL. II
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

660 MARVIN GAYE
What's Going On
Tamla LP, 8TR, CASS

760 PARTRIDGE FAMILY
Up To Date
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



260 DIONNE WARWICKE
Very Dionne
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

123 STEPPENWOLF
For Ladies Only
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

07 STEPHEN STILLS 2
tlan LP, 8TR, CASS

05 THE JAMES GANG
hirds
BC LP, 8TR, CASS

264 GUESS WHO
n Canada
Nand LP, 8TR, CASS

52 WOODSTOCK TWO
(2 record set)
Cotil LP

305 PDQ BACH
Stoned Guest
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

803 NEIL DIAMOND
Tap Root Manuscript
Uni LP, 8TR, CASS

370 JAMES TAYLOR
And The Original
Flying Machine
Eupho LP

268 FLIP WILSON
Pot Luck
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

766 PARTRIDGE FAMILY ALBUM
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

120 MAMAS & PAPAS
IF You Can Still Believe Your Eyes & Ears
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

604 BREWER & SHIPLEY Tarkio
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS

403 FERRANTE & TEICHER Music Lovers
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

50 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG
4 Way Street
(2 record set)
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

600 OCEAN
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS

103 STEPPENWOLF
Gold
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

763 5th DIMENSION
Love's Lines,
Angles & Rhymes
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT, TOO!

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you an item you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98, or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

BUT RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA ENDS ALL THAT!

We're the largest **all-label** record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes), including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You get best sellers for as low as 99¢.

NO AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS

With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LPs or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). The postage alone for returning these cards each month to the other clubs costs almost an additional $2.40. **We send only what you order.**

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We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED . . . NOT CONTROLLED . . . NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LPs and tapes.

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Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special **Introductory Membership Offer.** Choose any 3 LPs or any 1 tape shown here (worth up to $20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing fee for your free LPs or tapes will be sent later). **If you can't find 3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later.** This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee.

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

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- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists thousands of all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of **all labels** (including foreign) . . . **all musical categories.**
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- **FREE ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to $20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

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All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received (orders from the Master Catalog may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

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If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! Join over two million budget-wise record and tape collectors now.

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YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 **X793F**

Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE tape which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my $5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely *delighted I may return items above within 10 days* for immediate refund of membership fee.

3 FREE LPs

☐ ☐ ☐

or **1 FREE TAPE**

☐ ☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

or ☐ **Defer Selection**—send expanded list.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. # _____

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging my $5.00 membership (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected will be added).

Check one: ☐ **Diners Club** ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **American Express** ☐ **BankAmericard**

Acct. # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

CANADIANS mail coupon to above address. Orders will be serviced in Canada by Record Club of Canada. Prices vary slightly.

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RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Patient

THERE ARE 332,000 doctors in this country. Now there is a bill in Congress that authorizes the spending of $2.8-billion to train more doctors, to increase their number to 436,000 by 1978. Which is about how long you have to wait for your doctor to make an emergency house call.

But you can't fault the doctors, because there are 205 million people in the United States. Given that figure of 332,000 doctors, it comes out, by long division, that there is one doctor for every 617 persons. Those are the 617 people you find ahead of you, waiting in your doctor's office.

Because of advances in medicine, and breakthroughs in geriatrics, and just for spite, old folks are hanging in there. Longevity has given them more time to develop more of the infirmities of advancing years.

If we don't build more medical schools to turn out more doctors, the profession is going to find itself with a big headache on its hands. And no doctor has yet come up with a cure for a headache on a hand.

The motivation, the drive, to become a doctor comes early in the life of a young man. He doesn't just wander into a college deciding it might be fun to be a doctor. When I was ten, I was constantly asked what I wanted to be when I grew up, and I always replied, "A doctor." A couple of years later I was disenchanted when I learned that doctors didn't carry babies in those little black bags.

When I finished high school, I got the urge again. The idea of being referred to as "Dr." instead of "Mr." got to me. I inquired at a college about the courses required to enter medical school. They were chemistry, physiology, biology, psychiatry, and mathematics. The last one is for making out the bills.

However, when I learned that I would have to spend four years in medical college, two more years as an intern, and three to five years as a resident, I decided that becoming a doctor was too tough. But I still had this hankering to be associated with the medical profession. So, at age forty, I decided to become a patient instead.

It's not easy to become a patient. True, it doesn't require years of grueling schooling and training, but it does demand a lot of concentrated wrong thinking and the development of a wide variety of symptoms. To say nothing of a keen knowledge of Swahili, to read prescriptions, and a passing grade in Latin to differentiate among o.d., b.i.d., t.i.d., q.i.d., and hs. I asked my doctor what "hs" stood for. He said, "Take one at bedtime." He said he's forgotten the original Latin words.

At the risk of some immodesty, I can tell you that, for twenty years, I have been highly regarded among Park Avenue doctors as a practicing patient. And not without cause. Through those years, I have given doctors the courage to try out all their newest healing pills and potions on me. And I have contributed to their skill and deftness with their needles by standing for injections of flu shots, antibiotics, B-12, and all the rest. Even a casual examination of my left thigh will confirm that statement.

I realize I've indulged in a lot of small, sick jokes about doctors. I don't really mean them. I hold all doctors in high esteem and regard them with some awe. I trust they will take my sallies in the same good grace in which I take their scary and pretentiously clinical diagnoses. For instance:

One day when I had a small swelling on my finger, my doctor examined it and pronounced I had an "edema." And when I developed a quivering of the eyelid, he said I had a "blepharospasm." And once his diagnosis was "gastroenteritis," when all I had was a bellyache.

Nevertheless, I have compassion for a physician, whose lot is a gory and around-the-clock responsibility. We tend to forget that their flesh too is "heir to the heartache, and the thousand natural shocks."

As when one day I stepped out of a cab and hit my forehead against the rear-view mirror of a double-parked truck. Though it didn't bleed, in seconds a large, bluish-red mark appeared. The doctor looked at it, paled, and turned quickly away. He simply can't stand the sight of no blood on a wound.

But he kept his cool, went right on to apply iodine and a Band-Aid. I salute that courage. So don't go putting doctors down. Drink a toast (q.i.d.) to their well being and long life. I would drink with you, but my doctor warned me, "no drinking."

"Doesn't this wage freeze give you a nice relaxed feeling?"

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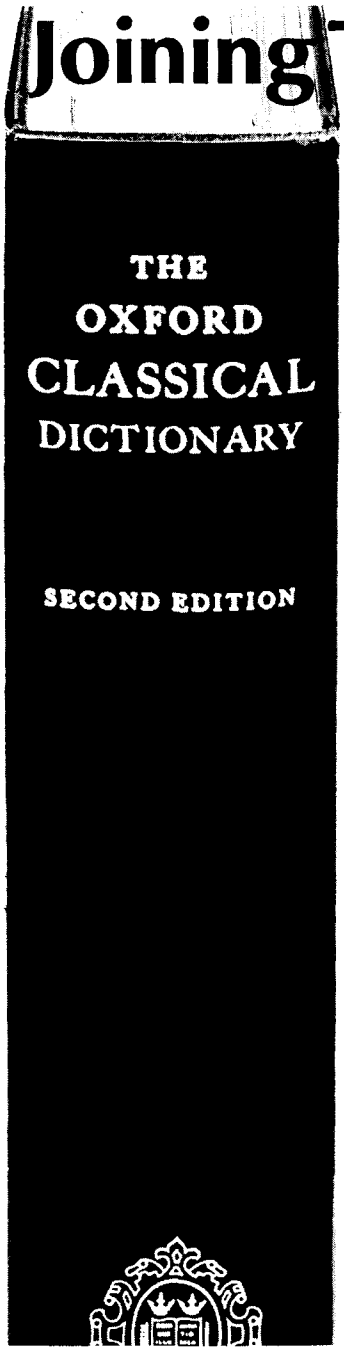

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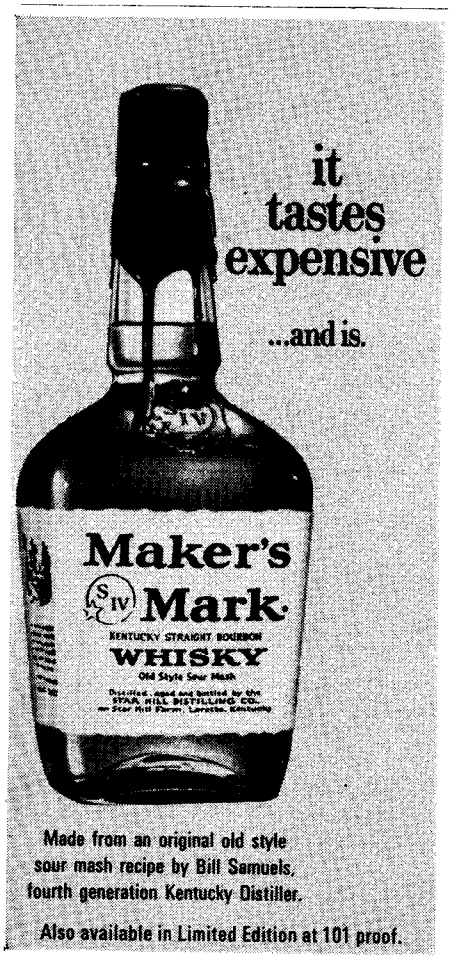
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Advertisement of the Week—as found by Cindy Hadsell of Omaha in the Omaha *World-Herald*:

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Meanwhile, on the political front, C. L. Doty of Dayton, Ohio, offers this comforting news—from the Dayton *Journal-Herald*:

> Romney . . . repeatedly emphasized he was speaking only for himself, not for President Nixon, the Administration, or the newly created Cost of Loving Council.

It's all very well about wages and prices—the important thing, obviously, is freezing squeezing.

It was a terrific week for our filler spotters. Mrs. Pamela Williamson of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, found the first one in her local *Guardian-Patriot:*

> Historians say that the royal purple raiment worn by ancient Romans was more reddish than purplish.

News like that, in our opinion, should not be withheld. Anyway, our second filler was spotted by E. C. Barkman of Payson, Arizona, in *Science Digest*:

> Somewhere between 100 and 600 people are killed by lightning each year. About two thirds of them recover.

Or somewhere around there, anyway. But our third and final filler really took the cake. It was located by J. Russel Hale of the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. He found it in the Gettysburg *Times:*

> About 31 per cent of the Tanzanian people are Moslems; let stand 30 minutes and then vacuum the area.

Even after that, we wouldn't just hang around.

The book business is not particularly well known for good books about business, so, when we met Isidore Barmash, author of a particularly good one, *Welcome to Our Conglomerate—You're Fired!* (Delacorte), we welcomed the opportunity of finding out why. "I think the trouble with most business books," he told us, "is that they're either too puffy or too rough. Either way they're inclined to be inaccurate and irresponsible, and in either case they don't serve the reader well."

Mr. Barmash is a bright, smiling, philosophical fellow who is a financial writer for *The New York Times*, and his readers evidently do feel well served by his book. It has, among other things, made something of a book club record, having been selected by no fewer than five of them—the Book of the Month Club (as an alternate), the Book Find Club, the Fortune Book Club, the Playboy Book Club, and the Presidents Club. It has also been widely published abroad, and he showed us a pirated edition from Taiwan. "One of the few authors who's not pirated in Taiwan," he told us, "is Irving Wallace. He takes the precaution of getting a Chinese publisher, and the Taiwan people won't pirate from Chinese publishers.

"Frankly," Mr. Barmash went on, "I was surprised my book was as popular as it was. I've been swamped with letters and phone calls by people who are affected by the conglomerate binge. I could write another whole book on the letters alone—the 'What should my husband do? He's been out of work eight months' sort of thing. Letters from executives who say they wished they'd read my book *before* they sold their company. And letters from students asking, 'Why doesn't the government do something?'

"You know something?" he continued. "My book is very popular in airports. An awful lot of men grab it on their way to a plane. I hope it's not because they're being fired."

We asked him what answer he had to the author's dilemma wherein if he announced his book, someone else might beat him to it, but if he didn't announce it, he'd miss some important material. Would he, for example, announce his next book? "I would," he said, "if I were writing a biography or a book about a specific subject where announcing it would be the only way I could get the really unusual material. Otherwise I wouldn't. I might tell the subject, but not the specific angle. For example, my next book is going to be about how communications affect our lives, but I won't tell you my angle."

Born in Philadelphia of a Russian-born tailor father, Mr. Barmash attended a small school in Philadelphia called the Charles Murray Price School of Advertising and Journalism. After graduation he worked as a financial writer for Fairchild, then for the

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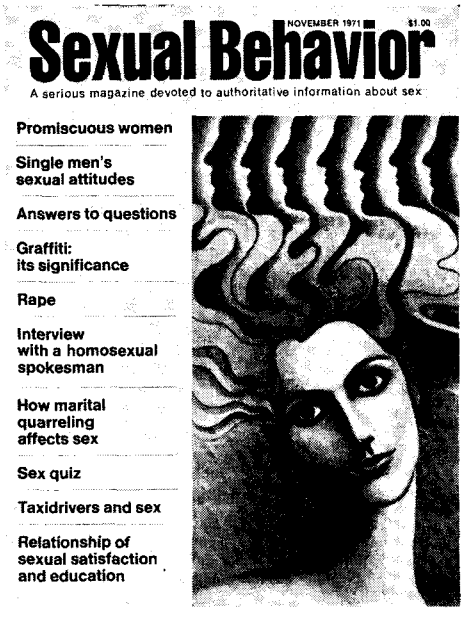

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Herald Tribune, then for the *Times*. He is married and has four children.

"I have known literally thousands of big businessmen," he told us. "Of the twenty-five highlighted in my book, I personally know more than half of them. Some won't talk to me after the book, some wouldn't before—I don't know whether or not they heard I was hard-nosed. Geneen of ITT, for example, hasn't been interviewed in many years—but he told his p.r. man to tell me he thought I'd been fair to him in my book."

Were any, we asked, great men? "Cleveland, let me tell you something," he said earnestly. "The average big businessman is so completely profit-oriented that the true statesman, be it in environment, race relations, foreign affairs, or whatever, has, at least up to now, been a very rare bird. I think I. John Billera, chairman of U.S. Industries, is one. Another is James E. Robison, chairman of Indian Head. Also Robert Lear—not the Lear Jet guy but the president of Indian Head.

"Of course," he said, "it's easy for me to be critical because I'm not on any business payroll, and I'm not on a paper that is likely to succumb to advertising pressure. Just the same, there are a couple of guys in my book I could have really ripped apart. But I didn't. I pulled my punches."

You mean, we asked, something personal? He smiled. "Well, I'll give you one example. One guy I had interviewed for the *Times* gave me such an exaggerated statement about expected earnings that I knew he was just trying to kite his stock. I never wrote the interview. When I wrote the book I said some nasty things about him, but I could have said a lot more. I didn't, though. In a book like this, I feel I'm seventy per cent reporter and thirty per cent analyst."

Was conglomeratitis, we asked, here to stay? "Definitely," he said. "Conglomerates have taken such a shellacking from the stock market and the public and the government that they've had to shape up. But, unfortunately, the conglomerate idea is here to stay. It's a permanent fixture."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1954)

A. L. KARRAS:
NORTH TO CREE LAKE

Standing in the clearing and looking up, one could imagine oneself under a giant confetti cutter whose handle never ceased to turn. We retired to our bunks that night under the spell of profound silence, for there were no sounds from birds or animals, all holed up in the snow.

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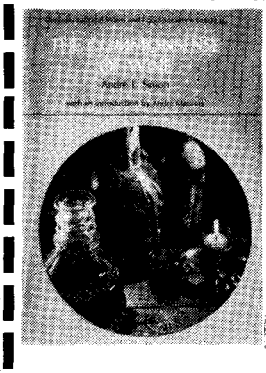

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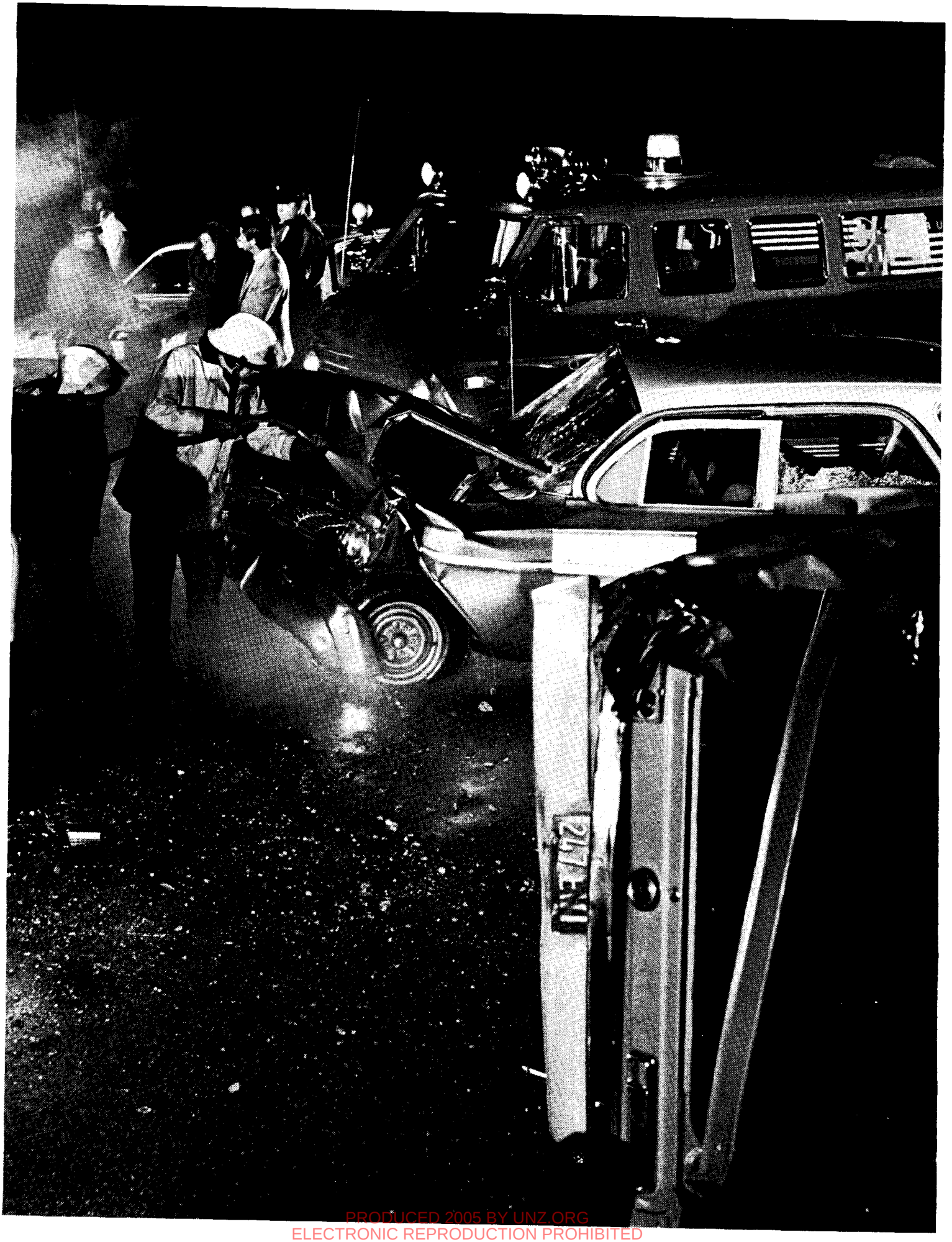

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Black-Oriented

"JOCK LINE," "station jingle," "PSA," "build a groove," "mini-program," and "plug for next jock" are words and phrases from the argot of the deejays who run the rhythm and blues shows on black-oriented radio stations. They are quoted by Anthony J. Meyer, S. J., of Stanford University's Institute for Communication Research, in *Black Voices and Format Regulations: A Study in Black-Oriented Radio*, a pamphlet issued recently by Stanford's ERIC Clearinghouse on Media and Technology. Father Meyer visited fourteen such stations, reviewed more than thirty license applications, and interviewed more than 150 black broadcasters and community leaders in preparation for his report, and, while *Black Voices* abounds in the fascinating lore of this relatively esoteric branch of commercial radio, it also offers a scholarly and penetrating warning that black-oriented radio as presently programed in this country constitutes a social danger with explosive potential.

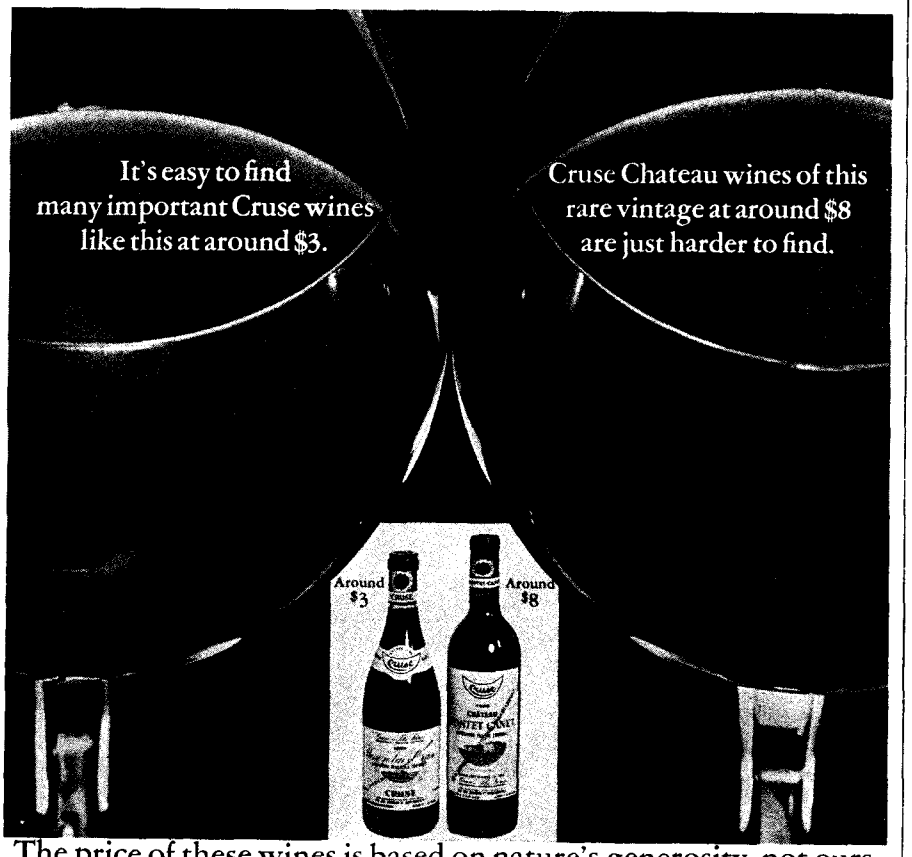
Sixty-five stations are totally black-oriented; another 115 stations devote at least ten hours per week to a black audience. In the top fifty metropolitan markets, these stations can reach more than 17.5 million blacks (78 per cent of the total U.S. black population).

"Many black people," Father Meyer asserts, "regard television as a white man's medium," and therefore "black-oriented radio may well be the single most powerful mass medium for reaching the black population of this country." But in the face of such potential power to help blacks make progress in housing, education, and employment, black-oriented radio is a disastrous failure. Moreover, Father Meyer maintains, it really cannot be considered *black* radio at all because it fails to "get involved with the black community at the level of investigative reporting about sensitive community issues."

There is no news analysis at all on black-oriented stations, the report states, and news reporting, while done by some superior black-oriented newsmen, is generally "rip and read" off the wire services, with punch headlines and no actualities. News, commercials, religious and gospel music, talks, sports, public service announcements (PSAs), and sixty-second mini-programs make up 25 per cent of the stations' programing. The dominant 75 per cent is rhythm and blues soul format. Every station has its weekly hit list of 45 rpm single record releases most popular among teen-aged audiences. Certain black artists (Sammy Davis, Jr., Harry Belafonte, Lena Horne, Odetta, and Marian Anderson) never make the lists. Though rhythm and blues does have some engaging qualities, Father Meyer writes, "by no stretch of the imagination can its constant playing be said to represent black culture, much less a format sound which constitutes an adequate response to the needs, tastes, and interests of the black population of this country."

Deejays themselves find the rhythm and blues format dehumanizing and exploitative. Observers interviewed called it "pandering to ignorance" and "culture infiltration." Some stations broadcast commercials as much as twenty-two minutes per hour and plugged junk furniture that "would fall apart before you got home" and TV sets at high weekly rental rates (with no eventual ownership) that "zero in on welfare mothers." Though some programs represent authentic community religion, others appear more dubious in intent. Religious commercials sell prayer cloths and blessings for listeners who play the numbers games. Brother Epley (your life-long friend and prayer partner) sold a MIRACLE BILLFOLD with a PROSPERITY BILL inside for a $12 faith offering unto the Lord.

Many of the stations are chain-operated (seven owners control twenty-six of the sixty-five totally black-oriented stations). Eleven stations owned by blacks "do nothing more outstanding for their communities than do white interests." Father Meyer sees no hope in FCC regulation or in owner reform. He urges the acquisition of stations by community organizations that will operate on a nonprofit basis, and he advises local challenges to stations at license renewal times. It is a faint hope. "Change in black-oriented broadcasting," he says, "faces deeply entrenched obstacles, the most fundamental of which are lodged in the premise of maximal profit." Black leaders and station personnel have made good suggestions for improvement. An "immense extent of black analytical power is waiting," Father Meyer concludes, "no longer so patiently, for something to happen."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Now, for the first time, a nationwide "One Stop Shopping" service that searches-out the finest—MOST DELICIOUS—health foods for you and your family!

These 12 health foods are yours to taste and enjoy... absolutely free!

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National Health Food Society
NATIONAL HEALTH FOOD SOCIETY
Accept this invitation from The National Health Food Society to experience first-hand the real benefits of Health Food Living!

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As a Charter Member of The National Health Food Society you'll receive *absolutely free* our special Health Food Sampler-Set. It's a regular $3.95 value, and it's yours free, simply because we want you to find out about a more healthful and natural way of eating—and living!

5 IMPORTANT QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD ASK

(1) *What is a "Health Food?"*

It's one that's been organically-grown—the old-fashioned way—with no pesticides, weed-killers or fungicides. And no preservatives or chemical additives used during manufacturing and packaging.

(2) *Why are health foods better for me and my family?*

Because they are free from the chemicals being used so profusely. Even today, we don't know how damaging these chemicals are to our bodies. We do know that many of them build-up over the years and can be extremely harmful. Organically-grown health foods, on the other hand, are more healthful and nutritious because we leave Mother Nature *alone* to do the work that she does best!

(3) *How can I be sure that the health foods you offer are really organically-grown and naturally processed?*

Every effort is made to insure just that. We "screen" the health foods, measure the contents of the foods and sift-out the non-qualifying foods. It is our intention to provide the highest quality health foods available.

(4) *Why are health foods hard to find?*

First, because they're grown in less quantity; it takes more time, care and patience to produce a successful crop of health foods than it does when you have "chemical helpers." And second, because more and more people are now enjoying health foods, thus making them less available.

(5) *If they're harder to grow and less available than "regular" foods, how can you provide them at a savings?*

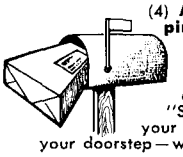
Because The National Health Food Society is a very large provider of health foods. We have special bulk-purchase agreements with our suppliers that allow us to buy in *larger quantities* and at *lower prices* than anyone else. We pass these savings along to you.

"SOCIETY" MEMBERSHIP ENTITLES YOU TO THESE SPECIAL PRIVILEGES

(1) **More Free health foods** . . . will be enjoyed by all charter members. You'll participate in a nationwide "tasting-room" and you'll be asked to voice opinions on the many, many Free health foods mailed to you.

(2) **A FREE subscription**...to "The Health Foods Illustrated Guidebook" magazine and catalogue. It's a full colorful magazine from which you may select from the more than 250 health foods, natural vitamins and organic cosmetics. And learn about the people, places and things of importance in the "ecology and health food world" of today.

(3) **Special Value Credits**...with each purchase from the "Society." You can use them to make bonus purchases from our Special Bonus Products Catalogue. You'll save as much as 40% on purchases you make through the "Society."



(4) **Arm-chair shopping convenience.** There's no need to hassle the crowded stores and traffic. The "Society" will ship your orders—direct to your doorstep—within 1 day!

HEALTH FOODS THAT DO MORE & COST LESS

Here's your chance to stake a claim in tomorrow! You can tell the "chemically-oriented" food processors and growers that you don't want to eat chemicals anymore! *And* you can enjoy a more vital, healthful life by treating yourself and your family to many naturally-grown foods and food products. Furthermore, you need no longer pay a premium price for these quality health foods. The "Society's" mass purchasing power *brings down the cost of health foods* exclusively for its membership.

Your complete, straight-forward GUARANTEE

If you're not completely satisfied with your Health Food Sampler-Set, simply advise us within 10 days and we will promptly refund your *entire Membership Fee. Your* Charter Membership in the "Society" will be cancelled and there will be no obligation on your part whatsoever.

FREE HEALTH FOOD SAMPLER

THE NATIONAL HEALTH FOOD SOCIETY
1615 N. Wilcox—Box 432 • Los Angeles, Calif. 90028

Please rush me the FREE Health Food Sampler-Set along with the newest "Illustrated Guidebook of Health Foods." Also send me FREE health food samples as they become available. I enclose my $5 Lifetime Membership Fee. This entitles me to buy at discounts of up to 40% plus a small mailing and handling charge.

No purchases are necessary. Not now—not ever. I get only what I order.

SR-9-25

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Convenient "Charge-It" Service

Charge the $5 Lifetime Membership Fee to my credit card.

Check One: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Souls: Eight Cents First Class

Dear Mrs. P.:

I have read the sixteen poems you sent me and penciled them as I read. As I look back over the pencilings, I count "I yearn" (nine times), "heart" (seven times), "abyss" (four times), and four resounding "beauties" that you have modified, in order, with "unalterable," "ideal," "transcendant," and "all-justifying." What I cannot find is a noun without an adjective in front of it. You even use "deep abyss" twice.

Will you let me say (schoolmarmishly, perhaps) that "deep" as a modifier of "abyss" is a wasted word? An "abyss" is, *per se*, a deep thing and will not be deepened by having an inert and redundant adjective tacked onto it. There can be no absorbing encounter with the language in such practice, and poetry is, necessarily, an act of language.

I cite these as technical specifications for your consideration. Compared to the elevation of your feelings, these are tawdry language usages. My problem, since you have asked for my opinion, is how to tell you, without insulting the human validity of your feelings, that such usages insult the language.

I am sorry I cannot accept these poems for *SR*. I hope you will allow me to return them with all good wishes.

Sincerely,
John C.

Dear Damned Editor:

I am vexed, lonely, hurt. I have read and re-read your letter, and read and re-read your penciled scrawls on the poems, suffering at every word you have circled or underlined. If only I knew what world this is to call it by name, to give it the cruel label that might identify its capacity to hurt.

Surely this is too much. Perhaps there are souls no more. Perhaps I should aspire to none. I'm but a psyche and small in the vastness of things, and yet alive in the infinite and aware of infinity precisely because I yearn. In yearning I have committed myself to that one ideal of all-justifying beauty that makes mortal existence glorious. Yes, I have oftentimes walked beneath the stars and lifted up my eyes and wept for the joy of being.

In that joy of tears, in that transcendent burden of the soul, I have written these poems. I have wrung them from my soul as if I stood before the Creator in perfect union with His perfect understanding.

Then in a moment of dreadful hope I now regret, I sent them to you as a friend of a friend and as a poet. If such things cannot be shared with a fellow poet, what hope can there be for human communication?

I sent you the perfected garments of my soul, poet, and you have done no more than count adjectives! It is too much. I cannot bear to have these pages by me with your penciled scrawls. Here is the corpse you tried to bury in my garden. (You see, I, too, read Eliot.) Take it back to your own reckoning.

I may lack your professionalism and your sophistication, but I think it is you professionals who may have lost the larger significance of things in your technical preoccupation. Weave rainbows, poet! Leave these vivisections of the mystery to those whose souls are stunted. For I shall survive this hurt. But you—can you respond so callously and yet remain, as you call yourself, a poet?

In grief,
Alice P.

Dear Mrs. P.:

Your letter had barely arrived when J. phoned, and then Arline, to tell me how distressed you were, and that I had called you "tawdry." God knows I have little enough to say in defense of my character, if any, but now the word seems to be out that I bite the heads off psychic chickens. You cannot ask me to stand accused without some answer.

Had it not been for those phone calls, I confess I would not have written again. As it is, I must try one more time, if only to send photocopies of this letter and of our original exchange to J. and to Arline.

I discovered long since that it is all but impossible to criticize poetry by mail. I would not have tried except as a gesture of thanks for your kindness. Now, in trying to repay a kindness, I have hurt you.

Let me regret all hurt, but let me leave soul out of this for a minute. As a simple narrative of the facts, you wrote to me at my office submitting poems for publication in *SR* and asking, as a favor owing to a friendship, for a critical opinion. I saw at once that the poems were charged with feeling, and I have no thought of offending such feeling. Yet you asked for a critical opinion, and I tried to show you why I felt that your feelings do not include a passion for language. Poetry, I premise, is written by people who are as passionate about language as they are about God-beauty-universe-and-pleroma.

To yearn is, paradoxically, the essence and the destruction of art. Let me reach for high example. Think of Michelangelo's *Pietà*. Stone itself has been made to yearn. But how can anyone believe that Michelangelo worked for months over that stone without raging at it? He had to master that damned marble. One wild, yearning whack and a nose, a finger, or a head might have been knocked off. The master had also to be a stone mason. He had to keep at the stone in a cold obsession, yearning but in an agony of duplicity that could never stop calculating.

As I wrote you in my first letter, I recognize the validity of your yearning, as I do of any man's. A poet, however, is a specific sort of yearner, and his essential specification is the yearning for language. Is Isaac Stern less human because he bows and fingers with technical precision? As Marshall Schacht once wrote (as nearly as I can quote from memory):

> The accomplished hand is all the fiddle needs
> To speak alive. The learned heart less in love
> With singing than with how to sing. A scale
> Can sculpture Bach and make the mountain move.
> But love without arithmetic will fail.
> The vision must be caught by indirection,
> The bow arm aimed at technical perfection.

If such thoughts offend, then I must offend, but it will then be offense not given but taken. What would you like me to do with the poems you returned?

Sincerely,
John C.

Dear Mr. Ciardi:

I am obviously not your match in sophistication and glibness, but was it entirely gracious of you to broadcast copies of our correspondence to all our friends? I shall yet continue to think you have not turned them against me, for I know they cling to the true and enduring simplicities you may be in danger of losing in your technical obsession.

Do what you will with the poems. I do not think I could bear to see them again.

Please allow me to thank you for taking the time to express your professional point of view.

Yours sincerely,
Alice P.

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Light up.

NATIONAL
LAMPOON
BACK-TO-SCHOOL ISSUE
SORRY, FELLA, BUT IF YOU DON'T HAVE A HIGH-SCHOOL DIPLOMA, KISS OFF!
SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS
CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING

This fall, when you and the missus (the former Edna Snell of New Gaza) pack Roger, Susan, Christopher, Shep, and the Thing into the Country Squire for a trip back to Purvis U. for the big game with Evinrude, take along a copy of the October *National Lampoon*. For the 75 cents you would have spent on a football program to find out that Billy Glefson, tight end for the Purveyors, hails from Mofongo, Indiana, and majors in port construction, you'll have something to do during half time when the Asher B. Durand High School Large Drum and Aimless Marching Corps slides into John Philip Sousa's "Bataan Death March" for the fourth time. Just down a couple of cans of Bon Vivant vichysoisse mixed half-and-half with vodka and pull out the Back-to-School issue, and suddenly it won't matter so much that the old Brown and Green made sixteen fumbles and the first wrong-way field goal in college athletic history. You'll be reading a fifteen-page *Mad* parody; "125th Street," the educational TV show where those adorable Muthas, Big Rat and the Cocaine Monster, teach ghetto children their place; "Magical Misery Tour," which records the Beatles' trip to a land where all you need is a lawyer; "The Final Seconds," a gridiron gripper starring those inseparable chums, Moose Nixon and Ruff Mitchell; and "Right On!", the *same* campus war game played for years in army think tanks and radical encounter groups. And much more.

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The one aspect of college life that seems to remain constant is that each new group of students feels it can do a better job of helping society meet its present and future needs. We think this holds as true today as it ever did.

It seems to us that campus unrest is publicized well out of proportion to the reality of the positive goals of the great majority of students. Students who, above all, want to make a meaningful contribution to our society with their lives.

Of all the reasons we have for supporting colleges, our belief in young people is the most important. So, each year, we continue our aid-to-education program which, this year, touches some 300 colleges and universities.

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Storytelling's Tarnished Image

Today's overabundance of non-books and anti-stories leads one writer to defend the ancient art of the beginning, middle, and end.

by MALCOLM COWLEY

No doubt remains that storytelling has lost the privileged place it used to hold in the publishing world and some of the attention it received from critics as well as readers. Magazines have been printing less and less fiction, and there is hardly a book reviewer who has not announced that the novel is dead. Somehow the idea has gotten around that storytelling is a primitive skill, a little easy, a little to be despised; that a book or a long poem that tells a story is not quite "serious," does not "speak to the age"; and that plot, which is the story element, is a shameful concession to the audience.

At times, plot is rejected in favor of "immediacy," that is, of plunging the reader into the midst of events—no, not of events, since these would imply a story, but rather into a welter of sense impressions. At other times, plot is condemned on the grounds of a higher realism and the notion that there are no plots in contemporary life. Often it is given away to the ragman, or the television camera, as if it were last year's fashion.

Extreme statements of the new attitude are easy to find. One of them occurs in a book now twenty years old: *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* by Hugh Kenner (New Directions, 1951). It must be explained that Pound, among modern authors, is the one who most clearly lacks a feeling for sequence, in either the temporal or the logical meaning of the word. He is interested chiefly in images that are sharp, accurate, evocative, but that stand alone. He insists that his major work, the *Cantos*, is an epic poem, but it has neither a hero nor a central action. Mr. Kenner's book explains that these deficiencies are virtues of a high order. It says that "Pound's principal achievement" has been to dispense with "a subject matter, a plot, a line of philosophical development. . . . In the *Cantos* the place of a plot is taken by interlocking large-scale rhythms of recurrence." After comparing this technique to the use of montage in moving pictures, Kenner passes on to Mallarmé. "The fragmenting of the esthetic idea into allotropic images," he says, "as first theorized by Mallarmé, was a discovery whose importance for the artist corresponds to that of nuclear fission for the physicist. Plot, in the Dickensian sense, is obsolete."

The obsoleteness of plot or story or mere sequence in the Dickensian or any other sense is a notion that many younger writers, and some older ones too, have clutched to their minds. There is a new anthology called *Anti-Story* (The Free Press, 1971) that brings together various manifestations of their effort to achieve absolute inconsequentiality. The editor, Philip Stevick, says in his introduction:

> Characters in the works that follow do not learn. There are no insights. Relationships are not grasped in an instant. Structurally the stories are flat, or circular, or cyclic, or mosaic constructions, or finally indeterminate or incomprehensible in their shape—they are not climactic. What they start with is pretty much what they have at the end. No epiphanies.

If there is no development in an anti-story, if there are no insights along the way, and if everything ends pretty much where it began, why should we start at the beginning and why plod to the end? Mr. Stevick, in praising those negative qualities of the anti-story, is likely to increase the number of anti-readers. Fortunately, some of the "pieces," "fictions," "sketches," or "fables," as he calls the short prose works assembled in his book, are vastly better than his introduction leads us to expect. Some are savage portraits or wild conceits, and some, in spite of what he says, are stories in the true sense, with living characters involved in situations that have the plausibility of nightmares. Ionesco's "The Rhinoceros" is a masterly example.

Other "pieces" in the book are truly anti-stories, including some that have no characters except the author himself, whose subject, or theme, is often the extreme difficulty he finds in writing fiction when he knows a hell of a lot about technique and has nothing but that knowledge to offer us: no epiphanies. In effect, such authors are proudly announcing that they are sterile. The reader starts by admiring them as virtuosos, then feels embarrassed for them—can't they stop showing off? —and finally yawns in their faces. Still, they are somewhat less tiresome than authors whose anti-stories are mere collections of events, with each event meaningless in itself and the collection doubly meaningless because no event is the cause or effect of any other. Such "fables" have an obvious moral —namely, that life as a whole is meaningless and absurd—but why should the author keep repeating his moral on page after page? One of the anti-heroes says to himself, after being subjected to an interminable series of insults and

MALCOLM COWLEY is chancellor of the Academy of Arts and Letters. His most recent book is *A Many-windowed House: Collected Essays on American Writers and American Writing.*

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mutilations, "How much longer must this go on?" "How much longer?" the reader echoes.

Still another variety of anti-story is represented by the New Wave novelists in Paris and especially by Alain Robbe-Grillet, who founded what he calls the School of the Look. He advocates the doctrine that writers should represent what the eye sees, that and nothing else: no characters, no comments, no emotions. Stevick's book includes one of his shorter pieces, taken from a translated collection called *Snapshots* (Grove Press, 1968), which I was not tempted to read in full. *Snapshots* was discussed, however, in *The New York Times Book Review* (January 12, 1969) by Professor Henri Peyre of Yale, who explained the author's intentions without at all endorsing them.

> In a snapshot, the eye fixes the world in an instant of flux. Snapshot photography is a technique that attempts to retain the totality and diversity of the world in space while neglecting the diversity and the movement of the world in time, in consciousness, and in history. And so the title summarizes reasonably well the program or intention of the New Novel according to Robbe-Grillet.
>
> The writing aims for the greatest possible clarity; it is pure objective observation, a simple list of particulars.

A final type of anti-story is best represented by a volume that I doubt anyone but the typist and the proofreader has resolutely plowed through to the end. It is a non-book, so to speak, non-written by Andy Warhol, and it is called *a*, simply the lower-case first letter of the alphabet, which I suppose might pass for a non-title. An account of it appeared in the same issue of *The Times Book Review* as did Henri Peyre's notice on *Snapshots*.

> It consists of twenty-four hours of talk —there are strangely few silences— taperecorded from the life of Ondine, a Warhol sidekick who is homosexual, high on amphetamines, and loquacious. . . .
>
> *a* is not ultimately even realistic. Most of it—I suspect because the tape didn't pick up connecting pieces of conversation—is incomprehensible snippets and gobbets of talk. Because Ondine's brain seems irretrievably addled with amphetamines, most of what he says takes the form of grunts, squeals, and bad puns.

So here we have various examples of the contemporary effort not to tell a story. Almost all the examples are lacking in observed or imagined characters and in events that lead to other events so as to grasp and reward the reader's attention. To serve as a substitute for events in sequence, we have, in some cases, fiction about the author's inability to write fiction; in some cases, fragmented and allotropic images—to borrow Kenner's logotropic phrase; in some cases, mere collections of events or objects, like warehouse inventories; and in a final case, nothing much more than grunts, squeals, and bad puns.

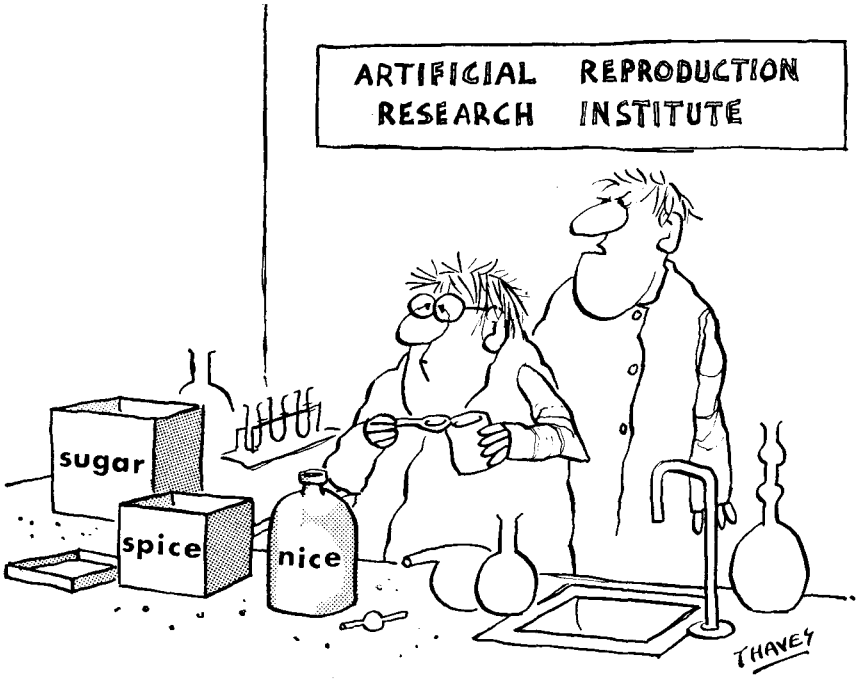
These last are tokens of a failed experiment, though I rather think that Andy Warhol was making a serious effort to apply a theory sometimes advanced in literary arguments held late at night. The theory is that form of any sort is a convention to be defied, and that the only valid type of literature—now, today—is the raw confession torn from the subconscious and slapped before the reader like a piece of butcher's meat, boneless and quivering and quick to decay if exposed to light. As for the other experiments, they are usually efforts, in the words of Henri Peyre, "to retain the totality and diversity of the world in space"—or merely in the Freudian id—"while neglecting the diversity and the movement of the world in time."

(The same efforts are being made in other arts that used to depend on temporal sequence. One reads about playwrights who have abandoned story, character, and event; their only concern is with "image, metaphor, essence, and layers of consciousness." They are praised as "poets of the theater." There is a movement called "structural cinema," whose leaders explain, "We're doing away with narrations—it's poetic cinema." Here the doctrine seems to be that images and structures are poetical, whereas motion in time is prosaic.)

Of course, the emphasis on space to the neglect of time has antecedents in modern fiction. An influential essay on spatial form by Joseph Frank contends that some of the greatest twentieth-century novels, including *Ulysses* and *Remembrance of Things Past*, are really exercises in the organization of space. Mr. Frank says that in *Ulysses*, for example, the reader is expected to bear in mind the whole city of Dublin as a spatial entity. He is right on this point, but he might have added that *Ulysses* also tells how Stephen Dedalus, alone in the world, found a second father, and how Leopold Bloom found a foster son to take the place of the boy he had lost; it has a temporal plot as well as a spatial structure. *Remembrance of Things Past* has a plot or story too, one that is best summarized in a paragraph Ramon Guthrie contributed to *The Lesson of the Masters*:

> Proust himself saw his work as concerned primarily with downfall and redemption. The hero is damned by his self-indulgence and inertia as well as by the shallowness of the society in which he has chosen to live. Through most of the book he keeps sinking deeper into a slough of monotonous futility. After spending several blank years in a nursing home where he is cut off from life, he returns to Paris resigned to living out the remainder of a shallow and meaningless existence. Suddenly he has an intimation of reality, not unlike other momentary awakenings that have come to him on several occasions. This time he heeds the call and, transformed by the mystical experience, sets about "recomposing" his wasted life, by means of art, into one of glorious achievement.

The spatial elements are also present,



"Knock it off, Jenkins."

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as Frank makes clear, but he neglects to add that this temporal sequence of events is what holds the enormous novel together. There is another point on which I might differ with him—that is, if he followed his argument to its logical conclusion. The argument seems to imply—though Frank never says—that because spatial form is newer in fiction than temporal form, it can be recommended to contemporary novelists as a superior model. I do not like to argue such questions of better and worse; every novelist has to decide what is best for himself. It ought to be clear, however, that the author who attempts to organize space while neglecting time is venturing into a field in which materials and tools—paint, canvas, stone, metal, wood, and camera lenses—are more effective than language. He is working in two or three dimensions instead of four and is thus evading what seems to me a more difficult challenge and a greater opportunity for innovation.

The present disparagement of storytelling is directed against a very ancient art, perhaps the most ancient of all. When our remote ancestors gathered round the fire in a cave, some of them looked for walls on which to draw pictures of the animals they hoped to kill—such pictures survive in the caves of Lascaux and Altamira—but I like to think that even earlier, by generations and millenniums, the cavemen or their predecessors listened while someone told hunting stories, broken at rhythmic intervals by incantations for success and by the praise of tribal heroes. There were also priests among the cavemen, we have reason to surmise, and they must have found words to picture the beginnings of this pleasant earth and of the wholly admirable tribe to which they belonged. Those words must have taken the form of myths, that is, essentially, of stories.

All this would accord with a fundamental operation of thought, to be distinguished from conceptual thinking. Conceptually, we say that one thing is so *because* another thing is so *because* still another thing is so. We observe a phenomenon, then look for its cause inductively, then for the cause of that cause, until we reach the first or highest Cause. Or, reversing the process, we start with a general principle and reason deductively to particular results, all of which exist timelessly in a world of essences. But since we live in a world of time that is filled with events, we are less moved by conceptual thinking than by a storyteller who says, "This happened . . . and *then* this happened . . . and *afterward* this happened," as if each event were the direct cause of the one following it.

Post hoc, ergo propter hoc is a logical fallacy, but it is also an essential form of human thought, embodied in the mythology of every culture. A myth might be defined as a doctrine presented in terms of successive events; in other words, as doctrine transformed into story. To borrow a phrase from Kenneth Burke, a myth is the temporization of essence. A familiar example is the biblical myth of Creation:

> In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
>
> And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.
>
> And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.
>
> And God saw the light, that it was good, and God divided the light from the darkness.
>
> And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

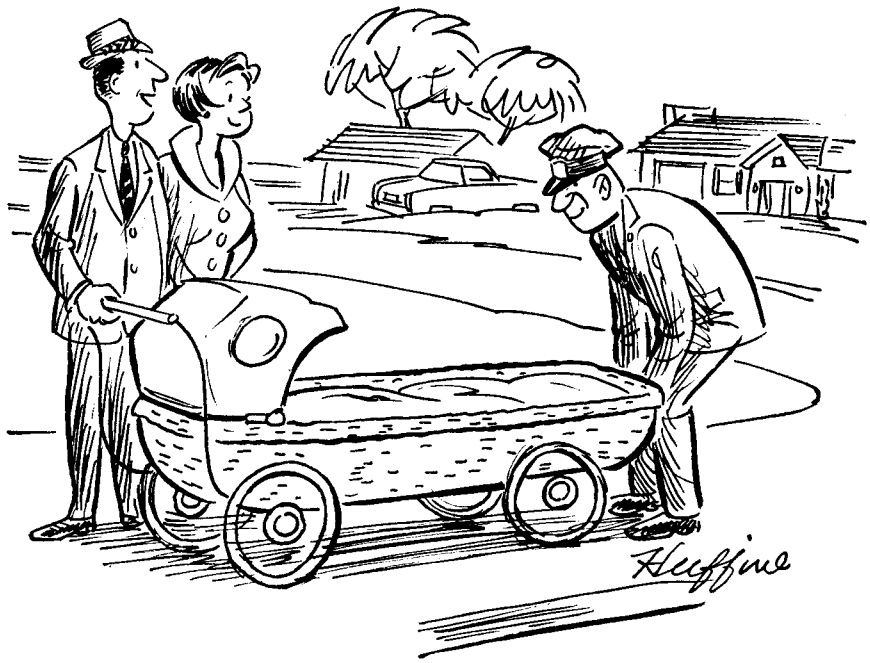
Here is the creation of the world in terms of story, in terms of events that follow one another in sequence. Here, too, the events are combined with a *naming* that forms part of the narrative process—"And God called the light Day"—as well as with a phrase about the evening and the morning that will be repeated to mark elapsed time, in the same way that poets use rhymes and refrains:

> And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.
>
> * * *
>
> And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.
>
> And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And so to the seventh day, when "God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made." In Kenneth Burke's illuminating comment on the first three chapters of Genesis (see *The Rhetoric of Religion*, 1961), he sets forth the doctrines implicit in the story they tell. These, as he explains at length, include Original Sin, Redemption, and the coming of a Redeemer. At this point, a process is being reversed: Just as essence had been temporized into myth or story, so myth can be conceptualized into timeless doctrine, with the *post hoc* of narrative transformed into the *propter hoc* of logical relation. It is indeed a question which came first, the doctrine or the story.

I have been talking about the story in very ancient times, but I do not mean to imply that it belongs to the past or will ever become "obsolete," to repeat Kenner's word. In one important respect it seems peculiarly suited to modern society. Narrative deals with a sequence of events, that is, with a becoming, with a process rather than a pattern, and process thinking is an essential trait of the modern mind. Living as we do in unstable situations, we try to recognize the forces of change: How fast are they moving and in which directions? What seems obsolete in the light of such questions is the image thinking and pattern thinking of many contempo-

(Continued on page 54)



"He's already had offers from Notre Dame, UCLA, Houston, Marquette, Western Kentucky, Kansas, and Villanova."

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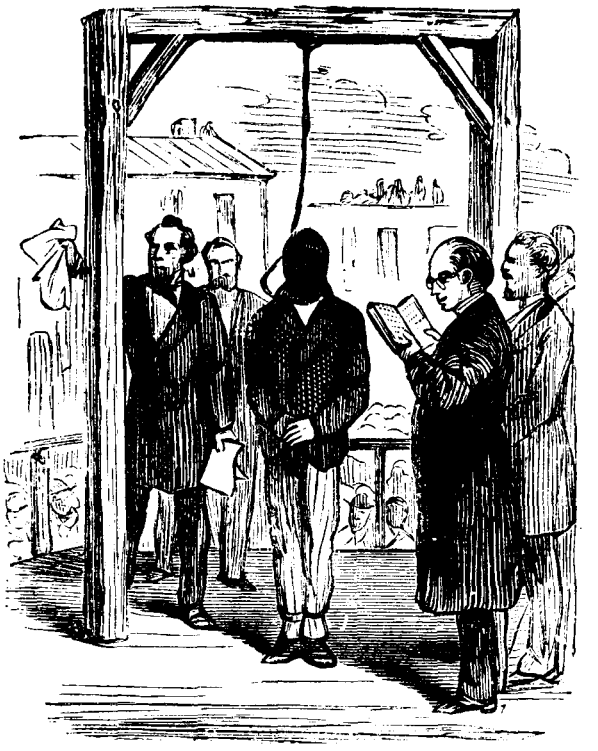
ABOVE AND BEYOND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"If the life of a convicted murderer is worth saving, so much more is that of a draftee sent to Southeast Asia."



—Bettmann Archive

by GEORGE STEVENS

Boswell to Johnson, July 9, 1777: "You have said nothing to me of Dr. Dodd. I know not how you think on that subject; though the newspapers give us a saying of yours in favour of mercy to him. But I own I am very desirous that the royal prerogative of remission of punishment should be employed to exhibit an illustrious instance to the regard which God's Viceregent will ever show to piety and virtue. If for ten righteous men the Almighty would have spared Sodom, shall not a thousand acts of goodness done by Dr. Dodd counterbalance one crime?"

Johnson to Boswell, June 28, 1777 (Despite the dates, the letters appear in this order in the *Modern Library* edition. Did the letters cross? Or should Boswell's letter—written from Scotland, "in sight of Arthur's seat"—have been dated June 9?): "Poor Dodd was put to death yesterday, in opposition to the recommendation of the jury, the petition of the city of London, and a subsequent petition signed by three-and-twenty-thousand hands. Surely the voice of the public, when it calls so loudly and calls only for mercy, ought to be heard.

"The saying that was given me in the papers I never spoke, but I wrote many of his petitions and some of his letters. He was, I am afraid, long flattered with hopes of life; but I had no part in the dreadful delusion, for as soon as the King had signed his sentence, I obtained from Mr. Chamier an account of the disposition of the court towards him, with a declaration that there was no hope even of a respite."

The Reverend Dr. William Dodd was executed for the capital offense of forgery, which Boswell called "the most dangerous crime in a commercial country." The whole episode is worth re-reading, as is its sequel (commemorated in Max Beerbohm's essay "A Clergyman"), in which, less than a year after Dodd's execution, Johnson took occasion to pronounce that Dodd's sermons "were nothing, sir." Presumably, Johnson felt that he had done his best for Dodd and had no further obligation.

In any event, there is no evidence that Johnson objected to the death penalty on principle or to its application in a case of forgery. The offense was removed from the list of capital crimes decades ago, leaving only murder and, in the United States, rape (in some states) as death-penalty offenses; kidnapping across state lines and skyjacking were to be added much later.

Now there is a movement, which promises to be successful, to abolish the death penalty altogether. This has been done in England, not long before the "Moors trial," as it came to be known, which involved one of the most hideous and loathsome crimes in the history of that law-abiding country. (See *On Iniquity* by Pamela Hansford Johnson.) What has happened to change public opinion so radically? Two centuries ago execution was a spectator sport; one century ago it aroused little opposition; now it may well be on the way to abolition. Why?

Well, quite a lot has happened, and there is danger in oversimplification; however, in my opinion, two causes dominate all the others. First, the law's delay. The case of Caryl Chessman, put to death in the gas chamber in California many years after his original conviction and following innumerable appeals, is an example of protracted legalisms that were bound, in time, to make the general public, or at least a substantial section of it, feel somehow responsible and even guilty. *We* had no right, it was felt, to take a life, whatever the guilt of the victim. There are similar cases: for instance, the convict in New Jersey who has spent fourteen years on death row, longer than any other man in American history.

Now the Supreme Court is going to consider whether capital punishment is "cruel and unusual," and thus prohibited under the Constitution. "Cruel" has generally been taken to mean de-

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liberate torture; "unusual" has referred to a penalty not generally applied to the same crime. But most Americans, like most Englishmen, have evidently come to understand that it is cruel to leave a person under sentence of death for a long period of uncertainty, and that it is undoubtedly unusual to put an individual to death, since it can happen to him only once. Also there is the lurking danger that the wrong person may be executed, and this is another of the leading causes of opposition to the death penalty. Sacco and Vanzetti have not been forgotten.

On the other hand, many people have attempted to justify the death penalty for its supposed deterrent effect on others who, but for fear of a death sentence, might be tempted into the same crime. It is doubtful whether a consensus has been reached on this point. Indubitably, execution deters its victim from repeating his crime. This remark is not as frivolous as it may seem. How many "life" sentences dwindle to something like seven years? What justification the death penalty may have as a deterrent is in its preventing further murders, rapes, kidnapings, bombings, or whatever *by the same person*. Repetition of a crime by a released prisoner is by no means unheard of. The high incidence of recidivism is a statistical fact. Are potential victims not entitled to protection?

The foregoing points are familiar and need no development here. Hence, I come to the second reason why the death penalty is so widely and vigorously opposed. This reason involves a paradox, namely the growing acceptance of a certain concept: the sanctity of human life. Concurrent with this concept is a growing skepticism as to a future life. Our idea of the sanctity of human life used to depend upon our faith in the hereafter. Dr. Johnson is as good an example as can be located; his celebrated remark, when asked what he meant by damnation, is too familiar to need quotation. He must have believed that after his execution Dr. Dodd would appear before the Throne of Judgment to learn whether he was to be saved or "punished everlastingly." As long as people believed that the dead would be confronted by eternal judgment, it was easy to dictate the death sentence on earth. The judgment was going to follow sooner or later, and it might as well be sooner; at least it would be in the highest tribunal. Now, however, we—enough of us to make all the difference in this context—look upon death as extinction, and we recoil from the responsibility of extinguishing human life. Indeed, I think it is obvious that public opposition to the death penalty has increased in direct proportion to a diminishing belief in the hereafter.

The paradox repeats itself: Along with the decline of belief in God, we have come to consider it God's privilege, not ours, to take human life. That is to say, human life identifiable in individual terms. We continue with only belated compunction to take human life—40,000 to 50,000 in the undeclared Vietnam War; more than 50,000 a year in automobile accidents; a hundred at a time in airplane disasters—and who, besides their families and friends, can name the victims? Even now, when opposition to the Vietnam misadventure is overwhelming, a few of us still continue to speak of a "tolerable" number of casualties. We "tolerate" the victims of automobile accidents, however many are the result of corner-cutting in the automobile industry. We "tolerate" countless victims of the agricultural-industrial-political complex that depends on the sale of tobacco.

What it comes down to is that we are willing to put up with the extermination of human beings as long as we do not know who they are. But if a convicted criminal—a Chessman, a Sirhan Sirhan—manages to stay alive long enough after the death sentence to make an impression on the public *as an individual*, he arouses a sense of guilt in the public mind. This development usually leads to a clamor in the criminal's favor or at least to intensified pressure against the death penalty.

I am not taking sides on the issues; I leave that to the Supreme Court. What I am trying to convey is that if the life of a convicted murderer is worth saving, so much the more is that of a draftee sent to Southeast Asia; so much the more is the murderer's next victim. We are a long way from the ideal expressed by the late Dr. Albert Schweitzer in his phrase "reverence for life." But we no longer hang people for forgery, even in this commercial society.

It Is a Near Light Portending

by SYDNEY KESSLER

It is a near light portending
the white glare from roofs of houses,
the new snow on my narrow street,
the light before morning again.
A man stabs a man.
Somewhere in the far northeast
the stabbed man is dying now;
and how cleanse the smallest stain
of this or any war, or start up
one heartbeat of one slaughtered life . . .

The murdered are headlined out of time,
and still I think of the oiled trigger
squeezed again and again
in my own frozen soul,
with the snow fields of gagged Europe
melting red at my feet.

The near light, like a tired fanfare,
presents the same beginning
of another decided day,
and the man who raged and murdered
gives over the knife,
swooning in the dark blue crook
of a policeman's arm.
The new snow builds
on the roofs of houses of my narrow street.

We could weep at least for ourselves,
for one instant not hold together,
not sigh or speak.
But something clogs up the ducts,
freezes over the mud-flats of the mind.
We are gluttons for sighs and words.

Still, still, we could weep:
one tear, one crystal; be it salt or snow.

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Amchitka and Tribalism

What is most characteristic of modern man is not his power but his powerlessness, not his ability to mobilize vast force but his inability to protect himself against it.

Consider the plan of the United States to detonate underground a nuclear bomb with the equivalent force of five million tons of TNT—a bomb 250 times more powerful than the explosive dropped on Hiroshima. The projected site of the explosion, Amchitka Island in the Aleutians, is closer to Canada, Japan, the Soviet Union, and China than it is to the continental United States. Citizens of those countries and, indeed, citizens from all over the world have expressed alarm. They have cited the apprehension of scientists over possible radioactive leakage into the atmosphere or the sea, with consequent effects of unpredictable damage to the food chain and to all forms of life. They are also worried that the explosison may trigger earthquakes or tidal waves.

These apprehensions may be wholly correct or wholly incorrect or partially incorrect. This is not what is most important. What is most important is that no impartial authority now exists for determining the validity of the charge or for protecting the human interest where it comes into conflict with the national interest. Where do human beings go to register their concern over possible harm to their habitat or to their lives that may be caused by a powerful nation? Do they go to the United States government itself? It is the United States government that proposes to do the exploding. The United States government is not an impartial authority in determining the accuracy of charges made about the risks of the Amchitka test. It is not a court of appeals. The President of the United States may bow to the weight of world public opinion and call off the tests, but this does not change the bizarre fact that no supreme court or agency exists in the world today for considering questions that apply to the safety and welfare of mankind as a whole.

Should human beings bring their concern before the International Court of Justice? This court tries to resolve disputes between nations. The name of the agency is misleading. It is not in fact a court. It has no statutory law behind it and no enforcement machinery to support it. It is an arbitration agency that functions only in those cases where all parties to a dispute are willing to turn to it. Its decisions are not binding.

What about the United Nations? The United Nations has authorized a far-reaching world conference in Stockholm next year for the purpose of dealing with the mounting threats to the world environment. It is difficult to see how tests of nuclear explosions, whether in the air, sea, or underground, and by whatever nation, can be excluded from any consideration of world environmental hazards. But the Stockholm conference will have no authority to direct the United States, or the Soviet Union, or France, or China to forego future nuclear tests.

Here, then, is the tragic flaw in the organization of human society. The ultimate need on earth is for the protection and preservation of life. Yet, no workable authority exists beyond the nation. The nation arrogates to itself the authority and the power to decide what it does not only inside but outside its borders. What it does inside or outside its borders may constitute, as the Amchitka test illustrates, a possible danger to other people and to the world environment as a whole. But there is no legal process by which such danger can be averted. In a larger sense, there is no legal process by which human destiny can be protected and served.

The newspapers recently carried prominent accounts of a meeting of American and Soviet scientists for the purpose of "tuning in" on the universe. The meeting considered ways in which scientists could monitor the universe for signals from planets possibly inhabited by creatures possessing intelligence and advanced communication skills. If contact with other planets should in fact be made, and if the earth-dwellers are able both to send and receive information, what shall we say about our life on earth? Shall we say that we have developed the human intelligence to a point where we need fear only ourselves, that the most extensive exercise of collective brainpower is directed not to human needs but to ever-more advanced techniques for killing off humans, that the natural environment is being fouled at a prodigious rate, and that the earth-dwellers have never outgrown their tribalism, of which national sovereignty is an all-powerful manifestation?

Despite the historians, there has been only one age of man. It is the age of primitive man. The beginning of the age of civilized man, when it comes, will be marked by his political, philosophical, and spiritual awareness of himself as a member of a world species with world needs and with the capacity and desire to create world institutions to meet these needs. Humankind need not sacrifice the nation to create such institutions. It need only recognize and assert an allegiance of humans to one another beyond national boundaries and to do those things in the human interest that the nation as an organization is incapable of doing.

The present mode of life on earth is madness, which is nonetheless lethal for being legal. Rational existence is possible, but it calls for a world consciousness and a world design. People who develop the habit of thinking of themselves as world citizens are fulfilling the first requirement of sanity in our time. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Peace Study

A WELCOME contribution to the understanding of how peace must be taught step by step is Harold Taylor's "A Curriculum for Peace" [*SR*, Sept. 4]. Although Mr. Taylor describes the International Peace Academy's two courses—at Vienna in 1970 and at Helsinki in 1971—as small steps, we are inclined to regard as a large step the recognition that peace education and peace research are prerequisites for any peaceful progress among nations. We are reminded that hundreds of times as many dollars are spent on research in the physical sciences as in the behavioral sciences. Until we put much more effort into the latter—as the International Peace Academy is bravely doing—we cannot expect to understand how conflicts and tensions arise, much less how to resolve them in a non-violent way.

We are grateful to Indar Jit Rikhye and the prophetic staff of the IPA for their original work in this field. At the same time, we suggest that every nation individually shares the responsibility to provide opportunities for its citizens to become educated in methods of dissolving conflict non-violently.

To this end, some years ago we proposed the establishment of a National Peace Academy with the same stature as our military academies, using Mr. Taylor's thesis that our young people must be as well educated in the field of peace as in the skills of war.

Indeed, a bill for such an academy was presented to the last Congress and will soon be reintroduced. Concerned citizens who see the imbalance in our official education in the war/peace field would do well to contact their legislators at once requesting establishment of such an academy.

It would ill behoove the United States to be last among nations to discover that peace doesn't just happen. Peace is built on a continuing process of education that demonstrates the method of dissolving conflicts non-violently.

DAN AND ROSE LUCEY,
Committee for a National Peace Academy,
Oakland, Calif.

Suburban Salvation

RE: "Statehood for Cities: The Impossible Dream" by Richard Reeves [*SR*, Sept. 4]. While I am in agreement with Richard Reeves's thesis that statehood for cities is the impossible dream for the impossible, intolerable, and irrational larger and older cities of this country, I would suggest he has overlooked a basic contradiction in his article. He condemns so-called exclusionary zoning as a suburban device that has overloaded downtown with people and problems, but he overlooks that it is just such legitimate planning tools that have enabled some of the suburbs to exclude the errors of the older cities.

While *their* inhabitants "are reacting to dirty density in the same way as white mice," the smaller, more suburban satellites that have proscribed higher densities and their attendant ills through good planning have proven the validity of Reeves's prescription for the salvation of the city. It is only these suburban communities that have exhibited a healthy dose of decentralization, relative population stability, "green belts," and a sense of community. It is hoped that they will persist in their progress toward—and through—good planning, despite the faddish condemnation of such constructive devices as zoning as somehow suspect, "a lousy idea whose time seems to have come."

JOHN CARL BROGDON,
Mayor Pro Tem,
Culver City, Calif.

Poor "Love Story"

IN RESPONSE TO Roberta Teale Swartz's comments on *Love Story* [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Aug. 14], her defense is representative of an even more serious problem than her own charge of critics' misinterpreting the story. To attribute dignity or *katharsis* to a "tragedy" such as *Love Story* is to place value upon those popular stories or movies in our culture that provide a cheap, superficial, vapid, cliché-ridden substitute for works of art genuinely rich and rewarding in their content.

As an English teacher, I have time and time again experienced the reward of having students realize the real depth and significance of such great tragedies as *Romeo and Juliet* and *Oedipus Rex*. To talk of redeeming qualities in such an overwhelmingly flawed work as *Love Story* is not only to waste one's best efforts at analysis better spent elsewhere but to create the illusion among young and old alike that works such as *Love Story* do indeed represent a high level of quality and literary perceptiveness that can perhaps help answer some of our most pressing problems.

If *Love Story* does provide apparently viable answers to the American people, then we are all in more serious trouble than anyone has yet realized.

PHILIP S. MORSE,
College of Education,
University of Rochester,
Rochester, N.Y.

Rosey No Posy

RE: "The Liberation of Gertrude Stein" by Frank Gervasi [*SR*, Aug. 21]. My friend Frank Gervasi misquotes Gertrude Stein, who wrote: "Rose is a rose is a rose"—not "A rose. . . ." Moreover, she once told my brother Gilbert that "Rose is a person, not a flower," which totally changes the meaning.

GEORGE SELDES,
Hartland-4-Corners, Vt.

BAFFLED by Frank Gervasi's geography, I wonder that he ever found Gertrude Stein.

Belley and Culoz are almost directly north of Grenoble, beyond the Grande Chartreuse. When I lived in Grenoble in 1955, the Vercors was southwest of the city, in the direction of Die, surrounding the marvelous cliff-hanging town of Pont-en-Royans. It seems doubtful that the mountains or their name had changed in eleven years.

HALSEY STEVENS,
Chairman, Department of Composition,
University of Southern California,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Janice says she's happy and getting along fine. She has left Philip and is living with an anarchist who left a commune, but she doesn't mention his name . . . and she wants us to send her a thousand dollars, and that's about all."

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RACHEL CARSON

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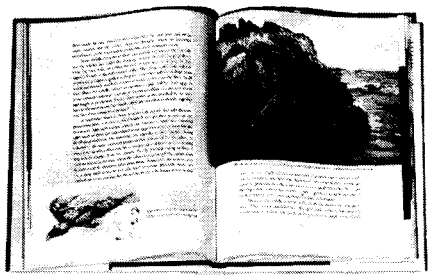

in a lovely book, enhanced with 50 beautiful photographs

Along the Atlantic shore, north of Cape Cod, there's a world of life between high tide and low. You can see it when the water draws back – a shimmering, wiggling universe of plants and animals, struggling to find food, to evade their natural enemies, and to hold on to their primitive lives. There are the snails, and the moonjellies, the gulls and the green sponges which carpet a cave that "was old 300 million years ago."

The Rocky Coast, which first appeared as a chapter in Rachel Carson's classic, *The Edge of the Sea*, describes the rugged, often brutal beauty of the glacier-carved terrain. Fifty color and black-and-white photographs by Charles Pratt, fifteen drawings by Bob Hines, and Miss Carson's eloquent words together offer a memorable picture of this seemingly barren place where nothing should be able to survive, yet so much life abounds.

THE ROCKY COAST

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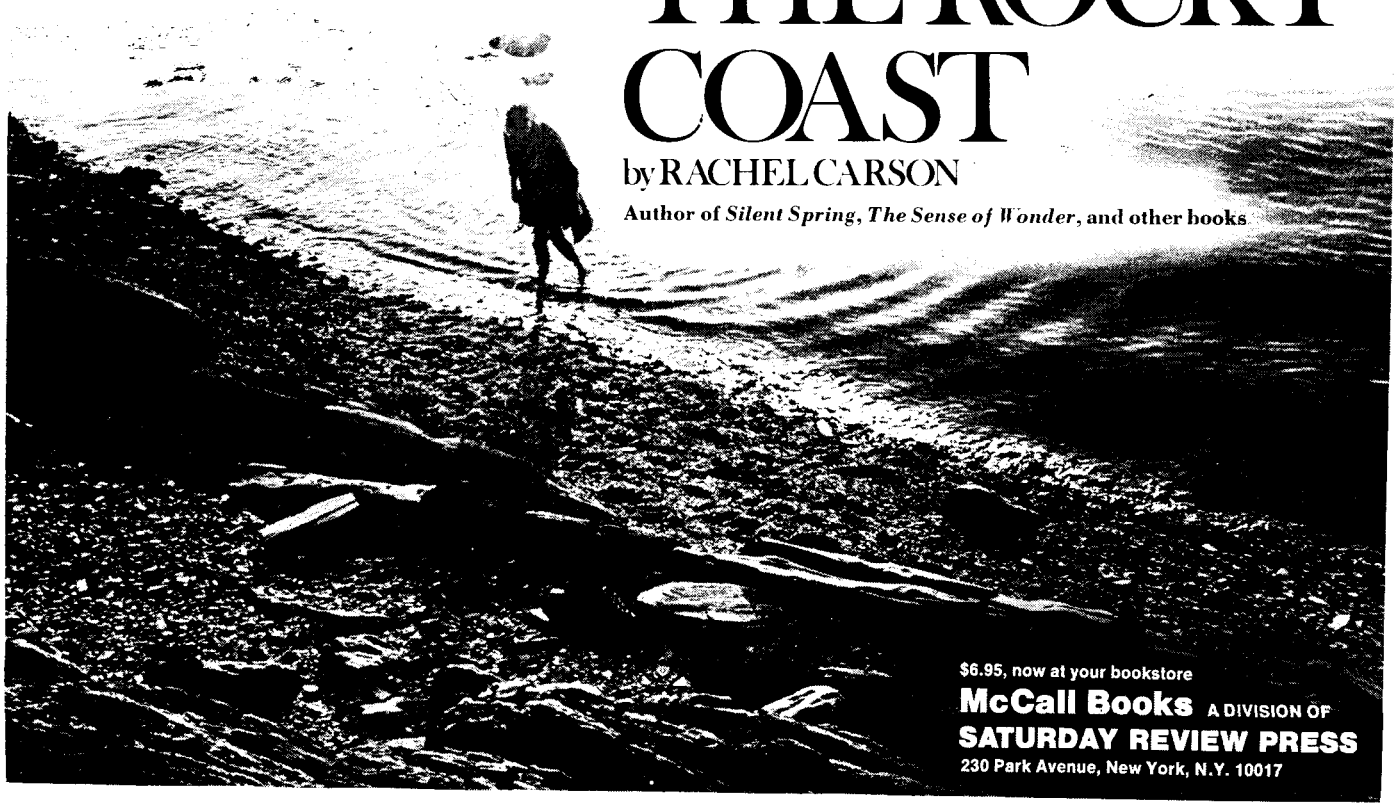
Author of *Silent Spring*, *The Sense of Wonder*, and other books



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In the Gloomy Country of Graham Greene's Heart

by A. ALVAREZ

A SORT OF LIFE

by Graham Greene

Simon & Schuster, 220 pp., $6.95

Graham Greene needed only to shift the focus slightly to turn his autobiography into one of those idyls of Edwardian childhood, that fabulous golden age before our unspeakable century got into its stride. *A Sort of Life* has all the ingredients. The background is comfortable, bourgeois, intellectual (Greene's father was the headmaster of a minor public school just north of London). Their old house swarmed with people: "six children, a nanny, a nursemaid, a gardener, a fat and cheerful cook, a beloved head housemaid, a platoon of assistant maids, a whole battalion of aunts and uncles, all of them called Greene . . ." Even these hordes were swallowed up by the spaciousness of it all: a vast garden with shaded walks and herbaceous borders, a croquet lawn and a revolving summer house, kitchen gardens and greenhouses, one of them full of precious orchids. There were also holidays at Cambridge in the beautiful William-and-Mary house of a bachelor uncle, friend of Winston Churchill and one of the founders of Naval Intelligence. A dream world, in short, of ease, calm and decorum, where the season, by some trick of memory, seems always to have been high summer.

But Greene has never had any taste for the romantic and the sentimental. His strength is in his terseness, his liverish, morning-after realism. "I have always," he writes, "preferred Freud to Jung." So no hazy Edwardian archetype blurs his memory here, and the English upper-middle-class upbringing emerges as what it has ever been, more or less monstrous. In the beginning the monstrousness is a sin mainly of omission. He thinks now that his "parents' was a very loving marriage," but he was scarcely to know that, separated from his father and mother by echelons of servants. For the English child in his nursery, the cool and remote figures of his parents, moving like submarine creatures in the exotic world downstairs, seem hopelessly far off. The real center of the boy's emotional life is Nanny, who, since Greene's was kindly, leaves hardly a trace behind: "I remember her bent over my bath with her white hair in a bun, holding a sponge." All those years of devotion earn the old lady a mere brief paragraph, and for the child there is only a weird dislocation, as though a whole world of feeling had been lobotomized. Clearly, his earliest intensities have little to do with the parents, yet the figure to whom they really belong has vanished, pensioned off, even more remote than his mother and father. "There is," says Greene, "a splinter of ice in the heart of a writer." And not just of the writer. Unnatural detachment is the first lesson of an English childhood.

Considering what is in store for such youngsters, it is a lesson worth learning. At the age of thirteen Greene, like thousands of other innocents each year, was packed off to the expensive, unlimitedly squalid world of the boarding school. Although he was, in fact, a pupil in his father's establishment and the family house was just across the road, he might as well have been in another galaxy:

> I had left civilization behind and entered a savage country of strange customs and inexplicable cruelties: a

A. ALVAREZ is the author of *Beyond All This Fiddle*, a collection of literary essays, and *The Savage God*, which will be published next spring.

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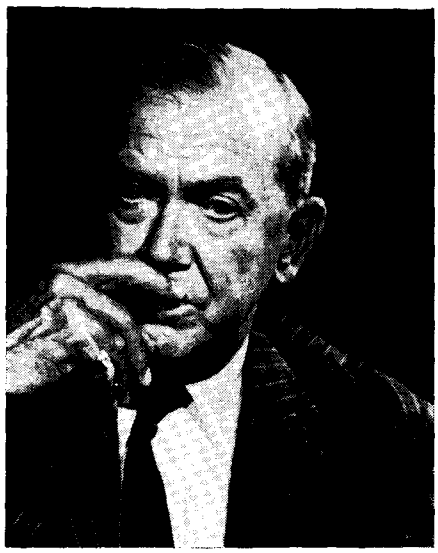

–Karsh, Ottawa

Graham Greene—"has come to terms with whatever wounds there were."

country in which I was a foreigner and a suspect, quite literally a hunted creature, known to have dubious associates. Was my father not the headmaster? I was like the son of a quisling in a country under occupation.

The ritualized deprivation of boarding-school life, comfortless and utterly without privacy, always seems inexplicable to the pubescent boy, however conditioned he may be to that sense of secret rejection instilled in him by his distant parents. It confirms him in the belief that someone up there has it in for him. For the young Greene it was, quite simply, intolerable. From the start he had always had a morbid taste for the macabre: his first memory is of sitting in his pram with a dead dog at his feet; his second is of some poor wretch cutting his throat in public. All his recollections of even the relatively happy years of his early childhood are lit by these odd, guttering intimations of pain and squalor.

Exposed at thirteen to the full glare of barbarism—for the schoolboy, he writes dourly, "unhappiness is a daily routine"—he became suicidal. The chapter on his schooldays begins with his trying, unsuccessfully, to cut open his knee with a blunt penknife. After that he drank photographer's hypo and a bottle of hay-fever medicine, ate a bunch of deadly nightshade and swallowed twenty aspirins. Greene notes all this briefly and without frills, as is appropriate to the speechless despair of the young. Finally, he did what he was to do throughout his life; he lit out for the Territory. Later this came to mean places genuinely far off—China, West Africa, Vietnam, Haiti, the Congo—but for the schoolboy it meant merely the wild common beyond the school grounds. He was found almost immediately, but his father, a decent understanding man, took his son's misery seriously. On the advice of an older brother, who was a medical student, Graham was sent to London for six months with a psychoanalyst. In 1920 it was an extraordinary decision for a mildly conservative parent to make. Beneath his reticence, however, the older Greene must have been an extraordinary person.

The treatment appears to have been superficial and perhaps its most effective aspect was the simple change of scene: Greene was sixteen, free and in London; he was even getting breakfast in bed. Whatever the means, the crisis was surmounted, and he eventually returned—older and more sophisticated—to a school life mercifully purged of his earlier torments. But his inner demons were not so easily exorcised; on the contrary, the brief spell of analysis seems to have set them free. Greene began to suffer from those bouts of terrible boredom—no doubt his analyst would have called them depression—which, he says, have haunted him ever since. In this "lifelong war against boredom" his main weapon has been risk, first real, later imaginary. At school he took to frightening himself on horseback. At Oxford his maneuvers became more desperate. In the space of a few months he played Russian roulette six times, once for each of the cartridge chambers of the little revolver he carefully stuck in his ear. For one whole term he was drunk every day. Greene even indulged in a little free-lance spying in French-occupied Rhineland for, of all people, the Germans. He flirted briefly with the Communist Party:

> Now I look back, there seems something a little bizarre about my Oxford days. They certainly do not recall those of Newman or the early pages of *Brideshead Revisited*; perhaps they were closer to Maclean's and Kim Philby's at Cambridge. . . .

Eventually Greene was to become a novelist, which involves spying of a kind different from Maclean's and Philby's, but he perfected a remarkably similar style: bored, clever, overeducated, booze-ridden and, in its distinctly upper-class way, seedy.

After Oxford he drifted sourly in and out of a couple of inappropriate jobs. At one point tutoring a languid child in the Midlands became so tedious that he had a perfectly good tooth pulled for the sake of a whiff of ether. Finally, Greene found his haven as a subeditor of a paper in Nottingham, "the focal point of failure, a place undisturbed by ambition, a place to be resigned to, a home from home."

It is odd that a writer who has become vastly successful, and is able, on the most obvious level, to generate such excitement in his books, should be so possessed by the demons of failure and boredom. But perhaps it is less odd than inevitable. The risks Greene took as a young man were taken, in his maturity, by the characters he created. And because they were taken in that down-at-heels world which was his spiritual home, they became authentic; the thriller was transmuted into art. As for failure, on one level it is a matter of the artist's conscience, of his nagging sense of the inadequacy of what he has done compared with what he was after:

> For a writer . . . success is always temporary, success is only a delayed failure. And it is incomplete. A writer's ambition is not satisfied like the businessman's by a comfortable income, though he sometimes boasts of it like a *nouveau riche*. . . . The writer has the braggart's excuse. Knowing the unreality of his success he shouts to keep his courage up. There are faults in his work which he alone detects; even his unfavorable critics miss them, dwelling on obvious points which can be repaired, but like a skilled intuitive builder he can sniff out the dry rot in the beams. How seldom has he the courage to dismantle the whole house and start again.

Nevertheless, failure also has its gratifications. Given a depression as thoroughgoing as Greene's, and whatever intolerable, mute guilts that involved, there is a relief in touching rock bottom. For the artist, it seems appropriate morally and, in awful fog-bound Nottingham, esthetically too.

It was in Nottingham that Greene, the confirmed atheist, became converted to Catholicism. It began as a matter of politeness: since he was engaged to a Catholic girl, he thought he should at least find out something about her beliefs. But what he learned chimed perfectly with his strenuous belief in failure; *sub specie aeternitatis* all worldly success is meaningless. Moreover, the priest who gave him instruction was himself a Greene character: a stout but ascetic ex-West End actor who was later to join one of the most austere orders and die of cancer. Greene himself was received into the Church with characteristic pessimism: ". . . there was no joy in it at all, only a somber apprehension."

In other, less spiritual ways, a new life was beginning. He landed a job in London as a subeditor of *The Times*, and in that placid, gentlemanly world, at last found the time and energy to write. One novel he had already consigned to oblivion; a second was rejected by the only publisher he tried. Yet he plugged on, surviving a period of terror when he was wrongly diagnosed as epileptic. He married and be-

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gan his third novel, *The Man Within*. This time, despite his predilections, Greene found himself successful.

Needless to say, it didn't last. His publisher offered him enough to survive for three years without journalism, so he resigned from *The Times*—apparently an undertaking as baffling as divorcing an octopus—and retired to the country to write. But he still had Conrad and a great deal of belated romanticism to get out of his system. It took him two years and two more novels to do so. The books were disasters, accepted reluctantly by the publishers and since dropped from the canon. He was back to failure, the gloomy country of his heart. He couldn't even land a job in weekly journalism; both *The Spectator* and *The Catholic Herald* turned him down. In despair Greene had applied for a job at Chulankarana University (near Bangkok) when *Stamboul Train*—published in America as *Orient Express*—saved him. The autobiography ends there, ten years before *The Power and the Glory* established him once and for all.

With Greene's tastes and talents, the book could scarcely have finished otherwise. The sweet smell of success has always attracted him less than something altogether more acrid and metallic, something nearer, perhaps, to the smell of that Nottingham fog which awakens such nostalgia in him. Yet he is downbeat in a curiously lively, aroused manner. It is partly a matter of his prose, which seems so effort-

(Continued on page 49)

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1471

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1471 will be found in the next issue.

FGUH TWOQ SRG'IO DOZYQ-QYQZ HR HWYQN AIOHHS TOXX RV AORAXO, SRG IGQ LEIRUU URBODRMS TWR AGHU UGZLI RQ UXYEOM HRBLHROU.

—TYXX EGAAS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1470

I have always found that so-called bad people gain on better acquaintance and good ones lose.
—G. C. LICHTENBERG

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

No Burden on Imagination

I HAVE READ with appreciation the observations of Charlotte Jones [BOOK FORUM, Aug. 28] on the review of my novel, *Fleet Surgeon to Pharaoh* [*SR*, July 24].

She is correct in questioning Robert Milch's statement that the author was "forced to depend heavily upon his imagination." For one who knows ships and the sea, it is only a matter of work to flesh out the skeletal account of a voyage. The monsoon cycle being what it is, the explorers would have had to put to sea on August 1, give or take two weeks. And thereafter their progress and most of their adventures are deducible on the basis of our knowledge of the arts of shipbuilding, seamanship, navigation, medicine, and diet around 600 B.C., and the pertinent geography, meteorology, climatology, oceanography, zoology, botany, agricultural possibilities and anthropology. The voyages of Columbus, Magellan, Drake, da Gama, etc., offer further illumination.

Only the personalities and the incidental adventures in my novel are imaginary.

SHELDON A. JACOBSON,
Vancouver, Wash.

EARLY TRANSOCEANIC TRAVEL to the Western Hemisphere is a fascinating subject [see page 52]. Apropos of Phoenician trips, I have just learned that Phoenicians in Carthage, Sardinia, and what is now Isla Plana in Spain made masks with grimacing faces, just as some very early people did in the Valley of Mexico. A mask of the seventh century B.C. pictured in *The Phoenicians*, by Donald Harden, has the same twisted-up left side of the mouth as one at Tlatilco shown in Michael Coe's *The Jaguar Children*.

MRS. E. L. BALDWIN,
Stamford, Conn.

Ancients in the Americas

YOUR REVIEWER, SHELDON JACOBSON [*The Ra Expeditions*, *SR*, Sept. 4], does not read so well as he writes. Heyerdahl's contention is that the ancients did not ". . . set forth on long voyages, in slowly sinking reed craft," but on passing through the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) and attempting to round the Moroccan coast, were caught in the current and carried out to sea—and hence involuntarily to the Americas. That some could have arrived alive—and apparently did—was the whole point of his effort. Mr. Jacobson missed his boat.

DONALD J. KINTNER,
Chatham, N.Y.

A Germanic Language

FELIX DE COLA'S contention [BOOK FORUM, Sept. 4] that Yiddish is not a language but a "patois" of "garbled quasi-medieval German" with "no grammar . . . to speak of" is completely unfounded. Without recourse to scholarly works, one need only turn to a general encyclopedia to find that Yiddish is a Germanic language like Danish, Dutch, English, Flemish, Norwegian, etc., and German itself.

An indication of the similarities and differences, as well as the independent development of Yiddish and German, is presented in the last two pages of the eighth chapter of Sapir's *Language*. For an appreciation of their fundamental differences, a German grammar text should be compared to Weinreich's *College Yiddish* (mentioned in the review Mr. De Cola takes exception to), which systematically treats the grammar of this language for those studying it at universities.

ALFRED J. KUTZIK,
Philadelphia, Pa.

WERE FELIX DE COLA A LINQUIST, he would have known that *every* language is the product of "the desperation of communication," each is unique in what it reveals about the human spirit, and all are worthy of respect and study—including pidgin (not "pigeon") English. He would have known that the growth of languages, closely and distantly related to their antecedents, is a historical fact. Would he tolerate an Oxonian lecturing him on how "his people" have befouled the English language? I don't know what to make of a statement which acknowledges a rich literary (and virile theatrical) tradition and useful linguistic contributions, but condemns the language in which they are couched.

VIVIAN RAMALINGAM,
Williamsville, N.Y.

THE DISTINCTIVENESS OF YIDDISH goes far beyond "a few succinct words." This language mirrors the unique history, religion and culture of a people and is as fascinating and colorful a subject as the Jews themselves. May I refer Mr. De Cola to my new book, *The Taste of Yiddish* (Yoseloff, $10), which classifies and interprets thousands of Yiddish terms, phrases and proverbs, besides offering a comprehensive discussion of the important characteristics of the tongue and a systematic treatment of the interaction between Yiddish and English.

LILLIAN MERMIN FEINSILVER,
Easton, Pa.

LET MR. FELIX DE COLA note that I am one speaker of traditional (High) German to whom Yiddish is not an abomination.

HARRY ZOHN,
Waltham, Mass.

FELIX DE COLA states that he is hopeful that Yiddish as a language will disappear. If so, it would be a tragedy, and the Jews would be poorer for it. What a treasure-trove of humorous references it contains—so much meaning in words. It's like a secret code of private jokes.

STANLEY ZUCKERMAN,
Dallas, Tex.

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THE TENANTS

By Bernard Malamud

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 230 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ Harry Lesser, who has been working on his third novel for almost ten years, lives in a Manhattan tenement that will be torn down just as soon as he moves out. All of the other tenants have gone but, despite the threats, wiles, and entreaties of Levenspiel, his landlord, Harry refuses to leave. "Home is where my book is," he says to himself. So he continues to write slowly and painstakingly, trying to find an ending to what he hopes will be a perfect work of art.

The Tenants is a superb novel, whose mastery of tone, language, and characterization can only enlarge the stature of Bernard Malamud, one of our best writers. It begins as a wry fable of an artist's labor pains—a pastiche of the problems faced by Aschenbach, Tonio Kröger, or Dencombe of Henry James's *The Middle Years*, in their struggle to create art out of life. A writer's frustration, ecstasy, and enforced solitude, his envy of people who seem to lead happier, more useful lives, are themes invoked by Mr. Malamud in a book that quickly assumes greater dimensions.

As Harry sits at his desk, wondering why he can't finish his novel, or as he roams through his deserted building, listening to the wind make almost human noises, *The Tenants* broadens its focus to contain material more violent than anything in *The Assistant*, though far less expressive of man's power to redeem himself than in *The Fixer*. A magnificent story is told with grieving insight into some of life's more damaging conflicts and betrayals.

Harry is completing a book about a writer's search for love, and it soon becomes clear that he hopes the novel will help him find his own happy ending. At thirty-six, Harry is the author of a critically acclaimed first novel and a bad second book. Like other Malamud heroes, he is single, loveless, and yearns for a new life that will cancel his past sorrows and failures.

He soon meets Willie Spearmint, a young Negro writer who moves into the tenement to avoid his "white bitch," Irene, who interferes with his concentration. Unlike Harry, who is a "statutory tenant" and a professional novelist, Willie is the classic outcast: a trespasser in Levenspiel's building, but also a black man with no secure vocation or personal identity. Their relationship forms the major conflict of the drama—a crossfire of suspicion and hostility that threatens to destroy their lives as well as their writing.

They would seem to have much in common, the Jew and the Black: a similar history of persecution that should engender a natural sympathy for each other as fellow victims. But Harry's true religion is his art, and Willie's race-consciousness persuades him to believe that all white men, especially Jews, are his enemies. In his desire to define himself through color, Willie would like to be an activist, yet he also wants to be an artist. Can a man be both? He isn't sure and, in an attempt to answer the question, he asks Harry to read his manuscript and suggest how it can be improved.

Harry is reluctant: "It's bad enough to criticize a man's living flesh, as whose book isn't. But with color added? It's a black life, understandably touchy stuff. Lesser dreaded a little what he had let himself in for." Although there is nervous humor in his tactful criticism of Willie's work, Harry's advice is based on esthetic standards that only confuse and anger Willie, leading to crises that further alienate the two men.

To realize a long-held fanciful desire, Harry sleeps with a black woman but she, ironically, cannot achieve orgasm either with him or men of her own race. Afterward, he's taunted by Willie and, perhaps in unconscious retaliation, thinks that he's fallen in love with Irene Bell, Willie's lovely but pathetic "white bitch." A Jewess undergoing a private search for definition—her dyed hair, significantly, is neither completely blonde nor black—Irene is sensitive enough to feel guilty about betraying Willie. When Harry tells Willie that he loves her, the two men confront each other angrily, and the novel moves toward a shocking climax.

The central image of the book—Levenspiel's decaying tenement, visited by "bums, wet-pants drunks, faceless junkies"—resonates with symbolic force as Harry looks for certainties among the rubble of his life. Never having loved anyone, crushed by new fears about himself and his work, he becomes educated in the destructive power of hate. Throughout *The Tenants*, as Harry wonders why he can't complete his book, Mr. Malamud suggests that great writing is usually an act of love, never a search for it.

There seems to be little love in this taut, highly concentrated novel. Its fierce symbols—jungle vegetation, the flora that surrounds human beings who stalk each other like beasts—create an Eden not so much lost as ravaged by man's passionate enmity toward his kind. The complex integration of symbolism and realism reminds us how prophetic *The Natural*, Mr. Malamud's first novel, was in influencing the direction his writing would take.

In one lovely passage that combines poetic rhythms with an affectionate Yiddish vernacular, Harry imagines a pastoral scene in which a rabbi prays that God may someday bless the union of Black and Jew, of "Ishmael and Israel." But Harry soon returns to the everyday world, where the suffering caused by hate is not always redemptive and where bitter emotions continue to rankle within men. Only Levenspiel, the landlord who has many problems of his own, knows that being merciful toward ourselves and others may yet save us.

The Tenants is an unforgettable book, conceived with great, but almost despairing, love for all men.

Joseph Catinella is a book editor for a major publishing house.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MEET THE AUTHOR

Sent to interview these authors, reporters might well have found each of them at home in one of the places listed below. Your taskmaster is Claude Williamson of London, England. Check your score on page 50 (six correct answers are sufficient to get you a high rating).

1. Robert Browning ( )
2. Lord Byron ( )
3. Thomas Carlyle ( )
4. Charles Dickens ( )
5. Victor Hugo ( )
6. Henry James ( )
7. William Morris ( )
8. Alexander Pope ( )
9. Sir Walter Scott ( )
10. Algernon Swinburne ( )
11. Horace Walpole ( )
12. William Wordsworth ( )

a. Abbotsford
b. Kelmscott Manor House
c. Strawberry Hill
d. Dove Cottage, Grasmere
e. The Pines, Putney Hill
f. Casa Guidi, Florence
g. Palazzo Guiccioli, Venice
h. Guernsey
i. Gad's Hill Place
j. Twickenham
k. Cheyne Row
l. Lamb House

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STORIES, FABLES AND OTHER DIVERSIONS

by Howard Nemerov

Godine, 121 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Ronald De Feo

■ When a bad writer is unsuccessful the reader is not terribly concerned. Talent has not been wasted for there was none to begin with. But when a writer of obvious intelligence and sophistication does not succeed, and does not because his talent has been misapplied, one is bound to feel disappointed.

Howard Nemerov, known to most readers as one of our better poets and critics, certainly possesses enough natural literary grace to be a fine short story writer. He writes carefully and exceptionally well, doesn't strain for effects, and knows how to convey his ideas with a minimum of effort. But in *Stories, Fables and Other Diversions* we see a writer who is comfortable and successful when working in a traditional, realistic vein trying to master other, less conventional—one is tempted to say more fashionable—styles and forms. While we appreciate Mr. Nemerov's spirit of adventure, we are not gratified by the results. His modern fantasies and fables, such as "The Outage," in which an old man recalls the bygone age of electricity, and "The Executive," where a supermarket manager sees his clumsy stock boy as a black angel, are uninspired, tepid, and rather silly. The reader suspects that the characters weren't very important to the author. Again, in Nemerov's light and humorous tales, the necessary spark just doesn't seem to be there. The lengthy "Unbelievable Characters," telling how old Uncle Snevely lost his beloved to a skywriter, is diverting enough, but only genuinely funny toward the end. The picture of the romantic, caddish ace flying over the grave of his abandoned girl friend and writing "Sweets to the Sweet, Farewell" on the sky above is a nice little touch, but it comes too late.

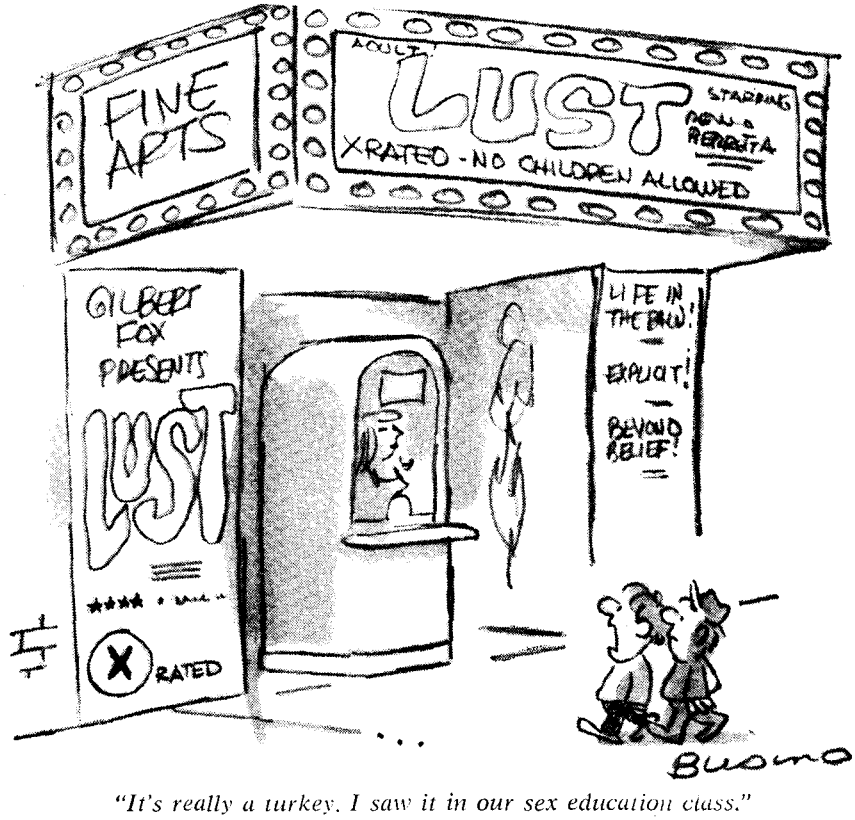
"Bon Bons" and "The Nature of the Task" are the most unusual and curious stories in this slender but beautifully printed volume, and it is regrettable that they do not work better. In the first, a woman examines the reasons for her craving sweets. In the second, a man who has been assigned to kill flies in an empty room covered with snowflake-patterned wallpaper begins instead to count the stationary snowflakes—remembering the philosophical concept that to count things is to kill them, and conveniently equating the snowflakes with the flies. With their inflated language and absurd complexities, these stories, which mock psychological and philosophical meditation, are rather clever. And both end memorably. The woman with the sweet tooth has a dream that reflects her dilemma: ". . . and she saw by miracle in a million rooms the lonely hunger that existed for the sweetness of life, that sweat and starvation and cold-eyed greed equally and helplessly competed for; and somewhere in all this a child sat, a monstrously chubby child with open mouth, who stretched out pudgy hands before him while he blubbered for the agonizing beauty of this world." The meditative fly killer completes his philosophical investigations: ". . . he directed his attention outward and realized two things. The snow outside the window had ceased from falling. And somewhere in the room a fly that had been buzzing probably for some time, was buzzing." But what of the body of the stories? Nemerov, unfortunately, is not a Beckett. He doesn't work as well with abstract characters. Their thoughts and actions are neither funny nor fascinating—merely tedious. The ideas of the stories are more interesting than the stories themselves.

"The Escapist," the one first-rate piece in the collection, is perhaps the most conventional—a relatively straightforward character study. Yet what a subtle, beautifully developed story it is. Note the excellent opening:

> After the dire and unconvincing nostalgias, the tears unheard at night and unacknowledged the next morning, the repeated threats of "I will not" dedicated in silence to a dead god whose name was history; after the meaningless atrocities of pride committed without courage inside the mind and upon the self; after the pursuit of so numerous apotropaic rituals; after the weekends with drawn blinds, letting the clocks run down; after these things and so many years, not much remained; but these were the things which Mr. Morse had to consider day after day through a stillness broken by flatulence, itching-and-scratching, and headaches which now and then audibly buzzed within as though thought were fumblingly approaching an incarnation.

Mr. Morse, a frightened, pathetic little man, becomes the ultimate outsider when, to avoid human contact in an embarrassing situation, he pretends to be a mute. Here we have a truly concerned Nemerov, writing about a character who is important to him, one revealed through action rather than discussion. Mr. Morse, in fact, is very reminiscent of Judson Paley, the protagonist of Nemerov's "A Secret Society," another traditional story which happened to be the best in Nemerov's last collection of twelve years ago, *A Commodity of Dreams*. That is another way of saying we prefer the old Nemerov to the new.

Ronald De Feo, whose reviews have appeared in The Nation and The New Leader, is a short story writer and literary critic.



"It's really a turkey. I saw it in our sex education class."

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TROUBLES

by J. G. Farrell

Knopf, 446 pp , $6.95

Reviewed by Frederick Busch

■ *Troubles* covers the period 1919-1921 in the life of Major Brendan de S. Archer, Englishman. It covers as well that same span in the life of the world —when the Treaty of Versailles had not made peace, when there were troubles in Egypt, rioting erupted in South Africa, India—and Chicago—and a revolt and civil war tore Ireland apart. The book is an attempt to interweave the world's business and the Major's, to show personal and global dilemmas.

The time of the novel and the milieu (a rotting ancient resort hotel in southern Ireland and its rotting residents) are made for a drama of nearly tragic proportions. The hotel is established as a metaphor for the old Ireland, and the past in general. The Major must choose between a past not wholly his —he originally came to the hotel to see its owner's daughter, his fiancée, who then died—and a future he fears. He must choose between independence and the unsatisfactory pursuit of a half-crippled woman who doesn't love him. He must choose between England and Ireland, self and obligations. But what could have been a drama of choices is instead a predictably strung necklace of predictable phrases and events to be hung without protest about the neck of those who like "a good read" about melancholy folk on the ould sod.

A maid is "plump, rosy-cheeked," and "weatherworn gateposts" rise out of "impenetrable foliage" while evening "gloom" is "thickening into a mysterious, tropical night." The angry Major "would gladly have strangled her," and his fiancée is "pale and listless." They share a "long and distressing pause," and the Major learns that "his elderly aunt in London (whose health had been poor for some time) had taken a definite turn for the worse."

This long book offers endless information about minutiae. It almost never deals with an ambiguity or a subtlety that forces *us* to make some sort of interpretive choice while reading about a world of choices. Mr Farrell does not give us a connotative experience; all is denotative. Without artfulness he interpolates history by means of excerpts from newspapers. The method is that of Hemingway's *In Our Time*, a vastly superior book that also concerns a troubled veteran seen against the background of a shaken postwar world.

Those who want to know Ireland in her earlier agonies will probably forsake Mr Farrell's well-meant, gentlemanly story and return to Yeats's "Easter 1916":

> All changed, changed utterly:
> A terrible beauty is born.

This poem is still our truest paradoxical expression of the Irish anguish of the early times—and the Ireland of these late dreadful days.

Frederick Busch, whose novel, "I Wanted a Year Without Fall," was published recently in England, teaches English at Colgate University.

"You're unscrupulous, but I forgive you."

Criminal Record

Fact

The Garbage People. *By John Gilmore and Ron Kenner. Omega Press.* $4.95. Charles Manson said: "Where does the garbage go, as we have tin cans and garbage alongside the road, and oil slicks in the water, so you have people, and I am one of your garbage people." Perhaps in that statement lies as much of an explanation as we can ever hope to have as to why Manson led his followers—and why they followed—on the murderous rampages that wiped out the Sharon Tate and LaBianca households. The authors, working from research as well as through interviews with Manson and his entourage, have pieced together a biography of him and a history of his "family." But facts can only reveal what happened, while the crucial *why* remains elusive. One cannot fault the book for this because, it seems to me, the dark, individual logic of a mind turned away from the so-called norm must always elude the comprehension of those fortunate enough to think along socially acceptable lines.

Fiction

A Period of Evil. *By Kyle Hunt. World.* $5.95. Esmerelda Sutton is married to an insanely jealous man. Did his former wife commit suicide? Did her former husband accidentally fall to his death, or is Clive Sutton a murderer set to kill again? It is a tricky and dangerous puzzle that is put before Dr. Cellini, a psychiatrist, and the London police. It is also a taut little thriller that John Creasey (alias Kyle Hunt) puts before the lucky reader.

Escape a Killer. *By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead.* $4.95. At any moment the lunatic up above can throw a switch, and the air supply will be cut off in the old bomb shelter where Peter Styles and two companions are trapped. Can the trio escape the "unescapable" cellar, the madman's murderous employees, the killer dogs roaming the grounds, and the electric fence surrounding the Connecticut estate? The build-up, the dilemma, and the solution are all cliff-hanger stuff that in retrospect smacks of Pearl White, but Judson Philips makes the yarn credible while you read it, even if later a loophole or two come to mind.

Slayground. *By Richard Stark. Random House.* $4.95. Mr. Stark's bad-guy hero, Parker, is back again, the only one of his gang to escape a car crash after a successful armored auto heist.

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She Needs You...

She needs you to love her. Little Lin Tai has just been abandoned at our Pine Hill Babies Home in Hong Kong. Police doubt her parents or relatives will ever be found. So we must find an American sponsor for her.

How can you sponsor a child like Lin Tai? Your questions answered:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Children on our emergency list this month live in India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong.

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Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

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(Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information.

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Address _____

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He finds himself trapped on Fun Island, an amusement park closed for the winter, by a small army of crooks and crooked cops who are out to kill him and take his satchel of loot. Can he outwit them? Although Richard Stark is working here within the confines—one problem, one setting—more suited to the short story than the novel, he has injected plenty of action into his one mouse-many cats setup.

Shot on Location. *By Helen Nielsen. Morrow.* $5.95. When Brad Smith went to Vietnam he left behind a woman and a proposed TV series. When he returned, he discovered that Harry Avery had married one and turned the other into a fortune. But Harry's plane has been found wrecked in Greece, just this side of the Albanian border. If the producer was merely filming background footage for a new picture, why are the Russian and American governments so interested in finding out what became of Harry? Brad Smith's search for Harry or his body turns into something more dangerous and larger in scope than the wronged writer ever bargained for. Miss Nielsen's story is nicely complex and enriched by her feeling for the Greek background.

A Storm of Spears. *By A. C. Marin. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* $5.95. His teaching career, his marriage, everything was in jeopardy when the masked photographers caught Frank Charles, college instructor, in bed with a student. But what the young man finds himself embroiled in is much more than an individual nightmare. Caught up in a world of addicts and campus revolutionaries, he is ultimately used in a deadly international plot built around secret documents known as "White Knight." This hair-raising and incredible—perhaps a touch too incredible?—tale is not easily put down; even as you question its wilder moments, you cannot entirely dismiss the story line in these days of campus revolution and racial strife.

A Conflict of Interest. *By Brad Williams and J. W. Ehrlich. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $4.95. The murder of millionaire Cyrus Thurman looks like the work of the "Astro Killer," a homicidal maniac whose dark work is ruled by the stars. But when another Thurman dies, there is reason to doubt. Since when did the "Astro" ever zero in on one family? The case involves lawyer Sam Benedict, whom you may remember from television, and is co-authored by trial lawyer J. W. Ehrlich, whom you may remember from newspaper headlines. The novel is a total success, right to the end, when just who you hoped would get his/her just deserts does.

—HASKEL FRANKEL

Book Business

Alan Green

About 900 years ago, St. Anselm wrote *Elucidarium*, the first book of general information for young students. In 1646, John Cotton wrote *Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes*, which wasn't a Radcliffe text but the first book printed in the American colonies for children. Despite these and many other early examples, "Children's literature first clearly emerged in the second half of the eighteenth century." In the twentieth century, "its growth has been so luxuriant and widespread as to make defensible its claim to be regarded with the respect—though perhaps not the solemnity—due any other recognized branch of literature."

The above facts and quotations are drawn from a 20,000-word article on children's literature in the 1971 edition of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Written by Clifton Fadiman, it is the first fruit of his years of research in the field. The ultimate plum will be a massive and definitive history of the words and pictures and (recently) sounds created for children, a work Fadiman is now writing and which Little, Brown will publish within the next two years.

Meanwhile, it should be noted that November 14 to 20 is National Children's Book Week, when schools, libraries, and bookstores will feature special displays of interest to all "potential or actual young literates, from the incredible instant they can with joy leaf through a picture book or listen to a story read aloud," as well as to all "lucky grown-ups [in whom] the child survives, crying, like the thin man in every fat man, to be let out." Again, Fadiman in *Britannica*.

How many electoral votes has your state? How many registered voters? What is their political, economic, and social breakdown? Can you answer the same questions for your district? For all the districts and states? How did your Senators, your Representatives, and every one of their colleagues vote on the twenty-one recent key issues?

If these are facts you don't have at hand but might find useful before next Election Day, watch for *The Almanac of American Politics—1972*, coming in January from Gambit, who plans to make it a biennial event. For the alert, a record of the situation-as-is. For the acute, maybe a crystal ball.

Someone asked me recently: "What ever happened to Harper Lee?" A pretty good question about a lady who published her first novel, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, in 1960, won the Pulitzer Prize for it, and hasn't had a book since. From her publisher, J. B. Lippincott, I received confirmation that she had done research for her childhood friend Truman Capote in preparation for his *In Cold Blood*, and the more immediate news that she is working on a new novel—the theme, title, and possible completion date of which were left undisclosed.

When Atlantic Records announced their plan to distribute a disc of excerpts from *The Sensuous Woman*, I recognized this as quite a departure from the established custom of recording readings from poetry and drama. Hurrying to the Atlantic office, I talked to two of their executives, who answered various questions as follows: Yes, they made a deal for the property with Lyle Stuart, who published the book, and, yes, if this one is successful they'll do excerpts from *The Sensuous Man*. No, they don't know what the authors, "J" and "M," are getting out of the deal, if anything. No, they don't expect to encounter any censorship because they're employing a very nonseductive approach—a young woman reading the excerpts without sensuosity. But they will have a musical background. No, they haven't decided what kind of music. No, certainly not a marching song. No, not the *Liebestod*

(Continued on page 44)

WIT TWISTER #236

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The flashing minnow _ _ _ _ _ _ in the rill.
Slim _ _ _ _ _ _ _ seek the vastness of the sea.
The tide, with lunar _ _ _ _ _ _, lifts until
Your skiff drifts gently up the stream to me.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 69)

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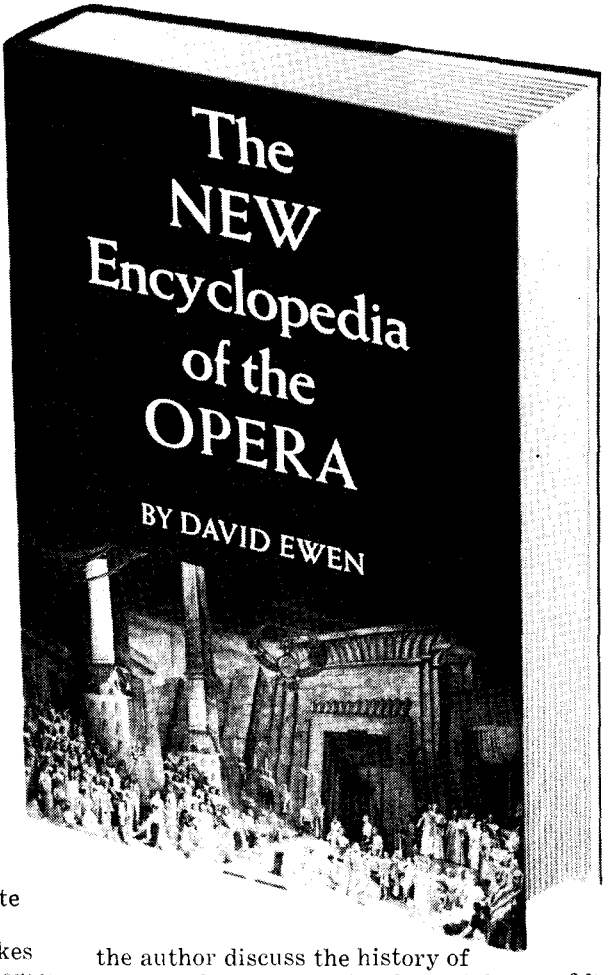
A special invitation to opera lovers



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The HIGHER CIRCLES
One or Another
The Tale of the Lady Ochiba
Future Shock by Alvin Toffler
R.F. DELDERFIELD God Is an Englishman
Bruce Jay Friedman The Dick
Shirley MacLaine

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

"She was the Amerian girl living the American dream, and she became mad within it," writes Nancy Milford in *Zelda* (Avon, $1.50) (see review opposite), a biography perfectly poised between hardheaded scholarship and profound psychological drama. Zelda Sayre, the petted daughter of an Alabama judge, arrived in New York in 1920 to marry fledgling writer Scott Fitzgerald—with whom she would share a shattering decade before madness wholly possessed her.

"There's something of myself and of my generation in Zelda," said Mrs. Milford, who lives with her husband—a book manufacturer—and their two small children in a Manhattan apartment. "But my first interest as a student at the University of Michigan in the late 1950s was in Scott Fitzgerald. When I read Turnbull's Fitzgerald biography (see opposite page) I felt somehow that Zelda haunted it. I wanted to know more about her relation to Scott's life and as a source for his stories." Like other English majors before and since, Nancy Milford came to New York. In 1960, she went to work for a small publishing house. "We used to sit around and talk about James Joyce." She got fired, which was probably a good thing because she then went back to school, Columbia University, where she began to write a master's thesis on Zelda Fitzgerald. Before long the thesis turned into a full-scale biography. "We solved some of the practical working problems by renting big vacant faculty houses in Princeton for the summer. I'd hire a baby sitter and go off to the library." Nancy and her family traveled—by this time she had received a small advance from a publisher—to Montgomery, Baltimore, London, and Paris, following the Fitzgerald trail.

A combination of sleuthing and plain perserverance got untoward results. One of the mysterious shadows in the Fitzgeralds' past was a handsome young French officer whom they had met on the Riviera in 1924, and who had in some way affected their lives. He appears in one guise or another in some of Scott's stories as well as in the character of the young soldier in Zelda's novel, *Save Me the Waltz* ("the head of the gold of a Christmas coin"). Scott noted in his ledger, "Trouble clearing away. Last sight of Josanne." But no record of Josanne appeared in the Paris military archives. Mrs. Milford tried another tack, appealing to a genealogist. "Josanne" did in fact exist—Scott has misspelled his name—and in that assured young officer Zelda had indeed recognized qualities of strength and leadership. For "Josanne" turned out to be Edouard Jozan, who became one of France's most illustrious admirals—the commander at one time of all French maritime forces in the Far East. And of course he remembered the Fitzgeralds and that faraway summer. Zelda was "a shining beauty," while together she and Scott "brought into our little provincial circle brilliance, imagination. . . ."

Not all the people who contributed to Mrs. Milford's understanding of Zelda's character were as distinguished as the admiral, but all helped deepen the colors of her portrait. In 1968, as she was finishing the final draft of the book, the author took a sentimental journey to Montgomery to attend Zelda's fiftieth high school class reunion. "Spring in Montgomery is unbelievable. It's so lush and fragrant and exotic; there's a kind of strangeness about everything that helps to explain Zelda." Zelda's classmates recalled how as a young girl in a flesh-colored bathing suit she rode through the town, flinging her arms out to the young men who were known then as Jelly Beans and calling "All my Jellies!"

One of the men, now nearly seventy, said to Mrs. Milford, "You see, you've got to remember, to us Zelda was a . . . a Kingmaker."

—Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Eudora Welty's *Losing Battles* (Fawcett Crest, $1.25) is like a well-worn quilt, pieced together with minute stitches into a dazzling pattern of rural life in Mississippi in the early 1930s. All the action takes place over a couple of days when the Vaughn family gathers to celebrate Granny's ninetieth birthday. Not that much happens in this long, rambling book. Loads of pickled peaches and fried chicken are served up at the picnic party, Granny's great-grandson returns from prison in time for her day, a schoolteacher who taught most of the Vaughn kinfolk something about human worth dies almost unnoticed in a nearby town, and Granny dozes off and gets a bit older. Although a traditional novel, its force is cumulative, and represents for Mississippi-born Miss Welty a real literary triumph.

R. F. Delderfield's *God Is an Englishman* (Pocket Books, $1.50) is another hefty saga. This one, which surprised most people who speculate at literary roulette by becoming a best seller, is a very British, leisurely tale about the Swann family and an industrial dynasty in the nineteenth century. There's lots of adventure, including runaway marriages, headstrong offspring, and many a cup o' tea.

In light of Yukio Mishima's strange ritual suicide last year, his novels take on a weird supra-literary cast. *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion* (Berkley, $1.25), translated from the Japanese by Ivan Morris and prefaced with a strong essay by Nancy Wilson Ross, transforms a real event in modern Japanese history into a taut intellectual drama in which a young, psychotic Zen acolyte is driven to destroy the ancient Zen temple at Kyoto. *After the Banquet* (Berkley, $1.25), translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene, tells a smaller and less dramatic story about an iron-willed woman who spurs a retired politician into resurrecting his faded powers. And if you have a taste for Oriental exotica, how about *The*

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Tale of the Lady Ochikubo (Anchor, $1.95), translated from the Japanese by Wilfred Whitehouse and Eizo Yanagisawa? This tale from the tenth century is all about a wicked stepmother and a poor little Cinderella-style princess who wanders around in her threadbare kimono. Though a bit too rarefied for me (I prefer Miss Welty's pickled peaches to these peach blossoms), it's a great little gift. Surely not many can say they have read it.

Next to Christiaan Barnard, Rosalyn Drexler is our favorite heart surgeon. The author of *I Am the Beautiful Stranger* tells in *One or Another* (Dell, 95¢) about a strung-out middle-aged housewife who rejects her athletic coach husband in favor of a teen-aged boy. But, as they used to tell me about Balenciaga, it's all in the seams, and Drexler's are stitched with a kind of madly perfect modern idiom of souped-up reality. It's a pain—in the heart—but read it anyway.

A lot of what's new and lively is going on in *Works in Progress* (Doubleday, $1.45). Edited by Martha Saxton, these selections from upcoming books include such choice pieces as Mordecai Richler's hilarious "On Writing St. Urbain's Horseman" and poems by L. Woiwode, whose first novel, *What I'm Going to Do, I Think*, was applauded. Hortense Calisher, William Hanley, and Darryl Ponicsan, among others, are also represented. A "little" magazine in a paperback format, there's nothing small about *Works* in its scope and quality.

Also new and noted: Bruce Jay Friedman's *The Dick* (Bantam, $1.25), in which an ineffectual detective, his adulterous wife, and unattractive child work out their assorted destinies, is a novel where grotesquerie becomes a hideous end in itself. Not for my taste, but maybe yours if you like ugly. Pierre Schoendoerffer's *Farewell to the King* (Bantam, $1.25), translated from the French by Xan Fielding, combines the altruism of *The Roots of Heaven* with the corniness of *Emperor Jones* in a quasi-philosophical story about a red-haired British soldier on a Pacific island who heads his own jungle kingdom during World War II. They loved it in Europe.

Some People

"I am Voltaire! I am Rousseau! I am Victor Hugo!" he shouted to the Paris sky while balancing on one foot atop a sixth-floor balcony. He was in fact Scott Fitzgerald, whose antics were sometimes taken more seriously than his prose. Andrew Turnbull's *Scott Fitzgerald* (Ballantine, $1.25), which is as close to a definitive biography as anyone has yet come, allows for all the glitter of the golden time which Fitzgerald dubbed "the Jazz Age," without sentimentalizing either the booze or the breakdowns. In one especially effective section, Turnbull recalls his own meetings with the Fitzgeralds, Scott, Zelda—already mentally ill—and little Scotty, during the months they rented a house on the Turnbull Maryland estate. Here's a full-length portrait of a man in torment—from the giddy exhibitionist days when Scott insisted he could swim in an ice bucket to the end when, his reputation sunk, his only triumphs were those of a compassionate human being.

Nancy Milford's *Zelda* (Avon, $1.50) combines good scholarly research with great dramatic flair. Though Scott might have been profligate with his life and talents, he hoarded every scrap he wrote. His letters, together with some extraordinary ones by Zelda from various mental institutions, provide a stiff backbone to a strong, clear picture of Zelda, part flouncy Southern belle, part liberated woman, whose innermost agonies often seemed no more than good copy for her husband's fiction.

Gene Fowler, a longtime drinking buddy of John Barrymore's, has in his biography, *Good Night, Sweet Prince* (Ballantine, 95¢), tried to capture some of the great actor's fascination. In a breezy, anecdotal account, Fowler is nearly reverential about Barrymore's Falstaffian appetites for wine and women. Barrymore the actor, however, is lost in a rush of excited prose: "His prodigious follies, quixotic deeds, intense bursts of labor, together with a disregard of repose, would have felled a god." Fowler's prose does a pretty good job of knocking him over.

Philip B. Kunhardt, Jr.'s *My Father's House* (Pocket Books, 95¢) is quite simply about a lifetime of happiness shared by a father and his son. Kunhardt, a *Life* editor, recalls while recovering from a heart attack his father's life, illnesses, and death. This quiet, gentle memoir is as mild as home movies on a winter's evening.

Shirley MacLaine must be one of the cheeriest people around. She's also hyperactive, which makes her autobiography, *Don't Fall Off the Mountain* (Bantam, $1.50), zesty and upbeat. Far more engaging than Shirley's recollections of *Pajama Game* and Sinatra are her tales of sit-ins in Mississippi in days before radical chic, love-ins with Masai tribesmen, and treks in the Himalayas to search for gurus.

The Way We Live Now

When I first read Charles A. Reich's *The Greening of America* (Bantam, $1.95) a year ago, I bored all my friends by quizzing them about Consciousness III, hugged barefoot hippies in the street, and plotted ways to retire with my macrame to Big Sur. Well, I'm a year older and have just reread the professor's exploration into why and how we came to be the citizens we are and why so many of us are dropping off into goalless, status-free life-styles. If now I see a self-Consciousness or plain literary awkwardness in those unwieldy terms Consciousness I, II, III, and think that Reich is too optimistic about everybody getting groovy, *Greening* is still a stunning coming to terms.

Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* (Bantam, $1.95) is also about consciousness and the effects upon it of our cultural sonic boom. According to Toffler, who used to be a *Fortune* editor, change has so accelerated our experiences that it seems as though our lives match the tempo of one of those Walt Disney nature films in which bees and buds go through entire life cycles in seconds. Maybe what Toffler has to say isn't new or revolutionary but he has said it better than anyone else, and before books become obsolete altogether, hold onto this one.

Robert Jay Lifton, psychiatrist and intellectual *extraordinaire*, will come on strong in the Seventies. He's already won a National Book Award for *Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima*, a steely analysis of the psychological effects of the Bomb. Since then he has gone on probing into what ails the human condition. *Boundaries: Psychological Man in Revolution* (Vintage, $1.65) reveals the effects on human beings of various mind-shattering events, among them the Holocaust and the moon walk. In *History and Human Survival* (Vintage, $2.45), accurately subtitled "Essays on the Young and Old, Survivors and the Dead, Peace and War, and on Contemporary Psychohistory," Dr. Lifton unites a whole battery of disparate disciplines—from psychology and theology to history and practical politics—into an intellectual barrage against soul-rendering atrocities like Dachau and Mylai.

"When a person enters the Armed Forces of the United States, he leaves one society for another," writes James Finn in *Conscience and Command: Justice and Discipline in the Military* (Vintage, $1.95). This collection of articles by men such as Leonard B. Boudin and Dr. Howard Levy on the how and why of military judicial actions makes a good handbook for civilians following the Calley-Medina trials.

In *The Higher Circles* (Vintage, $1.95) G. William Domhoff reels off a staggering assortment of statistics to indict the upper echelons of American society for their hold upon the nation. "The power elite," by force of birth, education, and hard cash, says the author, runs the whole show, from social legislation to foreign policy. Say it isn't so, G. William.

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Book Business

Continued from page 40

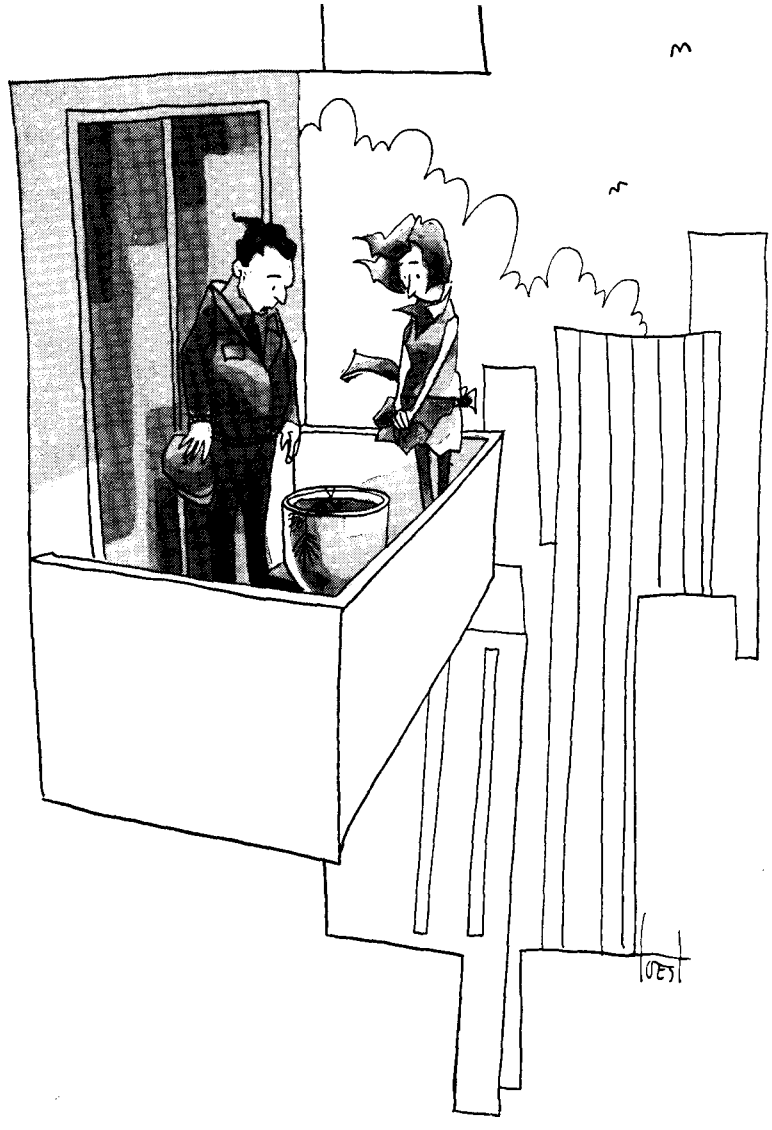
either. No, the recording may not be in your neighborhood shop, but will, they hope, be in discount and department stores, and didn't I think it would go big on campuses. I didn't know. The record didn't sound like required listening. Not any more.

To mark its 125th anniversary, Scribner's will publish in October a book whose contents are a century old. *Scribner's Monthly, 1871,* contains the text and pictures which appeared in the twelve issues that year of the once-influential American periodical. As a book, it's a portrait of our life and thought in the era shortly after the Civil War, when articles on women's lib and the perils of youth were fairly new, gossip about life among the Brontës hadn't yet subsided, and accounts of travels in the Indian wilderness were lively how-to stuff.

Alexander Woollcott, lover of the heart-warming coincidence, would have relished twin happenings recently in the office of Rochelle Girson, *SR*'s book review editor. First, this letter arrived:

> Dear Miss Girson:
>
> Could I ask a very special favor of you? Could you find a soft spot in your heart to help an unfortunate person who is disabled with a heart condition and unable to get around and the only pleasure I have is reading Horatio Alger, Jr.'s books. I have some of his books which I have reread about 10 times. I know that they are scarce. But with your ability and patience you will be able to get me some books of his at a reasonable price. There aren't any books by Horatio Alger, Jr. in Philadelphia as it is back 50 years when it comes to books here. (Used books.) You could make a sad heart glad. Hoping you will favor me, many thanks.
>
> Good heart.
>
> HERBERT TRULICK

Even while Miss Girson pondered her reply, a message came from publicist Jay Tower representing Nautilus Books in a special project: the publication of facsimile first editions, handsomely bound and boxed, of *Struggling Upward* and *Phil the Fiddler,* two long-out-of-print Alger novels. *Struggling* is the rarest of all Alger first editions, and *Phil,* the author's favorite, had the effect of a minor *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* with its exposé of injustice, and shock effect on the public. When Miss Tower and Nautilus were informed of Mr. Trulick's plea, they instantly agreed to send him the boxed set, which has just been published at $12.50. On the chance that you have Algers in the attic and want to get in touch with Mr. Trulick, write him in care of *SR,* and we'll forward your letters (we can't forward books). Okay, Alec? Star dancing, maybe?



"No wonder it won't grow, lady. You're above the timberline."

In mid-October, Norton will publish Joseph P. Lash's *Eleanor and Franklin,* a full-length study of the Roosevelts, their antecedents and progeny. Both Lash and his editor, Evan Thomas, are annoyed at a *New York Post* story that made it appear the major focus of the book is on the relationship between FDR and Lucy Mercer, which was recounted in Jonathan Daniels's earlier biography. I've seen the Norton book, and the affair occupies only a tiny part of a long and fascinating history, which will need no sensationalism to become a major best seller.

Does the publisher's reputation enhance the sale of his books? Recently Putnam advertised John Kobler's *Capone: The Life and Times of Al Capone* under the headline "The new best seller from the publisher of *The Godfather.*" That's an unusual book advertising approach because the success of one title seldom rubs off on another by a different author from the same house. Exceptions are certain genre lines, mysteries for instance (a Crime Club Book, a Harper Novel of Suspense, etc.). The fact that S&S published *Catch 22* did not increase their sale of *The Secret of Santa Vittoria,* even though they were both World War II novels.

If, indeed, Mario Puzo's *Godfather* stimulates more sales of *Capone,* much credit should go to Putnam's editor-in-chief, William Targ, who shepherded both books from manuscript to the best-seller lists. I wish Kobler's name were more visible in the ad referred to above; Targ would be the first to give the author full credit.

Meanwhile, it would be interesting and useful (perhaps for a later column) to hear whether you think the publisher's name or their previous publications ever influence your purchase of a book.

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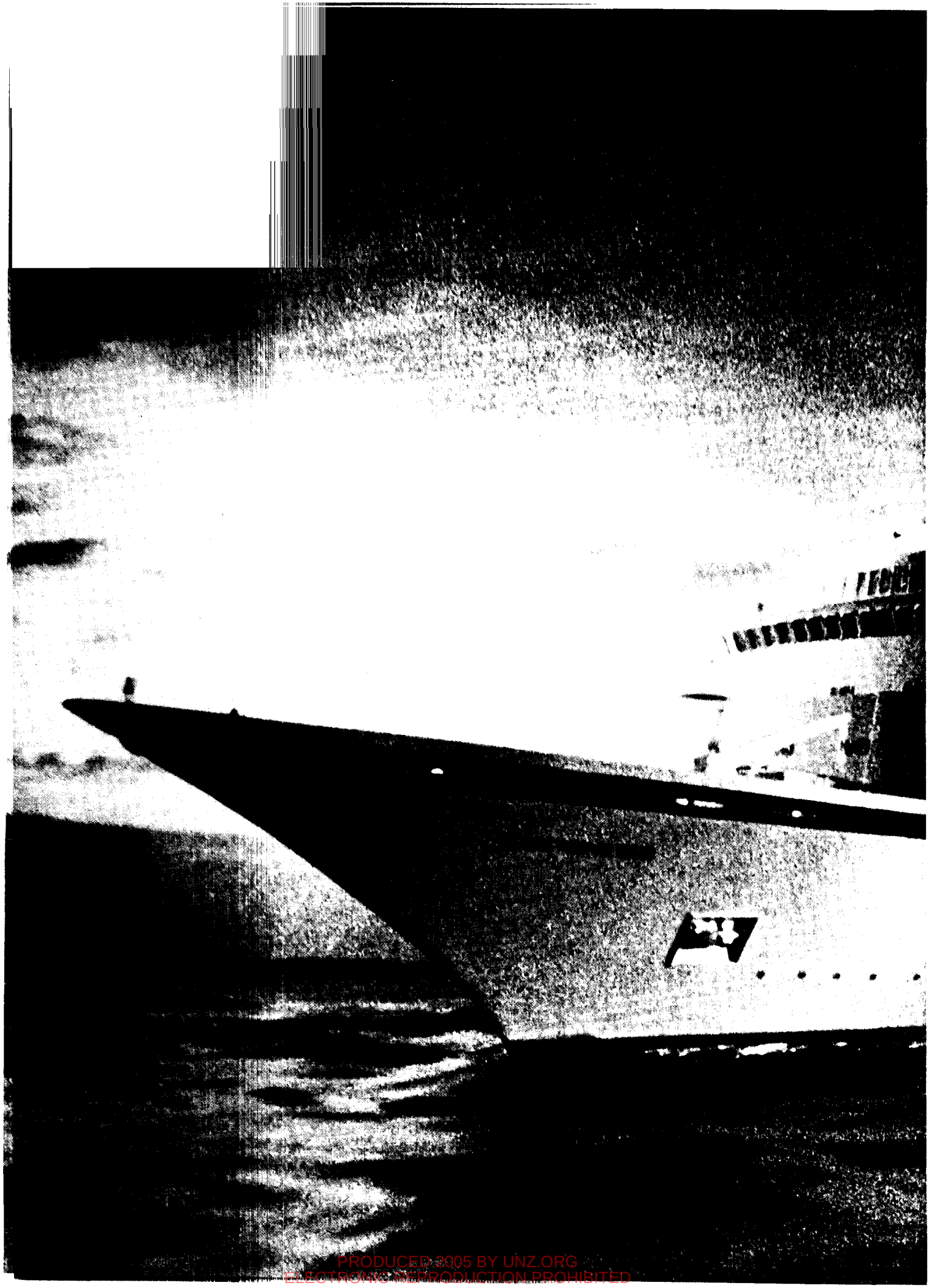

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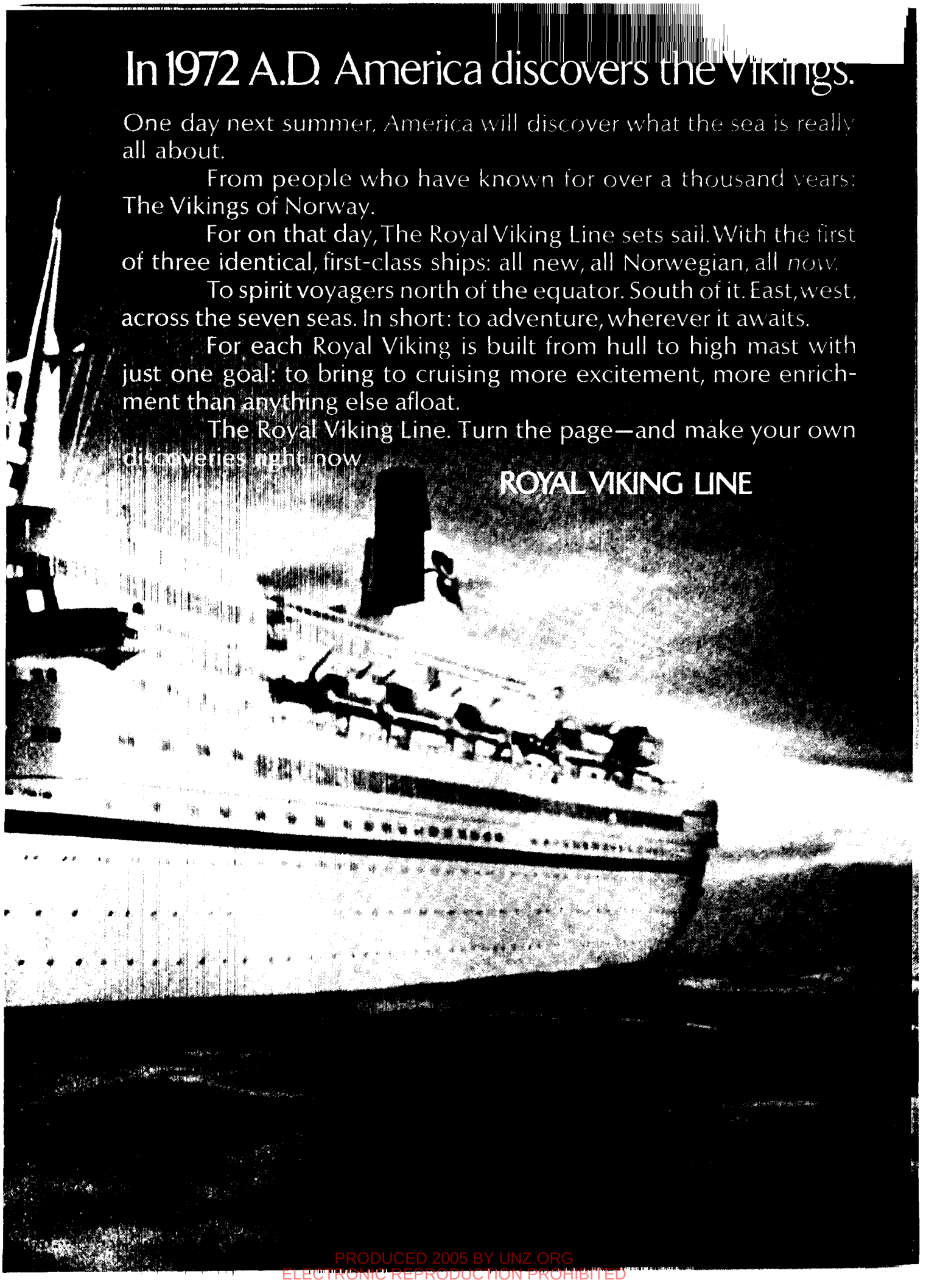

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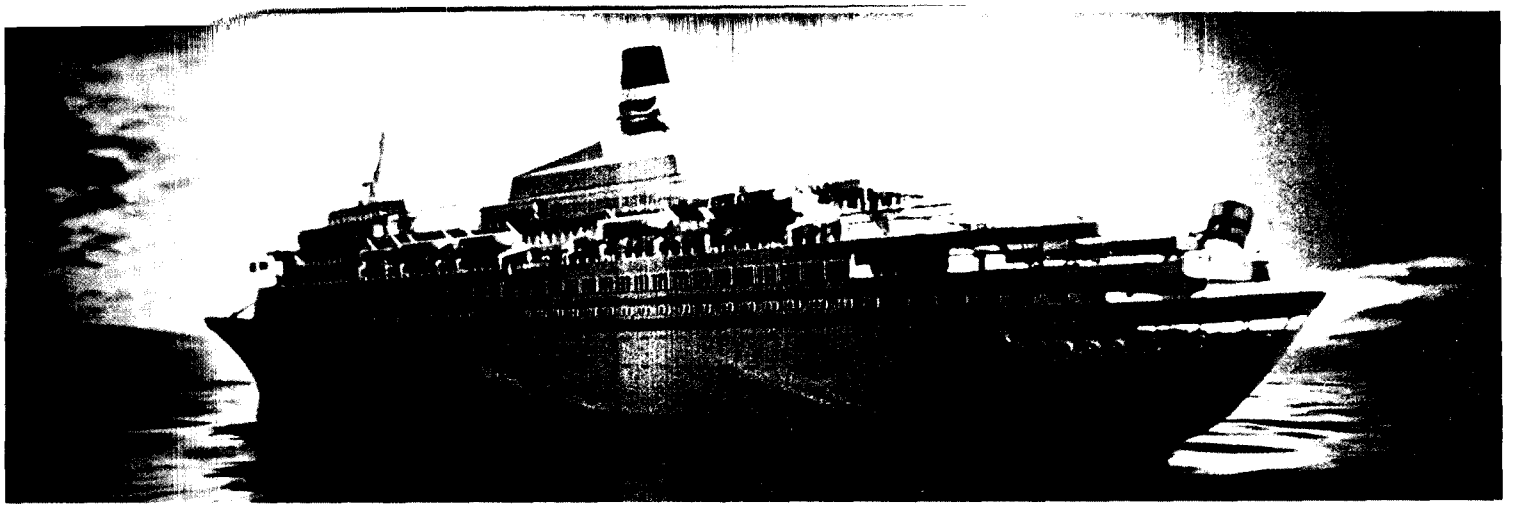

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3. Mediterranean, round trip from New York, 35 days, 9/15/72
4. Intercoastal/Caribbean, from N.Y. and Ft. Lauderdale to L.A. and S.F., 21 days, 10/21/72
5. West Coast/Caribbean, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 32 days, 11/12/72
6. California Coast, round trip from S.F., 4 days, 12/14/72
7. Mexico Holiday, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 16 days, 12/18/72
8. South Seas, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 46 days, 1/4/73
9. Circle Pacific, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 66 days, 2/20/73
10. Caribbean/Europe, from S.F., L.A. and Ft. Lauderdale to Copenhagen, 37 days, 4/28/73

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We'll keep our schedules *flexible*. (If the weather turns bad we'll turn away—in search of sunnier climes.)

And wherever we wander, lecturers, artists, other stimulating people will entertain, inform, *enrich* you.

What do the Royal Vikings cost?

They cost *us* over $70 million.

But in 52 of our outside double staterooms, for example, the cost to you is only $65 per person per day. Others more or less. Including all meals, facilities, entertainment.

How many staterooms in all?

289—including four suites, 35 deluxes, 209 doubles, 37 singles. Room aplenty for 541 adventurers in all, all in lower beds. *And 94% can see the sea!*

What about stateroom flexibility?

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What are the staterooms like?

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A brace of boutiques, a widescreen cinema, a seagoing gym.

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And, on the outside looking in, a dance floor with the stars for a ceiling. Tennis courts and places to perfect your golfing drive. The kind of heated pool a movie star might envy.

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Temperamental chefs, tactful maitre d's, discreet attendants from the entire continent of Europe. And the men who man the ships? *Norwegian* through and through.

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The Old World. And the New.

In Europe, the ships are being built by three of Norway's largest shipping firms. In America, they're being managed by experts who know what today's voyagers want. *And how to deliver it.*

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The Vikings sound to my liking. Please send your 1972-73 Cruise and Fare Schedule and these folders: ☐ North Cape, ☐ Russia/Europe, ☐ Mediterranean, ☐ Intercoastal/Caribbean, ☐ West Coast/Caribbean, ☐ California Coast, ☐ Mexico Holiday, ☐ South Seas, ☐ Circle Pacific, ☐ Caribbean/Europe.

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Graham Greene

Continued from page 35

lessly elegant but, like all professional grace, is the result of endless concentration and discipline:

> The High Street contained at "our end" a half-timbered Tudor photographer's shop (from the windows the faces of the locals looked out in wedding groups, bouqueted and bemused like prize oxen) and the great flinty Norman church where the helmet of some old Duke of Cornwall hung unremarked on a pillar like a bowler hat in a hall. Below lay the Grand Junction Canal with slow-moving painted barges and remote gypsy children, the watercress beds, the hillocks of the old castle surrounded by a dry moat full of cow parsley . . . The faint agreeable smell of coal dust blew up from the railway, and everywhere were those curious individual Berkhamsted faces which I feel I could recognize now anywhere in the world: pointed faces like the knaves on playing cards, with a slyness about the eyes, an unsuccessful cunning.

The ease and limpidity are deceptive. A great deal gets said in remarkably little space; the reactions are never simple, never quite expected; each impression doubles back on itself, expands and is qualified. The whole weight of the author seems to be leaning on each sentence—a subtle, quizzical mind.

It is this irredeemably adult tone of voice which forbids the reader to indulge in any lay analysis, despite all those macabre details, despite the records of dreams and symptoms and breakdowns. At no point is one tempted to pounce: "Yes, this is where it all started, the splitting, the unhappiness." The prose forestalls impertinence, insisting that Greene himself has settled his accounts with his past, thank you, and come to terms with whatever wounds there were.

He also refuses the stylist's ultimate defense, irony. Recently Greene's contemporary, V. S. Pritchett, wrote his brilliant autobiography, *A Cab at the Door*. In many ways it is a better book than Greene's: quite as intricate, but richer in detail and very funny. Yet ultimately it doesn't ring as true. The account reads like a marvelous comic novel which happens to be factual. Pritchett has taken the facts and transformed them lovingly, ironically, muzzling the old despairs with humor, setting them safely apart. Greene, on the other hand, deliberately forswears irony: "Those emotions were real when we felt them. Why should we be more ashamed of them than of the indifference of old age?"

The result is a curious sad undertone, plangent, full of regret. This has nothing to do with romantic distortion—as I said at the start, no one could idealize his childhood less. Instead, it is a question of the sheer vividness of the past he conjures up, as though it had all happened a week ago, as though the whole impossible world were still there. And for him, clearly, it is, although for most of us who are younger it seems farther off than Babylon. The problem is to reconcile these two views: to bring the past sharply to life and yet, at the same time, to recognize that it is indeed past, beyond any recall.

> Here in Berkhamsted was the first mold of which the shape was to be endlessly reproduced. For twenty years it was to be almost the only scene of happiness, misery, first love, the attempt to write; and I feel it would be strange if, through the workings of coincidence, through the unconscious sources of action, through folly or wisdom, I were not brought back to die there in the place where everything was born.

By re-creating his past, he can go on to the next stage; it is almost as though he were setting himself free to die. But, mercifully, Graham Greene is still only in his middle sixties, and few writers of his age and stature are still so productive, so sharp-edged.

VERLAINE

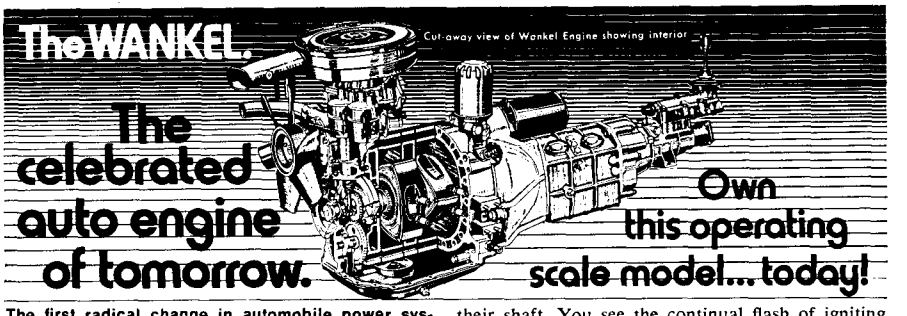
by Joanna Richardson

Viking, 432 pp., $10

Reviewed by Anna Balakian

■ Joanna Richardson, an Oxford-educated scholar, has written a lively, detailed, and factually precise biography of Paul Verlaine. Her materials are not new, her revelations not earthshaking; but out of the medley of confessions, letters, critical and personal comments by Verlaine's contemporaries, she has fashioned a vivid account of the quick rise and protracted degradation of the saturnalian vagabond, who in his last years was designated "prince of poets." The quotations are innumerable, and they tap a formidable body of materials: descriptions and impressions by contemporaries comprising a cross section of the cultural life of Paris when the city was not only the capital of France but the meeting place of an international roster of artists. Many—perhaps too many—of the comments are derived from secondary sources. Yet they are always relevant to the chronological sequence, which Miss Richardson strictly maintains throughout her book.

This is not, however, a critical biog-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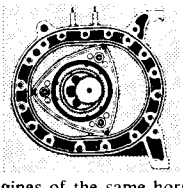

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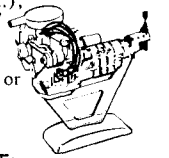

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raphy. I have always believed that in order to qualify as such, a biography must illuminate the creative achievements of its subject. In this instance, Miss Richardson does the exact opposite; one often has the impression that the poems appear from time to time to fill in and substantiate the life pattern, their content serving to document Verlaine's notoriety as a person. Had she been able by this method to create the portrait of a complex personality, the subservient role given to the poetry of Verlaine might have been justified to some extent. But between the sublimity and purity of his work and the squalor of his life neither connection nor contrast is really established, and explanations of his emotional aberrations are unsubstantiated and shallow. The general conclusion reached early in the book is that Verlaine had a double personality, angel and satyr, and that his basic and consistent virtue was to be true to himself despite the contradictions. The biography abounds in unfounded conjectures, such as the simplistic theory that Verlaine was led to homosexuality by his ugliness, which precluded feminine conquests. Actually, the author disproves her own hypothesis by the number of women she subsequently introduces into Verlaine's emotional involvements.

Anyone today who knows of Verlaine knows of his affair with Rimbaud. In fact, the rising star of Rimbaud in the twentieth century has contributed immensely to the waning of Verlaine's because Verlaine has been held responsible for the prodigious youth's misfortunes and early demise as a poet. It is unfortunate that Miss Richardson has not been able to clarify the relationship between these two major French poets of the nineteenth century. Her version relies heavily and uncritically on the testimony of Verlaine's wife, who divorced him for sodomy and held a grudge against him forever after.

Although many literary figures are evoked in this splendidly illustrated biography, Verlaine's basic literary relationships, such as the one with Mallarmé and the Symbolist coterie, with which he was so intimately connected, are not sufficiently probed, and the reader has to take Miss Richardson's word that Verlaine's influence was great and that his genius was unquestionable. The critical vocabulary is meager and unpersuasive.

With a strong assist from the many writers whose keen observations she has culled, Miss Richardson has, however, created a striking portrait, terrifying and fascinating at every stage. If the interpretations are weak or absent, the cruel facts are stated in direct, readable style: the total failure of Verlaine, pathological in mind and body, a prey to alcohol, a misfit, plagued by an ever deepening poverty that in his last years drove him from hospital to hospital more in search of shelter than of cure. How he turned his mud into gold, how and when he wrote his poetry remain the great mystery. The failure of the life was redeemed by the miraculous success of his art, and that is the only reality worth worrying about.

A decadent, sophisticated age produced a poet of such lyrical simplicity that he remains meaningful to a wider spectrum of readers than any French poet since François Villon. He introduced a new music into French verse that was so natural to the French language that one wonders why it had not been found before.

In the absence of new light on either Verlaine or on Rimbaud, his partner in perdition, Miss Richardson's reorganization of the old data may well serve to solicit fresh interest and empathy for this *poète maudit* in an age when addictions, perversions, and embroilments with the law—the modus vivendi of a large segment of our society—are recognizable and painfully relevant to all.

Anna Balakian, professor of French and compartive literature at New York University, is the author of a recent critical biography of André Breton.

THE AFFAIR OF GABRIELLE RUSSIER

Gabrielle Russier's letters and Raymond Jean's preface translated from the French by Ghislaine Boulanger

Knopf, 177 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Barbara Levy

■ The case of Gabrielle Russier may have been a *cause célèbre* in France, but to the average American it will probably appear to be much ado about nothing.

The story is simple: A thirty-year-old high school teacher is prosecuted, imprisoned without trial, and ultimately driven to suicide because she has had an affair with one of her students—a seventeen-year-old boy. The setting for this drama is Marseilles, a city with all the narrow-mindedness, the mistrust, the prejudice, the xenophobia typical of provincial France toward anyone (French or otherwise) not born within the town confines, anyone who is at all "different." Gabrielle Russier was the misfit *par excellence*: she was not only Protestant but divorced; she was half American (her mother had come to Paris from Utah); she drove a red car decorated with pop-art flowers. Instead of maintaining the formal relationship with her students that is expected of teachers in French educational institutions, Gabrielle identified with them.

In October of 1967 she started teaching classes in French literature at the Lycée Saint-Exupéry in Marseilles, and soon thereafter began to see a good deal of Christian Rossi, a tall, heavy boy with long hair and a beard, who looked older than his years. The following summer the pair took off for Italy, and when they returned (Christian's parents believed he'd been hitchhiking with a classmate), he was sent away to Bonn to learn German. Gabrielle followed him, and they drove back to Marseilles, where he spent three weeks in her apartment.

Having tried in vain to separate the lovers, the Rossis lodged a complaint against Gabrielle for corrupting the morals of a minor, and she was arrested without warning and flung into prison. At this point the story, which had been purely local, became a matter of national interest, with right- and left-wing newspapers plunging into the fray with delight.

Gabrielle's trial in June 1969 resulted in a suspended sentence and a fine of a hundred francs; but thirty minutes after sentence had been pronounced, the prosecutor announced that he would appeal. The shock of learning she must face another ordeal unsettled Gabrielle's mind. She turned on the gas, swallowed an overdose of sleeping pills, and never awakened.

The Affair of Gabrielle Russier unfolds in three parts, the most interesting of which is a long interpretive account by Mavis Gallant. The second section, a foreword to Gabrielle's prison letters by Raymond Jean, her former teacher, adds little or nothing to the picture. The letters (the final portion of the tale) are amazingly childish and inept for a woman who allegedly took her degree in French literature.

Gabrielle's conduct was not only foolhardy but foolish. The real tragedy, however, was caused by French law, which is unduly harsh in matters concerning women. If she'd been a man and had seduced a young girl, her conduct would have been condoned if not ignored.

Barbara Levy is the author of two novels with contemporary French backgrounds, "The Missing Matisse" and "The Shining Mischief."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1f, 2g, 3k, 4i, 5h, 6l, 7b, 8j, 9a, 10e, 11c, 12d.

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Photo by Jack Beech

Shirley Ann Grau

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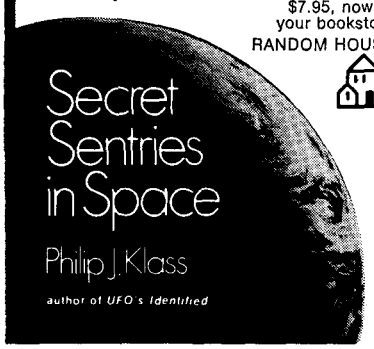

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BEFORE COLUMBUS:
Links Between the Old World and Ancient America

By Cyrus H. Gordon

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MAYAN ENIGMA:
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by Pierre Ivanoff
translated from the French
by Elaine P. Halperin

Delacorte, 202 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Gordon F. Ekholm

■ Most archeologists working in the Americas feel quite certain that the higher cultures or civilizations that arose in the Andes and Middle America (Mexico and Central America) were basically independent developments unassisted by stimulating ideas that might have reached them from the Old World civilizations of Europe and Asia. In recent years, however, a number of archeologists have shifted toward thinking that there was some "leakage" across the surrounding oceans that had minor, or perhaps even major, effect on the course of ancient American cultures. These scientists look mainly toward the Pacific, for it is from China, India, Southeast Asia, and to a lesser extent the Pacific islands that, for various reasons too complex to be discussed here, the influences appear to have come. Perhaps I should state now that my own sympathies lie in that direction, and I have studied the question and written on it for a number of years.

In *Before Columbus* Cyrus Gordon, who has a background in Mediterranean and Near Eastern studies, plays a more difficult game. He is mainly concerned with developing the thesis that, over a period of several thousand years before 1492, peoples of the Mediterranean area traveled across the Atlantic and profoundly affected the growth of Middle American civilization. Consequently he nods only perfunctorily toward the theory of transpacific cultural diffusion. Dr. Gordon's idea is not new, of course, nor is it uniquely his. Thor Heyerdahl has advanced the same possibility dramatically with his recent voyages on *Ra I* and *Ra II*. And we have yet to eradicate the unsupportable belief held by many people since early in this century that a mid-Atlantic island—Atlantis—was a bridge to Middle America.

I agree fully with Gordon's primary thesis that the study of early civilizations is a global problem, and there were more interconnections between them than most archeologists and historians are willing to grant. Transatlantic contacts may well have occurred, and it is of great importance and interest to examine all possible evidence for them, as Gordon attempts to do. He does not, however, take sufficient account of the difficulties involved, and his book as a whole is disappointing and unsatisfactory. In trying to prove, by whatever means at hand, the theory of multiple transatlantic contacts, Gordon never critically examines the purported evidence.

One of the most glaring examples of his noncritical attitude appears in the first chapter of *Before Columbus*, where he reviews and accepts in toto the idea, elaborated upon in another recent book, that Negroid, Chinese, Semitic, and other racial types are represented in certain early Central and South American ceramic figurines, and that these constitute proof that people of these races were therefore present in considerable numbers. This absurd conclusion is hardly worth discussing, but it must be mentioned that the figurines so identified are selections from literally tens of thousands of examples from an area yielding great variation of stylization in the different subregions and spanning long periods of time. By this kind of selection, relationship with any people in the world might be suggested. No critical judgment of such evidence is offered by Gordon, nor does he mention the need for confirming the existence of different racial types in the Americas by examining skeletal material found archeologically, or by looking for appropriate characteristics and remnants among modern Indians. Gordon's is not a scientific or even logical approach to a complex problem.

Among other archeological items that he believes demonstrate transatlantic contacts, Gordon gives high priority to three inscribed stones, one from Brazil and two from the southeastern United States, which he asserts are examples of Near Eastern writing and languages. These may be significant, but the possibility of forgery in this kind of artifact is exceedingly great, and should have been given more weight. Another archeological find, a figurine head supposedly found in an Aztec grave in Mexico and identified as of Roman origin of about the second century A.D., is put forth as important evidence. Although Gordon is not responsible for the identification of the object as Roman, he accepts it without question. In my opinion, the identification needs critical re-examination.

Also introduced as possible evidence of transatlantic contact are statements made by early Greek authors concerning reported travels to, or knowledge of the existence of, lands in the Western ocean that may have been the Americas. Similarity of words in languages

(Continued on page 55)

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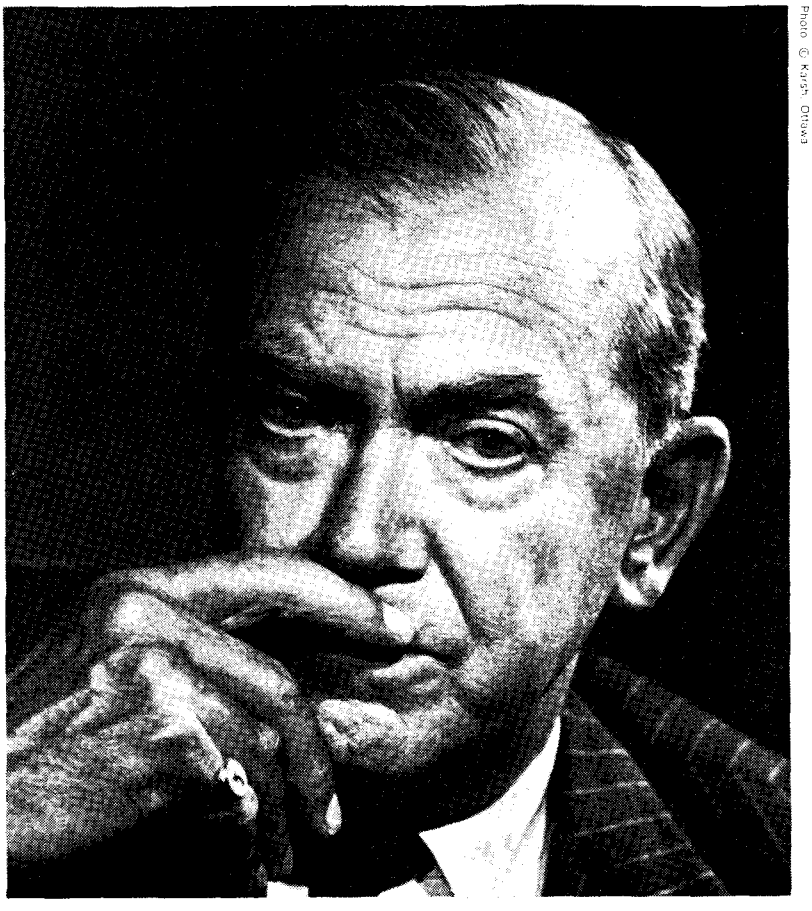

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"What an astounding self-portrait!" marvels Christopher Isherwood.

Barbara Bannon, in her advance-of-publication review in *Publishers' Weekly*, finds "these long-awaited memoirs quietly fascinating, coolly understated and irresistible reading – the sum and substance of a remarkable human being are here."

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Storytelling

Continued from page 27

rary authors. They might all be disciples of Zeno the Eleatic as they try, in effect, to demonstrate once again that Achilles could never overtake the tortoise, and that an arrow is motionless at every instant of its flight. Because they present the world as a spatial concept, a stasis instead of a process, they offer misleading pictures of the world in which we live.

It seems to me that the real adventure for writers lies in a different field. Instead of pasting snapshots into albums, they might look hard for new stories and new ways of telling them. They would then be helping to create the myths of a startlingly new age.

But why has the storyteller's art been falling into disrepute? A dozen reasons come to mind, including some that are simple matters of literary fashion. One might say that there was certain to be a reaction against the well-made novel, the well-made play, the movie with a scenario hammered out in conference, and the short story inevitably leading to that moment of insight that, by an extension of Joyce's term, has come to be called an epiphany. One might say that the reaction was certain to be carried to extremes, as everything is in the literary world. Not only conventional technique would be rejected but also characters, event, "reality," subject, analysis, and meaning—anything that an audience might hope to find. One might say that a final step, already taken by some, would be to abolish the audience and let the author rule supreme in his world of private sensations.

There is also the influence of other arts to be considered, and particularly the wide interest aroused by avant-garde painters and sculptors in their successive groups and schools. It was certain that some authors would try to produce the same effects with words that others were achieving with acrylic paint or welded steel. Years ago, one could have foreseen the advent of non-representational or strictly meaningless prose.

Still another reason for the decline of interest in storytelling—not on the part of the public, which accepts even mediocre examples of the art, but among authors who pride themselves on being ahead of the public—a deeper reason, I suspect, is a loss of faith in the future of American society. That faith used to be shared by almost everyone, including those who rebelled against things as they were. Frank Norris said at the end of *The Octopus* (1901), a gloomy and rebellious novel if judged by the plot, "... and all things, surely, inevitably, resistlessly work together for good." Nobody would make that statement today unless he were higher on amphetamines than poor Ondine.

It is not only the future of the country, and of mankind, that has come into question but the sincerity and good sense of those who try to control the situation. To some young people, everything seems unjust and absurd, and they react in a special fashion. I found their attitude set forth in a recent novel, *Like Any Other Fugitive*. The author, Joseph Hayes, is a conventional storyteller who knows the tricks of the trade, but he is dealing in this case with younger persons for whom, I should judge, storytelling would be next to impossible. His hero is a boy home from Vietnam, broken by the experience; his heroine is a disturbed girl running away from a rich, sadistic father. Here is their exchange of notions about the way life should be conducted:

> He took a deep breath. What the hell was he into? "If the whole world's nuts, Laurel—really nuts—like the war—like all the people who think they know the truth when they don't know anything but what they've been told—like you having to write that letter to say you haven't been, for godsake, *kidnapped*—how the hell can a man live in it? *Survive?*"
>
> She studied him. Then she turned away. "Minute by minute—?"
>
> "What?"
>
> "Minute by minute!" She twisted to face him, eyes bright and questioning, although her tone became firm. "Minute by goddamn minute—that's good enough for me, BC." Then she added: "Now."
>
> Christ, there it was again. The healing angel, mercy. Today. This hour, this minute. The sun shining. Road stretching out there. . . .

One sympathizes with Laurel and BC in their predicament, more ominous than that of other youngsters, and in their solution, too. Their world is crazy, the past irrelevant, the future too dark to face, so they elect to live without antecedence or consequence. Now. For those two, pursued over the country as criminals, it is the only chance of salvation, but for others I am not so sure. What would happen to our complicated civilization if everyone chose to live minute by minute? But the question has to be left hanging. All I wanted to point out is that the minute-by-minute people, the Now people (who are only part of a generation), can serve as characters in stories, but they can't tell stories.

A story depends on the past and looks toward the future. It does not satisfy the Now people's desire for instant stimulus, instant perception, instant euphoria. Rather, it embodies the very old ideal of deferred gratification: deferred for the author because he works patiently to produce effects that may not be perceived for months or years (granted that the story is printed and read); deferred for the reader because he continues from page to page in hope of a final illumination or release of tension. In whatever form it may be told—in fiction, drama, moving picture, narrative poem, or nonfiction novel—a good story is an intelligible and lasting shape carved out of time.

"Here are some very old report cards. They prove how bad I am at arithmetic."

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"Before Columbus"

Continued from page 52

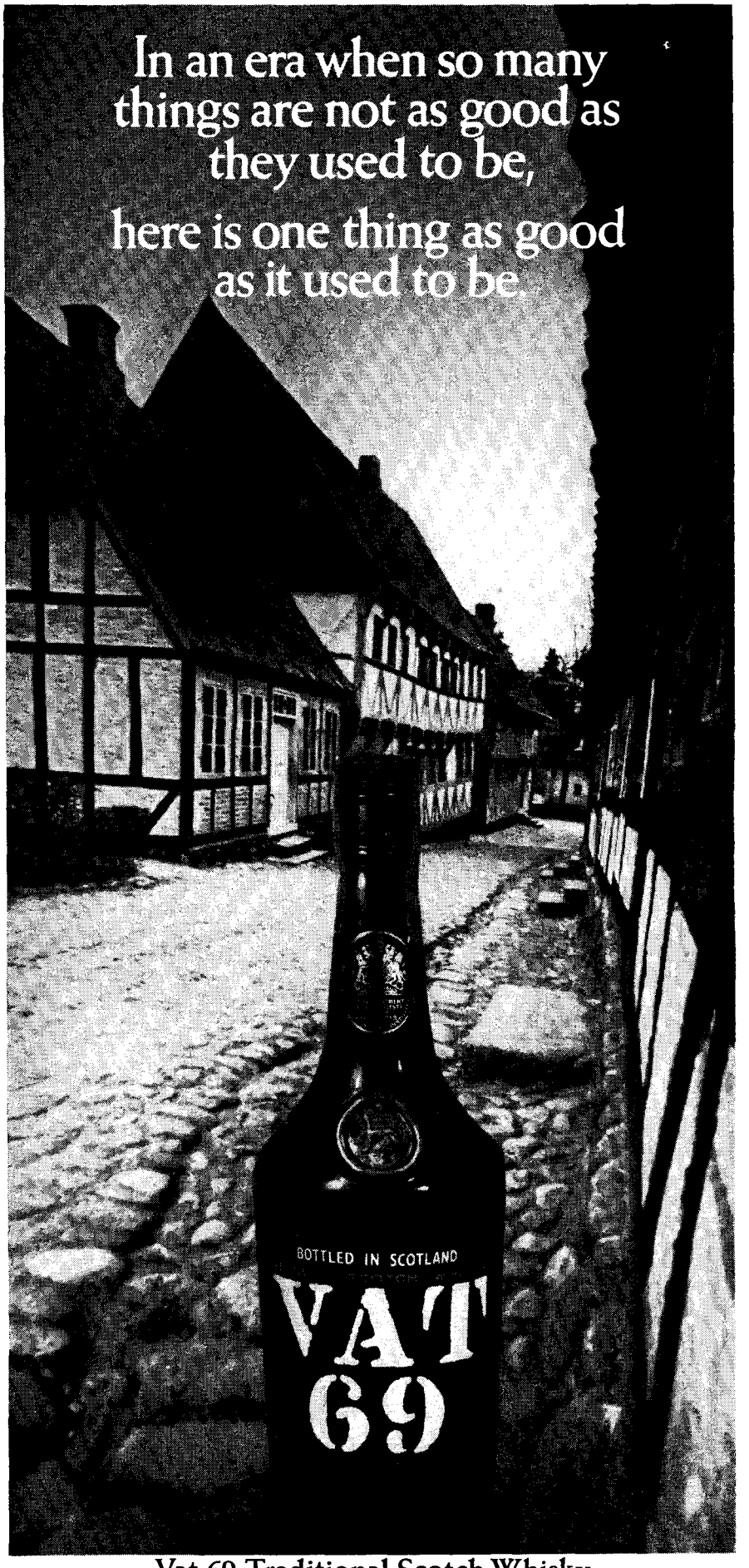
of the Near East and those of the Americas are cited, as are resemblances in myths and religious concepts, but Gordon fails to discuss why these may be considered significant or the distinct probability that in many instances they may just be coincidences.

Gordon's book is a mélange of ideas and bits of evidence that, viewed uncritically, as it will be by many readers, may unfortunately be construed as solid argument that the Atlantic was crossed many times before Columbus. It is certain, however, that his treatise will have just the opposite effect on serious scholars in the Americanist field, and on students of European history as well. Deficiencies in the evidence and arguments he presents will be so readily detected that there is a danger the entire inquiry into foreign influences on early civilizations of the Americas will be discarded.

Pierre Ivanoff's *Mayan Enigma* is a curiously old-fashioned romanticizing story of the kind one associates with an earlier period—the 1920s perhaps. Arranged in two parts, the first recounts the author's travels in the central Maya area of the Petén in Guatemala, where he searches for ancient Mayan ruins. Overdrawn episodes heighten the illusion of danger and excitement. Ivanoff and his several native helpers lug their heavy packs through the jungle for weeks on end; they fight off an attack by vampire bats, suffer tremendously from insect pests, barely escape from a herd of wild pigs, and so on. Finally, a ruin is found: "I dig feverishly into the surrounding earth. My impatience makes me clumsy. Yes! There it is! A piece of sculptured stone! Marvelous!" Further revelationlike discoveries uncover a number of sculptured monuments from a previously unknown site.

In the second half of *Mayan Enigma*, Ivanoff relates his adventures in Chiapas, Mexico, among a group of the primitive Lacandon Maya Indians, with whom he lived for a while. Here, as in the first part, the author lards his account with a variety of comments on the culture and history of the ancient Maya that are, in many cases, incorrect. Throughout the book, Ivanoff's travel experiences are reported in adventure-story clichés. The realities of living and traveling in the tropical forest, and of the condition of the present-day Lacandon Maya, simply do not come through.

Dr. Gordon F. Ekholm is curator of Mexican archaeology at the Museum of Natural History in New York.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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

Down at the Heel

Of the several Italianate organizations that have come to recent attention—I think of the American Committee to Save Venice, and the Italian American Anti-Defamation League, to mention merely two at random—the one whose mission I have found most intriguing is the Institute for the Assistance to the Development of Southern Italy. All that wondrous territory from Naples south to the Ionian sea, so an agent from the mother country was busily assuring me last fall, sits there below a sort of Mason-Dixon line broiling in the sun, unknown, untrammeled, all but unexplored, and panting for the intrepid voyager. That entrancing thought spent the winter and spring germinating in my cerebrum, and finally this summer I engaged space in one of Alitalia's flying liners—it was at least as big as one of Umberto Nobile's airships—and flew off to invade this backwater myself.

Naples airport, where I set down en route, is a mixture of bedlam and bargain basement, a mad jam of people thrust into a space five times too small. On the other hand, as an appurtenance of the new technocracy, the Naples airport manages in a thrice to capture the essential character of that ancient city. It is lusty, loud, and overflowing with humanity, requiring, let me assure you, the keenest concentration and an ear keyed to pick up a tinkle in a tumult to hear one's flight being announced. Somewhat to my amazement I found myself aboard the proper airplane, crossing the Italian boot at a point between lower shin and lower calf toward a landing at Bari.

The capital of the southern chunk of Italy called Apulia, Bari looks to the east, sends its ferries across the Adriatic to Yugoslavia, weaves carpets of Armenian design, traces its origins to a Greek colony that flourished there 1,500 years before Christ. It is heady with the scents of the Levant, its holdovers of Saracen invasions, and its history of the Crusades.

Apulia, which takes in the whole southern Adriatic shore from the spur of the boot clear to the heel, is western Europe's nearest link with the East. One bulging bump of land is only forty-four miles from Albania. It is an area that brims with grapes, olives, and curiosities, linked with the North by a fine broad highway that rolls south beyond Brindisi, a town suffused with Oriental airs where the signs for the Adriatic ferries are often in Greek.

South of Bari, the new coastal road is broad and free of traffic, an inviting causeway that awaits the travelers it hopes someday will come to bring assistance to the development of southern Italy. We stopped for lunch at the bright, white backwater of Polignano a Mare, a tiny burg as whitewashed as any in Andalusia. Teetering atop the cliffs, it is hardly of enough historical renown to make the green Michelin guide to Italy, but it is equipped with enough nests of nourishment to warrant an entry in the red where-to-eat Michelin. Of the two listed, Grotta Palazzese ("good average hotel") and the Sportelli (one set of crossed knives and forks meaning "plain but good restaurant"), we chose the latter and found ourselves seated on a terrace thrust out over the Adriatic. Down below us was the deep blue of sea, marked now and then by the slash of a speedboat full of vacationers. The shoreline was a *mille feuille* of rock laid strata upon strata, eaten away here and there, leaving deep indentations that formed grottos. In one of these some enterprising engineers have built the Grotta Palazzese, an upside-down hotel with a restaurant five floors below street level hanging over the sea. Sportelli is a small inn; Grotta Palazzese something of a tourist landmark, a curiosity. One comes to sample the seafood, but more than that to sit in the grotto and to survey the Adriatic.

Another, perhaps more obvious choice, might well have been the hill town of Selva di Fasano, an inland sanctuary favored by continental visitors, most of whom seem to congregate at lunchtime at the garden restaurant of Fagione da Gastone. It gets one star from Michelin, a rarity in a guidebook that gives two stars as its highest award in Italy, a country in which it is unable to find any three-star restaurants at all. Were I awarding ratings I would be less generous toward Gastone, for I found it much too overcrowded to give good service and the table in the garden to which I was ushered much too far from the kitchen for a working relationship with the cuisine.

Perhaps the best choice of all would be the Hotel dei Trulli, a charming little inn in the fey town of Alberobello, the center of the *trulli* district. White stone houses with domed roofs built of shale shingles, the *trulli* are said to take their shape from the tents of the Saracens who invaded the coast in the tenth century. A large "*trulli* zone" has been preserved, where the conical houses face each other across narrow streets hardly wide enough to accommodate an automobile. They are still inhabited by villagers who set out their chairs in the doorways on sunny afternoons and, sitting backwards, arms folded across the top of the backrest, contemplate the curious tourists.

Faithful to the architectural cult of Alberobello, the twenty-room Hotel dei Trulli keeps in conical style with the town. It, too, has that lean spare look, its buildings white washed and set in a lovely little park. In good weather it serves lunch on its pebbled terrace in the shade of a bright red canopy. There is a small pine woods that the hotel uses for fiestas. Fireplaces in most of the rooms take the edge off the chill in winter, and a shamrock-shaped pool cools the guests in summer. A double room costs about $14, and a spacious apartment with three double rooms and a bath (or living room, dining room, bedroom and bath), a nice place to write a book in, can be engaged for $27 a day.

South into the Valley of Itria, the earth turns a rich orange-brown, divided into plots by stone walls and marked always by the square houses with arched doorways and the inevitable *trullo* roof. Vines grow rich and blue-green in summer, and pale green olive trees flow out of ancient gnarled trunks that rise and fall in undulating waves.

Cisternino is worth a stop so one may at least pause on the terrace and survey the broad plain below. But Ostuni is a marvel, a lime-washed old town cut with arches, hung with balconies, redolent at eventide with the smell of charcoal and garlic. Old lanterns hang over the street and old crones sit on the steps peeling *fave*, a type of lima bean that will become *fave e cicorie*, an Apulian specialty. Yellow peppers hang in splendid garlands and melons are fitted with girdles and festooned, several to a string, in front of the stores. No cars enter the old town, where a wizened face and a long whitewashed alley seem to wait at every turning.

For those who would sit in the cool of a hilltop and gaze at old Ostuni there is the new Hotel Incanto, second-class and, if not elegant, certainly acceptable in a disarranged sort of way. It offers the convenience of accepting Bankamericards and the joy of a view that sweeps down the plain of olives and pines clear to the sea.

Equally second-class, according to the ratings put out by the tourist office in Brindisi, is Valtur Village, which occupies a large park along the Adriatic. In the "vacation village" genre along the lines of Club Méditerranée, Valtur

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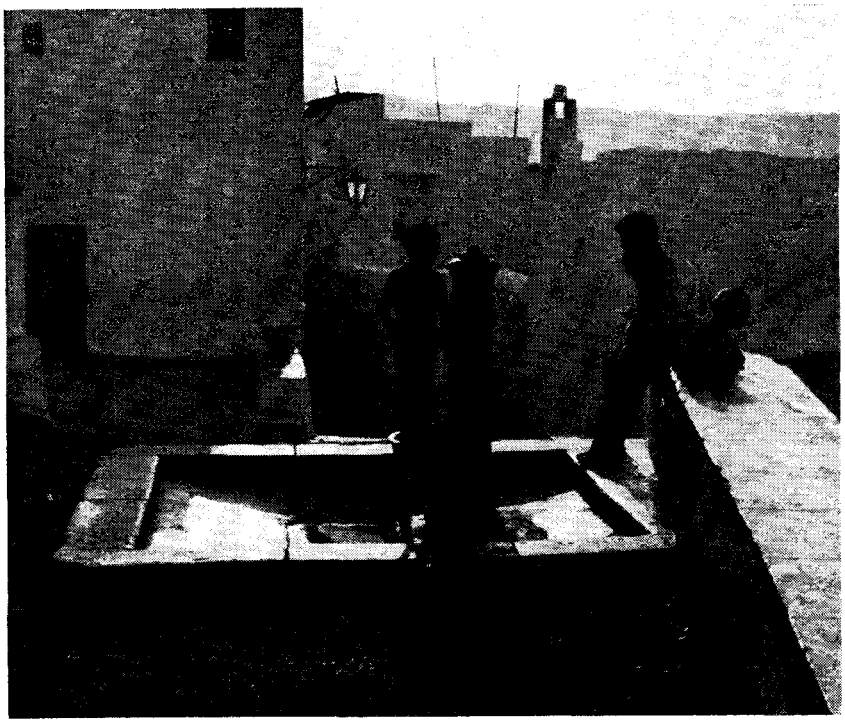
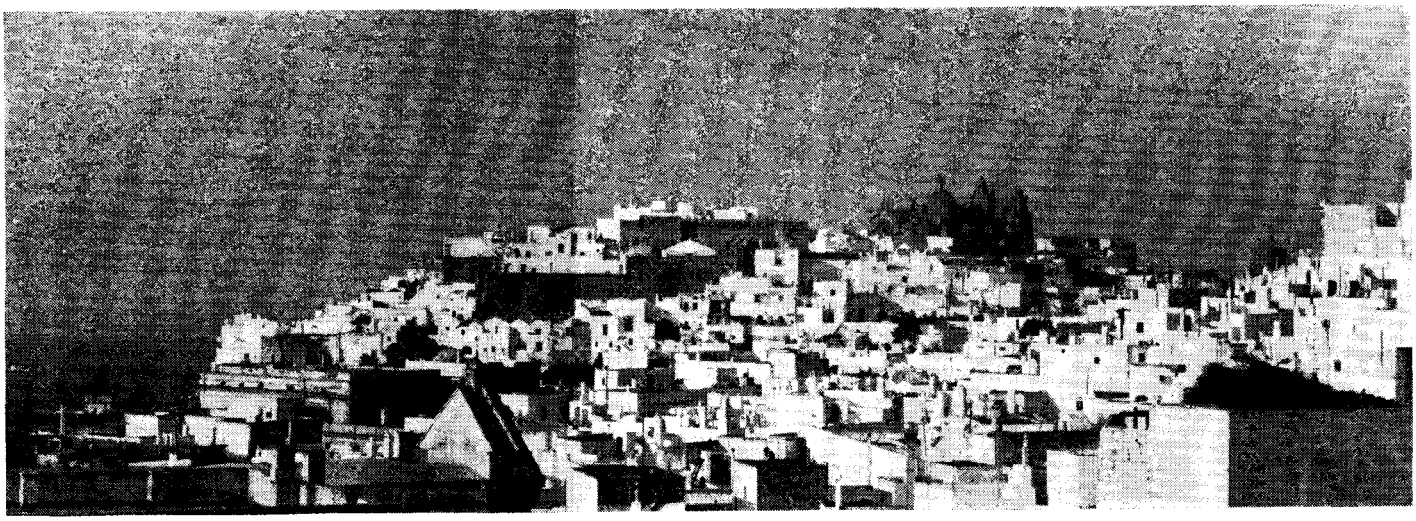
is a chain with another outpost at Capo Rizzuto and two 900-bed villages scheduled for Sicily. Yet another is going up in Turkey.

The chapter at Ostuni is a big white-washed compound at least a quarter of a mile from the sea. At that, the walk hardly seems worth it, for the twin beaches are tiny and most of the swimming is done from the rocks that rim the inlets. Meals are served family style, eight to a table, and one is expected to mix and mingle in the true Catskill tradition. With prior reservations one can take one's lunch at an outdoor restaurant near the sea, but the village comes off best with La Masseria, a beautiful outdoor restaurant that opens about 10 o'clock at night and helps sustain those who patronize the discothèque, which, thankfully, has been planted out of earshot of the bungalows.

The pool is standard and was, on the days I was there, in the total control of young Italian *fusti da spiaggia* who would have found their metier on Muscle Beach. Decked out in G-strings and bulging biceps, they found great sport in dumping squealing girls and/or each other into the pool. It was a bravura performance, and I couldn't help but think on those sunny afternoons that, had they been born earlier, Badoglio could have used their daring and esprit in his campaigns.





Ostuni, top and middle, "is a marvel, a lime-washed old town cut with arches, hung with balconies and redolent at eventide with the smell of garlic and charcoal." Alberobello's roofs, below, recall Saracen tents.

Valtur is organized for Europeans on a two-week holiday. All sports from tennis to scuba-diving are laced into a week-long cycle. For anyone dropping by for a few days, *tant pis*, or reasonably exact Italian equivalent. The French are said to have stopped coming because the food, by their standards, simply isn't good enough. Without a staff geared to English, the unilingual Yankee might as well go home.

Probably a more likely bet would be Rosa Marina, the international village next door. A project put together by a

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Canadian company, Rosa Marina now has nearly 400 villas, all privately owned, which it will arrange to rent. It also has a forty-five room hotel that it uses mainly to store prospective clients who are thinking about a second house on the lower Adriatic.

Villas cost anywhere from $16,500 to $25,000, including the land and telephone. But Rosa Marina offers many advantages. It has its own shopping center, a splendid beach, a moderately priced self-service restaurant, two pools, and a nightclub where drinks cost 75 cents. In summer it operates charter flights from Gatwick Airport outside London, a two-hour-and-twenty-minute flight that costs less than $90 round trip. Lodgings in the hotel are under $10 a day, meals included, and there are all-inclusive rates in the rentable villas. Business has been so good that the company has plans for a 400-room hotel that it will lease to an operating company.

From Rosa Marina it is a scant twenty miles down the highway to Brindisi, which marks the very end of the Appian way. From here the Crusaders left for the Holy Land, and from here the tourists, in search of other grails, embark for Greece. I engaged rooms at the aging International Hotel at the very edge of the quay, and when I swung open the shutters I found myself looking down the funnel of an Italian assault ship pulled up at the wharf scarcely fifty yards away. The crew thoughtfully took in the anti-aircraft guns at night, giving me some assurance that no nocturnal hostilities were anticipated and that any outbreak of contention would at least wait until the dawn.

Notes on the Back of an Airplane Ticket

LOTS OF AIRLINES like to say that the trip abroad begins when you step aboard one of its planes. Nowhere is this more true than at Alitalia, the Italian flag carrier that, since April, has been sending three 747s to Rome every night. The gate at John F. Kennedy airport the summer's night I sought to depart looked like the opening day at the San Gennaro festival on Manhattan's Mulberry Street, a fête not due to begin until September. A crush of this kind, complicated as it was by a mechanical indisposition on a flight due to depart later, will doubtless be alleviated now that Alitalia, which had hoped to move into new airport quarters in June, has opened its expanded terminal at JFK. It has three floors on which to stash passengers, with sixteen counters for tourist class and three for first class. A waiting room on the second deck will seat 264 economy passengers and/or their relatives, friends, and creditors. Some restaurants, snack bars, and shops ought to occupy a few more lingerers. There is more economy waiting room on the third floor as well as a first-class and a VIP super-first class lounge. If all that fails to keep the customers placated until the big tube is ready for the shuttle to Rome and Milan, there is a twenty-eight-foot bar stocked for almost any emergency short of a tidal wave.

Since I flew before all this luxury was in order—who can understand why they can get planes built before airports?—I could only move with the masses and recall Kate Simon's line imbedded in her guidebook on Italy: "Remember that Italians find standing in line an absurdity . . . learn to push. . . ." Leonardo da Vinci airport in Rome, where we landed late the next morning, seemed to absorb the mob without twitching a muscle, and, although the baggage was sorted with ease and dispatch, there was no connecting flight available until that evening. I decided not to journey all the way into the hot city, stumbling instead into an airport hotel called Satellite (don't ask for Satellite, say sa-TELL-itay). A double room in which to sleep off the upside-down hours will relieve the traveler of about $25 a day or night, but the restaurant operates on revered Italian tradition and is open only during mealtime hours, an arrangement that may not fit the traveler's convenience. One had to make do with hasty sandwiches concocted at the bar and dessert and coffee at the *gelateria* around the corner. An easier way, later discovered, would have been to dine at the lively little restaurant in Rome's domestic airport, a terminal that adjoins the modern international station of Da Vinci. It is the only air-conditioned area in the domestic depot, and if the cuisine is more slapdash than grand, it will fend off scurvy. Even with its limitations Rome's domestic terminal is the best of those used in Italy. The rest—Naples, Bari, Brindisi, and Cagliari—are desperately in need of a face-lifting if they are to keep up with the international travelers who are venturing farther afield than the old familiar well-beaten tourist trails to the Pitti Palace and the Grand Canal. —H.S.

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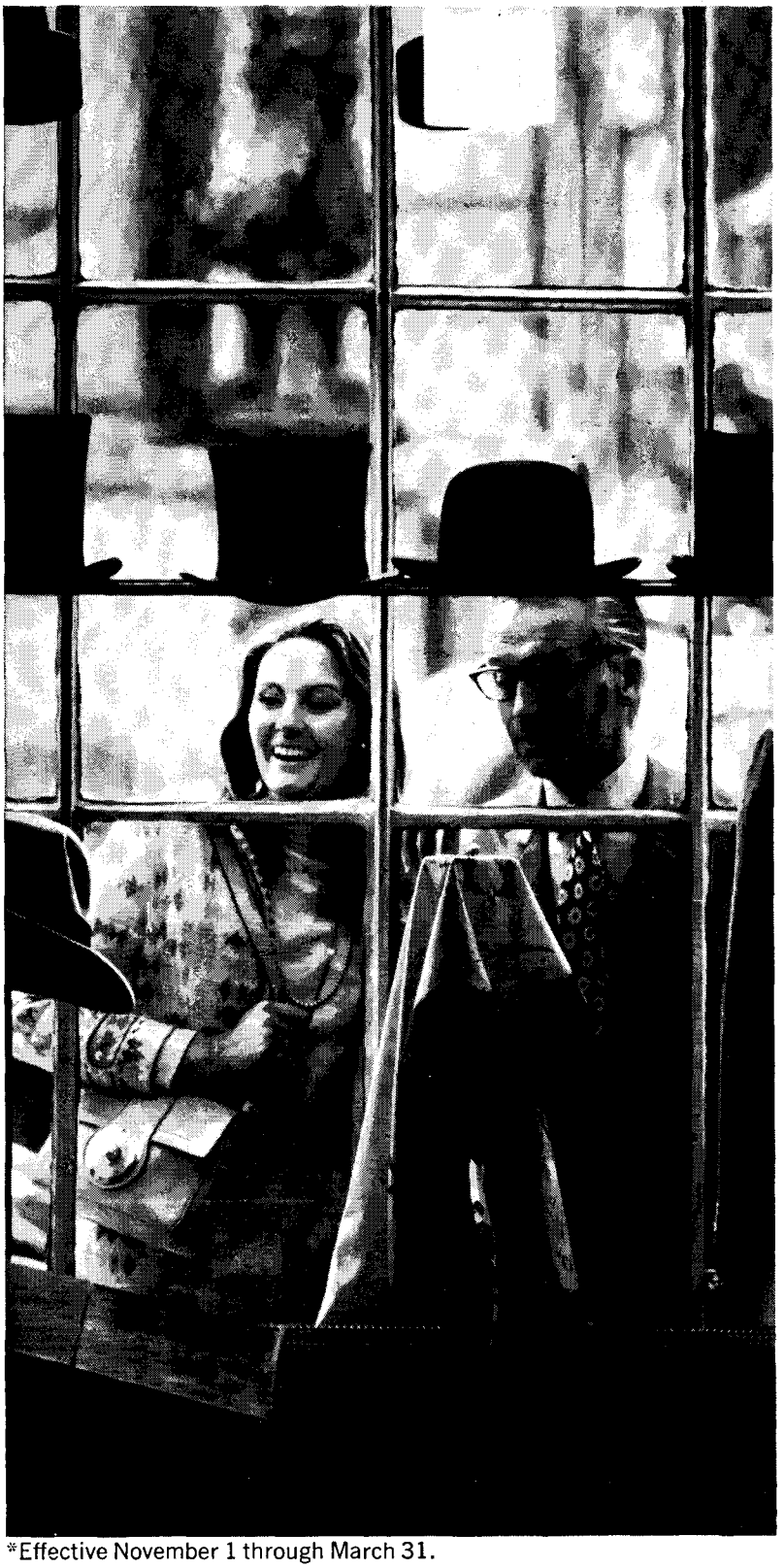
Pan Am and your wife think your next business trip to Europe shouldn't be all business.



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FILM

RIGHT ON WITH RUGOFF

by HOLLIS ALPERT

Last April 27, with weekly movie attendance figures at one of their lowest points ever, Donald S. Rugoff, the forty-six-year-old head of a New York-based film distribution and theatrical empire, discovered a new method of attracting patronage: free admission. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the family business, which he has been running since 1957, and, once it got around that there was no charge at fourteen Rugoff theaters in the New York area, the films running that day played to capacity. Most of those who lined up in front of the theaters were of high-school and college age. Many apparently had taken a holiday from their classes. One boy figured that with allowances for bus and travel time, and for waiting in line, he could take in five free movies. Rugoff thoughtfully had added free popcorn and Cokes to the bonanza. It is not known if the boy saw all five films; what is known is that there had not been so much movie excitement in New York City since the funeral services of Rudolph Valentino.

The day was memorable for Rugoff in another way. At one of the theaters a brief flurry of violence occurred when several young patrons tried to crash their way in, even though all the seats were filled. In attempting to calm them, Rugoff ran into a couple of blows to the face. It was nothing too serious, however, and for Rugoff it was just one more vicissitude in his adventurous film career. Not long before, he had acquired for distribution a documentary called *Eldridge Cleaver*. Opening it at his prestigious little Cinema II on New York's East Side, in an area a savings bank calls Drydock Country, he quickly learned that there was a cleavage among Black Panthers on the subject of Cleaver. The Huey Newton faction, unable to demand equal showing time, asked him for a share of the proceeds. As it turned out, there were few proceeds to share. In a typical Rugoff gesture, he lowered the price of admission from $3 to $1—and still no business.

"I wanted to show the film," Rugoff said recently, "because I thought people in America should be free to see what Cleaver was like. And, of course, the ruction that followed was a forerunner of what eventually became public." Then, mindful of his position as head of Cinema V, the film distribution company he formed in 1963, he added: "I also thought the film would make money."

Despite the failure of *Eldridge Cleaver*, Rugoff's batting average as a distributor of foreign and low-budget films is far above the norm. Others in the same field who have bowed out sadder and poorer simply say that he has been lucky. "It's a crap shoot," one said, "and he happened to roll the right numbers." *The Wall Street Journal* views him otherwise. "He is generally recognized in the industry," the paper said a few months ago, "as something of a shrewd seer." And *Variety* terms him "one of the classiest exhibs and canniest distribs on the film scene."

A listing of some of the films he has chosen for distribution during the past five years is indeed indicative of the changing and capricious tastes of latter-day movie audiences. His upward spiral began with *Morgan* (irreverence toward formerly sacred institutions). *Elvira Madigan* was an early tip-off of what would eventually happen with *Love Story*. Others of his successes were *The Endless Summer* (feckless youth in pursuit of the perfect surfing wave); *Putney Swope* (outrageous and literally black comedy); *Trash* (the drug and sex underground, Warhol style); *Gimme Shelter* (a disenchanted documentary view of The Rolling Stones and the rock culture); *Z* (political murder and leftish ideological protest); and *The Hellstrom Chronicle* (insects shall inherit the misused earth).

All of the above films, it should be noted, were up for grabs by the more established and better-heeled distribution majors, most of which during the same period had batting averages that, in sports parlance, would have qualified them for the cellar. Rugoff's investments for the American distribution rights to the films ranged from $50,000 to $400,000. Those were initial outlays only: To them had to be added the heavy costs of prints, publicity, and advertising. Rugoff's know-how is not a mere matter of selection; it extends to sales and advertising techniques. A visit to his modernistic offices on Madison Avenue generally finds him working hand-in-glove with agency executives and art directors. I came across him as he was looking at some posters for a new film he had taken on called *On Any Sunday*. He fussed and worried over the graphics, the position of the lettering, the amount of white space at the edges. Since the film was about the sport of motorcycle racing around the world, he had hired a winner of

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several races shown in the picture to act as a consultant.

Rugoff's looks belie his dynamism. He is tall, heavy, sleepy-eyed, and his middle sags. He is disarmingly approachable, whether it's by a new secretary or Steve McQueen, who happens to be the silent backer of *On Any Sunday*. If Rugoff now and then looks flustered, it is because he *is* flustered. If he gives the impression that he has too much to do, it is because he insists on doing too much. He involves himself on every level of the business and works a minimum of twelve hours per day. One of his problems is hanging on to his help, who tend to quit in droves. One recent resignee, who had lasted in an assistantship for three months, claims that Rugoff can't fully comprehend why others shouldn't devote themselves as religiously as he does. "But I like and admire him," the former assistant said loyally. "It's just that, unlike him, I require some semblance of a private life."

When Rugoff entered Harvard in the Forties, it was with every intention of becoming a writer. To this end he majored in English. But his literary career was quickly aborted when his father, then head of the Rugoff and Becker theaters, a chain of neighborhood houses in the East, asked him to come into the theater-managing business. Television suddenly had hit, and movie houses were in trouble. "We looked around us," Rugoff said, "and all of a sudden there were seas of TV antennas." He joined the firm in 1949, and three years later the elder Rugoff died, leaving young Don to run things with the other half of the partnership, Herman Becker. When Becker died in 1957, Don took over and eventually bought out the Becker family interest. Meanwhile, he had noticed that, although the neighborhood houses were dying, the so-called "art houses" were holding fairly firm. Their audiences remained loyal to the more mature and intelligent films that, at the time, came mainly from abroad.

Rugoff gradually shifted the emphasis of his chain to smaller and more intimate houses that served free Colombian coffee in the comfortable lobbies. He foresaw the swing to the "fashionable East Side" and acquired the discreet and luxurious Sutton, the Beekman, and then built the first twin theaters in the city, Cinema I and Cinema II. All in all, Rugoff owns or manages seventeen theaters, most of them in New York and most specializing in off-beat film fare. His Cinema I presently is regarded as the most prestigious house for the premiere of a new film, and he has built Cinema II's reputation as a showcase for the unusual or the experimental film that would ordinarily die on the Broadways of the nation.

In 1963 Rugoff made the plunge into distribution with a kitty of $900,000, and for a time it looked as if he would lose the entire bundle. He took on *Nothing But a Man, Rotten to the Core,* and *Happy Alexander,* all of which, as he put it, were "disasters." "I was buying films that appealed to me," he explained, "and that struck a responsive chord in me. I almost went broke making decisions of that kind. At one of the New York film festivals I saw *Nothing But a Man,* about a dignified young black couple meeting indignities in the South, and with the bravos still sounding in my ears I paid around a hundred thousand for the distribution rights. It simply languished. In a sense people were saying about it, 'I agree with you, so why should I go see it?' Now I try to look for films that embody a point of view and that indicate to me an audience that can be aimed at." This doesn't mean that Rugoff looks for sensationalism and easily exploitable elements such as sex and violence. *Trash* might seem to embody such elements, but Rugoff felt that its portrayal of the freaky drug culture was important and powerful.

"I sensed in it a commercial potential," he said, "because I knew there were a lot of people who had never seen a Warhol film and who would go to see it if it were opened in a so-called Establishment uptown theater."

However, he made sure to warn the public with ads and posters that its

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content was definitely not for everyone. The lines at Cinema II were long for several weeks, and since then *Trash* has played at 800 theaters across the country. Prior to that Rugoff's first major success was *Morgan*, which he saw and picked up at the Cannes Film Festival for $175,000. If it had failed, he would have been out of the distribution business, but *Morgan* repaid its investment many times over; and Rugoff was off and running again. A couple of years later, again at Cannes, he saw *Elvira Madigan*, and its beauty blinded him to all else. With helpful quotes from the critics, such as "The Most Beautiful Film Ever Made," the movie was a smash.

His major coup was the acquisition of Z, the Costa Gavras political thriller that was financed largely by its participants and that went on to win a Grand Prize at Cannes. Rugoff had seen it before its Cannes showing, was impressed enough to inquire about the asking price, but shied away from the $300,000 tag. After its Cannes success, the price rose to $400,000, and he again hesitated. Finally he made the plunge, and the net return to Cinema V is now in the neighborhood of $7-million, much of which must, of course, be shared with the makers.

When one succeeds at exhibition and distribution, what's left for a man to try? Production, naturally. Some six months ago, Rugoff announced the formation of a new subsidiary, Cinema X —a name that will probably have to be changed because of the connotations. His partner in the new venture is Max Palevsky, a director of the Xerox Corporation. "Someone in the industry introduced us," Rugoff said, "and I found he loves movies and liked the kind we were distributing. He had some free time and decided it would be fun to produce some movies." Palevsky and Rugoff put $2-million each into a partnership with the goal of producing four or five films with a budget limit per film of $1-million. So far, only one film has gone into the works, a still secret project involving an outlay of $200,000, but Costa Gavras is working on a script for them "somewhere in Argentina," and Arthur Penn is supervising another script project for possible production by Cinema X. "We're not saying anything," Rugoff explained, "because it's very important in this business to have signed contracts before announcing something."

"His Cinema I presently is regarded as the most prestigious house for the premiere of a new film, and he has built Cinema II's reputation as a showcase for the unusual or the experimental film that would ordinarily die on the Broadways of the nation."

The news has got around, though, and the Rugoff office has been inundated with scripts in search of financing. An attractive twenty-nine-year-old lawyer, Carol Ryan, has been doing the sifting with Rugoff—he tends toward unorthodox assistants—but, so far, little of interest has been found. "Often," he said, "they fail to tell a story that will hold an audience for ninety minutes. Too often they're fragmented, or they have a basically good idea, but, expanded to ninety minutes, they fall apart." Meanwhile, Max Palevsky is learning the production end with Rugoffian enthusiasm. Confining himself at the moment to deciding on "properties," he hopes some day to produce a film from beginning to end.

This past summer has been a particularly rough one for the film industry. Traditionally, with young people out of school, the box office picks up during the summer months. "The dollar," Rugoff said, "is very, very tight. The kids just don't have the three dollars for admission, and a lot couldn't find summer jobs." Nevertheless, he is still convinced that the predominant film audience today is the young audience, which he defines as being between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. He admits, however, that a runaway film hit is one that attracts a wider age spread.

He intently observes the composition of audiences at his theaters before making educated guesses about what will or won't go. In addition, he "test screens" films with audiences made up of college students—student editors rather than film buffs—and assesses their reactions. He looks at an average of twenty films a month, usually taking along whoever his assistants of the moment happen to be. With him at his first viewing of *The Hellstrom Chronicle* were Carol Ryan and Paul Blitzblau (since resigned). Rugoff was dubious about buying the film because he was under the impression that the film made use of stock footage, but then, when the lights went on, he noticed that Miss Ryan's face was still aglow from her involvement with the film. The next day he checked and discovered that David Wolper had produced the film from scratch. He immediately entered negotiations and purchased it within a week.

He had been certain that he had a surefire hit with *On Any Sunday*, a documentary made by Bruce Brown, who had created a previous Rugoff hit, *The Endless Summer*. "We spent a fortune on the campaign," he said, a month after the opening and after it had garnered several good reviews, "but we have a tremendous problem with it. I can't seem to make it work in the big cities, no matter if I stand on my head. Motorcycles seem to have a bad image in the big cities." Along with his racing consultant, he had hired an expert in audio-visual media advertising techniques to create an expensive series of thirty-second radio spots to help get the message across to young people about the thrills and spills awaiting them when they spent $3 to see the picture.

Curiously, the message of the media has struck home in the smaller towns and cities, while having little or no effect in large metropolitan areas. "It's really weird," Rugoff said. "In the smaller places we're doing tremendous business, and in Detroit—incredible. It looks as though we may have a Disney picture." What's a Disney picture? "Well," he explained, "Disneys don't do much business in New York or Philadelphia, but they're a smash in the Midwest and the South. We've never done well in the Grand Rapids type of territory, but it looks as though we'll do so with *On Any Sunday*." Was *On Any Sunday* heading for disaster? "Not at all," he said. "I haven't stopped fighting. I'm preparing a brand new ad campaign for the big cities."

Rugoff is used to fighting. One battle was with the former critic of *The New York Times*, Bosley Crowther. Rugoff had taken on a Joseph Losey-Harold Pinter film, *Accident*, for distribution. The film opened at one of the Rugoff theaters and was immediately clouted by Crowther. "No critic," Rugoff said, "has ever had the power that Crowther had. If he loved something, particularly a foreign film, the lines formed in front of the theater the next day. With a sensitive film like *Accident*, it looked as though we were dead." Both Losey and Pinter were in town, and Rugoff held a big party for them at the New

(Continued on page 75)

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DANCE

BALLET THEATRE FINDS A HOME

by WALTER TERRY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Advanced Arts Ballets, Inc., presents THE BALLET THEATRE, America's First Ballet Theatre, staged by the GREATEST COLLABORATION IN BALLET HISTORY." The year was 1940; the place, the Center Theater (now demolished) in Rockefeller Center. The announcement was both youthfully arrogant, but not wholly inaccurate, and hopeful, and the debut (Jan. 11) was a smash. The opening program was composed of Michel Fokine's *Les Sylphides;* Mikhail Mordkin's *Voices of Spring* (Johann Strauss); and *The Great American Goof*, a theater-ballet with theme and dialogue by William Saroyan, music by Henry Brant, scenery and costumes by Boris Aronson, and choreography by a young American choreographer, Eugene Loring, who had already made his mark with *Billy the Kid*, created two years earlier for Lincoln Kirstein's Ballet Caravan.

This "greatest collaboration" included among its choreographers not only Fokine, the master (in person); Mordkin, who had been Pavlova's partner at her historic New York debut in 1910; Adolph Bolm; and Bronislava Nijinska, all products of the Russian Imperial Ballet (St. Petersburg and Moscow); but also Antony Tudor, who had stirred his native England with a new vision of ballet; Anton Dolin, a disciple of Diaghilev and a master of the old ballet classics; young Agnes de Mille, who had yet to create *Rodeo* and turn Broadway on its ear with *Oklahoma!;* Loring; plus a Spaniard, a Pole.

But even with these artists and a later roster of choreographers and dancers destined to influence profoundly the entire world of ballet and of theater, this company was doomed to be itinerant. It never found a home. Thirty-one years later, it has found a very special base: the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts here in the nation's capital. Lucia Chase, the company's co-director (with Oliver Smith), its indomitable commander, in blazing spirit, and, when needed, its benefactress (financially to the tune of several millions), has this to say about the event: "What it means to me most is that we have achieved national recognition at last. We've represented the United States unofficially and officially abroad as an American ballet company. Way back in 1946, we were the first major company after the war to take American ballet abroad, by playing eight-and-a-half weeks in London.

"In subsequent years, we represented the United States officially in many State Department-sponsored tours—we even changed our name, on request, from Ballet Theatre to the American Ballet Theatre. We were the first American ballet company to perform in the Soviet Union. We have danced in most of the Iron Curtain countries as well as in the democracies of our allies. We have been official abroad but not at home. Now, I am proud of our new title—'Official Company' of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. In our capital. It is recognition at last."

Miss Chase points out that the American Ballet Theatre will not be able to "hang" its costumes or run its essential ballet school at Kennedy Center, as the New York City Ballet does at the New York State Theater, but that "it's home when we're there; we're doing three two-week seasons for Seventy-one to Seventy-two and, most important, the Center absolutely has first call on us. This is a marvelous moment—recognition at home!"

Washington is not much of a "show town"; its affluent inhabitants are as "transient" as the American Ballet Theatre is "itinerant." Long before the city itself was built, our first President not only presided over social dance festivities but also supported ballet activities in New York, such as those featuring John Durang, the first American dancer of note. In 1834, President Andrew Jackson admired the art of the ballerina so much that he presented a Mlle. Celeste to members of the Congress—small wonder that political cartoonists referred to his "Celestial" cabinet! Six years later, President Martin Van Buren and his cabinet received the "divine" Austrian Fanny Elssler and the Congress adjourned to attend her performances. No, Washington has not been remiss about ballet or ballerinas, but it has not supported them until modern times.

The National Ballet, a professional company of high stature, directed by one of the ballet greats of this century, Frederic Franklin, makes its headquarters in Washington. Its loyal supporters were understandably miffed when it was not made the "official company" at Kennedy, although it will perform there. Mary Day's Washington Ballet, one of the best of the country's regional (non-professional) ballets, lives there. Even the American Ballet Theatre, in 1962-63, attempted residence in the capital under the auspices of the Washington Ballet Guild, but the project did not survive.

The American Ballet Theatre's battle for survival—and it has been just that, with temporary disbandings since its inception—has been fostered by grants from the federal government, as well as sponsored foreign tours, and by its own Ballet Theatre Foundation, of which Sherwin Goldman is president. At last, it has received the recognition as America's national ballet that it has sought ever since the late Richard Pleasant, its first director, conceived ballet as theater and American ballet as dedicated to international duties.

Why should the American Ballet Theatre be selected as the official company of the Kennedy Center and thereby gain national recognition in our capital? Why not the New York City Ballet, headed by that towering genius, George Balanchine? Why not the National Ballet? Or the City Center Joffrey Ballet? Or other companies? The NYC Ballet, for example, is the product of one man, Balanchine, who brilliantly dominates a repertory elevated by a handful of masterworks by Jerome Robbins and downgraded by ballets of very minor choreographers.

ABT is truly an international company with a repertory that ranges from the oldest ballet extant, *La Fille Mal Gardée*, to a contemporary ballet by Alvin Ailey and Duke Ellington, both black artists—but this is nothing new, for in 1940 it listed "A Negro Unit of 14" (and there was a Spanish unit too). It is, in fact, a treasure house of ballet, cherishing the past, fostering the present, anticipating the future.

For the official debut at Kennedy Center (September 11)—there was a subsequent performance September 15, and the full two-week repertory season runs September 21 to October 3—Miss Chase chose a program obviously planned to show off as many of her principal dancers as possible in ballets ranging from the purity and virtuosity of *ballet d'école* (with an interlude in the style of Romantic Age dancing) through danced drama to today's jazz interwoven with ballet disciplines.

Of the fourteen stars, only four were missing from the gala: Carla Fracci, Erik Bruhn, Bruce Marks, and Michael Smuin, all of whom will be on hand for the upcoming repertory season. Almost all of the seventeen soloists were present, along with the *corps de ballet* (numbering just under forty). Miss Chase herself, a superlative actress-dancer, will be on stage with Bruce

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Marks [see cover] in the ABT's spectacular production of *Swan Lake* during the repertory weeks.

The attentive, applauding, and frequently cheering opening night audience saw Antony Tudor's one-act *Romeo and Juliet* (first produced by ABT in 1943) set to music of Delius and with scenery and costumes by Eugene Berman: the Ailey-Ellington *The River* (abridged); and *Etudes* by the Danish choreographer, Harald Lander, to music of the Danish Knudaage Riisager (on Czerny themes) and with scenery and costumes by Rolf Gerard.

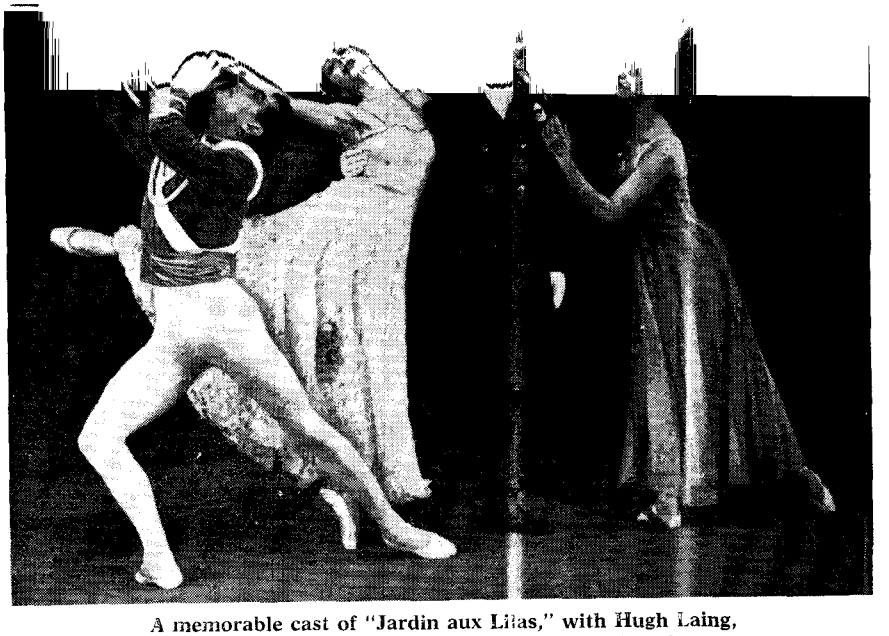
The *Romeo*, a tragedy in theme and a somewhat static, though beautiful, ballet, seemed an odd selection for the opener. But Natalia Makarova, the great Kirov ballerina who defected and chose ABT for her artistic home, was a radiant Juliet, and our own John Prinz, coached by the first and greatest Tudor Romeo, Hugh Laing, was excellent.

Lupe Serrano, ABT's senior ballerina, was, by all odds, the star of the evening. She simply tore the place apart with her dazzling "exertions" (as they used to say about ballerina virtuosities in the 1800s) in *Etudes*, which starred yet another defector to the West, Hungary's brilliant *danseur noble*, Ivan Nagy, plus the dashing Ted Kivitt.

The River, of course, was extra, super special. It is a beautiful ballet, really beautiful, flooded with the glow of humanity, the beacon of brotherhood, carefree frolic, both reverence and irreverence, and mass moments of great architectural splendor. The audience stood and cheered it and its dancers: the black Keith Lee and Sallie Wilson, Cynthia Gregory (a true ballerina), Eleanor D'Antuono, the effervescent Dennis Nahat, Mimi Paul, Prinz, Zhandra Rodriguez, and a team of spectacular men dancers. Then the audience turned, looked to a center box, and gave a standing ovation, with cheers and tears, to Alvin Ailey, who leaned across to the next box and gave Lucia Chase a bear-hug and a kiss as she presided over a new home.

There were, of course, opening night mishaps. Bad weather kept the attendance down, if not the enthusiasm; lighting cues went awry on occasion, and at one point, the weights in the hem of a curtain burst and flooded the stage with BB-shot.

And so the company that presided over the major choreographic launchings of many dance creators; that celebrated the glamorous teams of Markova and Dolin or Alonso and Youskevitch or Nora Kaye and Hugh Laing; that fostered Americana in ballet, the old and the new, modern dance and the great classics, the comfortably traditional and the disturbing avant-garde, has received the national recognition it has long sought—and richly deserves.



A memorable cast of "Jardin aux Lilas," with Hugh Laing, Nora Kaye, its creator Antony Tudor, and Alicia Alonso.

Jerome Robbins (extreme left) takes a turn in his own (and Leonard Bernstein's) "Fancy Free," with John Kriza and Harold Lang. The "molls" are Janet Reed and Muriel Bentley.

Eugene Loring, choreographer of "Billy the Kid" (on the floor), with Jerome Robbins, Richard Reed, David Nillo, Maria Karnilova, and Dwight Godwin.

—Werner Wolf

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JAZZ

LIL HARDIN ARMSTRONG— A FOND REMEMBRANCE

by CHRIS ALBERTSON

In September of 1961, I met for the first time the young lady who so often had stared back at me through shadowed eyes on a faded photograph of King Oliver's famous Creole Jazz Band. Thirty-eight years had then passed since Oliver's band posed for that picture; there remained only a handful of rare old records and two surviving members to tell its story.

Louis Armstrong and Lillian Hardin had met in the Oliver band, married in 1924, and gone on to make those extraordinary Hot Five recordings. Through ten years of marriage, Lil had not only contributed musically to Louis's career, she had been its guiding force. Their marriage ended in the early Thirties, as Louis embraced world-wide fame, but Lil's love and admiration for him remained with her for the rest of her life. She still wore the rings he had given her; she preserved with the devotion of a museum curator his old cornet, letters, photographs, and earliest attempts at writing music; she spoke of him with an indifference belied by the spark in her eyes.

As we sat in the living room of the house Lil and Louis had purchased in the mid-Twenties, I felt a sense of history: it was here that the famous Hot Five rehearsed; upstairs was the guest room King Oliver frequently occupied. Though she surrounded herself with such reminders of bygone days, Lil Hardin Armstrong refused to live in the past. I told her that I had come to Chicago to produce a series of recordings and that I wished to devote one album to her. Her response was surprising, but—I soon found out—typical: "Tell me," she said, "who would want to listen to that old stuff?" Then she laughed as if the thought of her doing an album were a joke and walked over to a small collection of records. "This," she said, holding up albums by pianists Billy Taylor and Thelonious Monk, "is what *I* like to listen to. I only wish I could play that well."

I got to know Lil better during the next two weeks. She really meant what she said; her playing was in the old style, but her musical taste was thoroughly modern. I introduced her to a Gil Evans arrangement of her own tune "Struttin' with Some Barbeque," featuring Cannonball Adderley—she was ecstatic. Two weeks later when we finished her album she was quite pleased with the results, but she still found it hard to believe that anyone would actually buy it.

From those two weeks in Chicago, a friendship developed. On one of her numerous trips to New York, Lil told me she was preparing her autobiography and asked me to write it with her. For almost a year, sheets of neatly typed manuscript arrived regularly from Chicago. Lil turned out to be an excellent writer and storyteller; all she really needed was an editor. As the book began to take form, an agent produced a publisher's contract, but Lil had last-minute reservations: The book, she felt, offered too personal a picture of Louis and their relationship. Rather than change anything, she decided to shelve the manuscript. This did not impair our relationship; her concern was understandable.

Later, in those early Sixties, Lil learned through friends that I was out of a job and not doing at all well financially. She immediately sent me a round-trip airline ticket to Chicago, with firm instructions to "come out and be properly fed and cared for." I stayed three weeks, gained several pounds, and returned to New York with my morale considerably boosted. I shall always remember that visit. Lil introduced me to some of her many friends, not once hinting at her charity; she borrowed a tuxedo so that I might escort her to a cotillion dance; she sat up nights when I was out, and there was always a snack ready in the refrigerator; she entertained me at the piano, laughing at past mishaps, sometimes fondly mimicking Louis, and often extracting from her remarkable memory an anecdote she knew I would enjoy.

Once, in the Forties, she had tried to retire from music. Having graduated from a school of tailoring, she staged a fashion show in New York, complete with champagne, prominent guests, and as many people from the press as she could summon. This debut in the world of fashion was to have been her farewell to the music profession. The invited marveled at her creations and drank up her champagne, but when the evening drew to a close and someone said, "Now, play some piano," Lil knew that no one would take her new ambition seriously. Fashion design and tailoring became a hobby, the fruits of which she reserved for close friends.

Although she spent over fifty years at the piano, playing, singing, and composing, Lil never really took her music seriously. She had originally played marches in grade school and hymns in church, but at Fisk University she studied classical piano, and one of her proudest posessions was a faded program from a Bach recital she had given in her youth. Framed, it was prominently displayed on her living room

LIL ARMSTRONG (1903-1971):

One of the most lovable people that ever existed in music was Lil Hardin Armstrong, Louis's wife and protector during those early rough days in Chicago. Lil was saintly and kind and no match for the vultures who surrounded Louis in the most creative days of his career.

In the early days when the first talking Mickey Mouse cartoons came out, Minnie Mouse used to play piano, and I was always certain her style was copied directly from Lil's. Chris Albertson, who had worked with Lil for years on her autobiography, tells me she started out in life demonstrating sheet music in a Chicago store and this is exactly the way she always sounded to me.

I'd always thought of Lil as several years older than Louis, an impression which I received from Louis when I first got to know him in 1933 on the "SS Homeric" when he was first traveling to Europe. It's a tribute to both Lil and Louis that after their divorce in the late '30s, they remained the closest of friends until the end. All of us who knew her will miss her terribly.

Since Chris Albertson knew her so much better than I did, I've asked him to do the piece which Irving Kolodin tried to commission me to do.

—John Hammond

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Lil Hardin Armstrong: above, swinging through her rendition of "St. Louis Blues." Below: A moment after her collapse. The concert completed the cycle of the Armstrong relationship, for it occurred in Chicago (where they had met and married) on August 27. It had been planned in Louis's memory.

—Photos, UPI

wall. She used to laugh when I told her of hours spent in my hometown, Copenhagen, with groups of jazz record collectors listening to her old records. "You people were listening to Louis," she said, "because I know you couldn't have been taking my playing seriously."

In recent years, much of Lil's time was spent in Idlewild, a Michigan lake resort where she had built a small, comfortable house on land purchased by her during the early years of her marriage to Louis. She had planned to sell the old house in Chicago and retire to Idlewild. I suspect she would have done this a few years ago had it not been for the fact that the old house was such an important part of her memorabilia. She would never admit it, but it was hard for her to part with any reminder of Louis. The love she tried to conceal but couldn't was very much in evidence a few months ago when she called me after learning that Louis was in the hospital; she wanted to know what reports I had heard of his condition. "If I know Louis," she said, "he'll just keep going," but it was clear that she didn't really believe that.

In July she came to New York for the funeral. She was staying with a friend who lived in a Harlem project, and she asked me to drop by on the following day. New York was hot and humid that afternoon, and Lil did not look well. I attributed this to the sweltering heat in the un-airconditioned apartment and the ordeal of the funeral, but she told me, with unconvincing disconcern, that her blood pressure was too high and that her doctor advised her to give up work for a while. It was hard to believe that Louis was gone, she said. "I guess I'm the only one left of the old Oliver bunch." A few minutes later her characteristic vivacity returned, but it no longer seemed natural. She spoke of her new piano, a bedroom she had added to her house in Idlewild, and a summer shirt she was planning for me, but every once in a while she shook her head and said she couldn't imagine Louis's being dead. It was the last time I saw Lil, but she called me from Chicago toward the end of August. The time had come, she said, to seek a publisher for her autobiography.

Two days later my television screen cruelly showed her dying at the piano during a memorial concert for Louis.

Lil Hardin Armstrong, the artist, earned the prominent spot she occupies in jazz history, but she won an even greater prominence in the hearts of her many friends. To me Lil will always be that warm, wonderful lady who entered my life ten years ago, unintentionally made me privy to that intensely personal sorrow behind her smile, shared with me her recollections, and gave me many memories of my own.

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Recordings in Review

A New Tenor Star in The Mozart Firmament

MOZART: *"Or che il dover" (K.36); "Si mostra la sorte" (K.209), "Va, dal furor portata" (K.21); "Per pietà, non ricercate" (K.420); "Misero! O sogno" (K.431); "Se al labbro mio non credi" (K.295). Werner Hollweg, tenor; with the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Wilfried Boettcher.* Philips stereo, 6500 007, $5.98.

OPERA DIRECTORS, if none others, are familiar with the unhappy fact that there is likely to be either a feast or a famine where specific vocal types are concerned. As, for example, the moment in operatic time when Marjorie Lawrence, Kirsten Flagstad, and Helen Traubel were simultaneously available for major Wagner roles (and so good a singer as Tiana Lemnitz did not consider herself "ready" for a Met career), or when George London, Jerome Hines, and Cesare Siepi were singing Boris at the Met to the exclusion of Boris Christoff.

The current abundance relates to the uncommon circumstance that when the late Fritz Wunderlich's life came to an end on the verge of a Met debut, there was a Peter Schreier to step in, followed by Werner Krenn (on some levels), Stuart Burrows on others, and now Werner Hollweg. A mere nine years old when World War II came to an end, this native of Solingen didn't begin to consider a musical career seriously until he was past twenty-five. It is possibly a consequence of this retarded development that he has now, at thirty-five, a freshness of sound, a flexibility of phrase, and—at the same time—a little lack of maturity commonly associated with tenors in their twenties.

Unquestionably, the particular quality to emphasize vis-à-vis Hollweg is freshness of sound. It swells, it soars, it floats in a manner to recall some famous names that may better be nameless. After a time, the effect it conveys in this uncommon collection of Mozart concert arias (or others written for purposes left grandly obscure by the anonymous commentary devoted largely to the singer) is rather bland and monochromatic. But the impression persists that, given a conductor of sufficient impulse and personality, Hollweg could sing a superior Tamino, a lively Ferrando in *Così*, or, at some future time, a distinguished Ottavio.

As for the material itself, it checks off some hitherto unaccounted entries from the Köchel catalogue in a manner to emphasize the unflagging facility of Mozart. Some have interesting overtones of better known arias from his operas, and none is really arousing. But the combination of the voice and what it vocalizes is sufficient suggestion that a new tenor star is rising in the Mozart firmament.

Werner Hollweg—"freshness of sound, flexibility of phrase . . . a little lack of maturity."

Caballé Plus Martí Equals Caballé-Plus

DONIZETTI: *"Ah! Fuggi da morte" (Poliuto).* GIORDANO: *"Vicino a te" (Andrea Chénier).* MEYERBEER: *"Oh ciel! où courez-vous?" (Les Huguenots).* PUCCINI: *"Tu, tu, amore? Tu?" (Manon Lescaut).* VERDI: *"Teco io sto" (Un ballo in maschera). Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Bernabé Martí, tenor; with the London Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Mackerras.* Angel stereo, S-36787, $5.98.

IN A WORLD not unreasonably cynical about the joint appearances of a famous wife and a less famous husband, the presumption is automatic that all such associations must be nepotistic. But there are exceptions to the contrary, including Lilli Lehmann and Paul Kalisch, Rosa Raisa and Giacomo Rimini, Giorgio Polacco and Edith Mason, Ferruccio Tagliavini and the very talented Pia Tassinari.

Other instances of present consideration excluded, it is clearly evident from this recording that Bernabé Martí and Montserrat Caballé also belong among the exceptions. This is not so much because Martí is gifted with a voice on the order of his exceptional wife's, but rather because Caballé plus Martí is a vocalist-interpreter of a higher order than Caballé plus any other tenor with whom she has performed on records. There was some implication of this on the collection of zarzuela excerpts (RCA stereo, LSC 3039) in which he made some incidental contributions, but the evidence is spelled out in much fuller detail here.

Tonally, Martí does not rank with the great voices of recent times—whether that bracket takes in Gigli as well as Tucker, Bjoerling as well as Corelli—but in addition to a more than respectable voice, he possesses qualities of impulse and artistry that are, arguably, as important. When they are interrelated with such an exceptional voice as Caballé's, the "arguable" is clearly the demonstrable. For the Caballé of these duets is a much more relaxed, less constrained artist than in many of the discs on which she has been heard since her ascension to fame half a dozen years ago. My instant diagnosis is that the support as well as the chemical communication provided by Martí means that Caballé plus Martí results in Caballé-plus.

Another factor it would be unwise to overlook is the conducting of Mackerras. Specialists in the repertory of Meyerbeer (*Les Huguenots*) and Donizetti *(Poliuto)* may have reasonable fault to find with the details of his conducting of the excerpts from their works, but any conductor who can give a fresh, individual accent to such threadbare patterns as those of Puccini's *Manon Lescaut,* Verdi's *Ballo,* and Giordano's *Andrea Chénier* has earned an esteem accessible to few. In the aggregate, this is the kind of homogenous, interrelated, and beautifully expressive interpretation that reminds us that in opera, as in other human relations, the indispensable ingredient is chemistry. Speaking of which, the question arises: Is the female whom Martí is tenderly embracing in the photo on the front of the record jacket Caballé or a model selected for her resemblance to Ava Gardner? Prima donna privilege is hardly second to Presidential privilege in ordering results, but there are minimal standards of veracity to be respected in both circumstances.

Rotterdam's Talented Edo de Waart

MOZART: *Divertimenti in E flat (K.A.226), B flat (K.A.227), and B flat (K.270); Adagio in F (K.410). Netherlands Wind Ensemble conducted by Edo de Waart.* Philips stereo, 6500 004, $5.98.

IF I WERE challenged to identify the youngest, most talented music director of an orchestra in a sizable European

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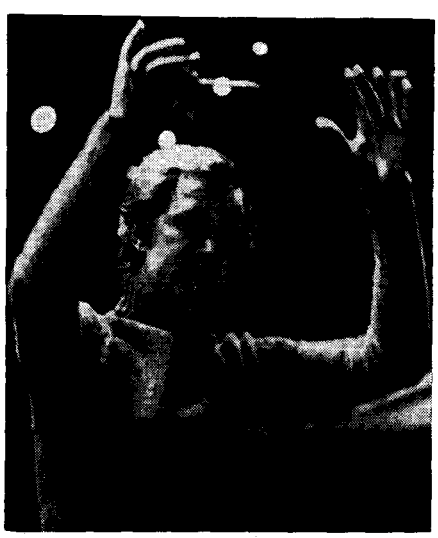
city, my choice, as of September 1971, would be Edo de Waart. In one respect the selection is easy, for, at thirty, he is categorically entitled to the first distinction, as director of the Rotterdam Philharmonic (a post to which he acceded in 1967, at the tender age of twenty-six). The rating of talent is, of course, a much more personal one, but his accomplishment here, in succession to the able assistance he rendered to soloist Arthur Grumiaux on a disc not many months ago, leaves me with no alternative.

To render the accolade in reverse, it might be useful to list not what De Waart does but what he doesn't do. He does not press, push, or shove the music into unfamiliar conformations for purposes of achieving an "individual" outcome. He is neither overbearing nor under-equipped vis-à-vis the task to which he has committed himself. Least of all does he sound like one of those "strangers in Paradise" (to quote Reginald Kell's expressive phrase), the self-willed maestro who intrudes into the reasonably self-sufficient entity of such a chamber music ensemble as a wind octet. In short, De Waart renders aid and assistance to the total outcome without converting his position of privilege into a platform for self-aggrandizement.

An oboist by training, De Waart was invited to become a member of the Netherlands Wind Ensemble by its founder and, at the latter's death, was the choice of his colleagues to succeed him as leader. Of the two works (both consigned to the *Anhang* or "Supplement" to the Köchel catalogue because they are of doubtful authenticity), the E-flat has the more consistent quality and better justifies its exalted attribution. The B-flat (K.A.227) is less consistent in quality but has its moments nevertheless. The later (1783) Adagio rounds out a sequence of performances as remarkable for refinement of execution as for uncommonly fine sound.



Edo de Waart—"neither overbearing nor under-equipped."

Good Giulini, Not So Good "Don Carlo"

VERDI'S *Don Carlo* is a work of such sumptuous musical qualities, dramatic values, and emotional depth that almost any new version of it must add to knowledge of its content and therefore stimulate the attention. When it is a version that embodies such names as those of Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Simon Estes, and Ruggero Raimondi, conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini (Angel stereo, SDL 3774, $23.98), anticipation is only mildly described by the word "keen."

It begins with musical promise by including the opening ("Fontainebleau") scene that was deleted from the Ricordi piano-vocal score derived from the revised edition (first given at La Scala in January 1884) and that has never been included in the many performances of *Don Carlo* at the Metropolitan since Rudolf Bing's restoration in 1950. It is, perhaps, more contributory to the dramatic motivation of the work than to its musical riches, for, aside from the soliloquy of Carlo and the duet with Elisabetta, it deals more with background values (alluded to later, in Verdi's revision) than with indispensable fore matter.

It does, however, spell out some ways in which this venture with Don Carlo leaves those keen anticipations unfulfilled and also beams a penetrating light on some of the reasons why. Both Placido Domingo, as Carlo, and Montserrat Caballé show the beauty of the sound they command in these opening episodes, but they also suggest that their absorption of the characters with whom they are dealing is rarely more than superficial and never profound. As the entrances accumulate and Sherrill Milnes as Posa plays his hand and Shirley Verrett as Eboli shows hers, the consistency of effort is all too interrelated. Beautiful sound (save when Miss Verrett in the Garden episode strains hers to produce the dramatic impact required in the *concertato* and doesn't quite make it), but all too little depth or truth of characterization. One true exception may be cited in the confrontation of King Philip (Ruggero Raimondi is still a baritone with a few low tones rather than a long voice founded on rich bass resonance) with the Grand Inquisitor. Here the effort by Giovanni Foiani as the Inquisitor confirms him as a performer gifted both with a powerful sound and the artistic intelligence to bend it to the temper of the music. But then Caballé, with her lyric sound, is back in a moment when Elisabetta requires at least a spinto and ideally a dramatic soprano, and Miss Verrett pings her "O don fatale" off the body of declamation for which she is ill-equipped, and the limitations set in once more.

In the circumstances, it is clear that Giulini had problems beyond those basic to any recording of this magnitude. It is stated, in the accompanying matter, that "the opera was recorded at Walthamstow Town Hall (18th-31st August, 1970)"—a total of thirteen days for eight sides of music! Given a company wholly expert in their tasks, that could be quite sufficient to produce the number of takes to bring off an acceptable result (even in that context, this one is deficient, for Foiani should have been re-recorded at one point in his discourse where he gags momentarily and almost suffers a vocal "break"). But it is no time at all in which to teach people to perfect things in which they have only limited indoctrination. It recalls an occasion when the venerable critic William J. Henderson was seen leaving the debut of a soprano whose big scene was still in an act to follow. Queried by a colleague on his departure, he remarked succinctly: "She isn't going to learn to sing between now and the beginning of the next act." Thirteen days may be time enough to make a passable *Don Carlo*, but it isn't time enough, by half, to make a Posa of a novice or a King Philip of a singer without the tones in his voice.

Consequently, Giulini strikes me as applying his best efforts to the ensembles, which are, in some instances, truly dramatic, and "going along" with the best that the principals can produce in their solos or duets. That's a way to ingratiate oneself with the performers, but not with those who consider the composer's interest pre-eminent. In one instance, however, Giulini can be exonerated of the blame some have leveled at him. That is at the end of the "Convent Scene," in which Posa and Carlo affirm their friendship in a celebrated predecessor of the second act duet of Iago and Otello in *Otello*. If it sounds bland and lacking in the fire it usually possesses in the theater, blame it on Verdi, not Giulini. He is following, perhaps all too faithfully, the marking *Allegro assai moderato* in the score, and, *moreover*, the dynamic marking *p*. However, some conductors have responded more vividly than Giulini does to the permissive *a piacere*, and *Poco più mosso*, not to mention the *stringendo a poco a poco crescendo*, that follow. The technical work throughout is excellent, the balance of voices and orchestra beautifully achieved.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Answers to Wit Twister, page 40: revels, elvers, levers.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Brahms: Quartet in G minor (Op. 25). Emil Gilels, piano; with members of the Amadeus Quartet. DGG stereo, 2530 133, $6.98.	It is part of the lore of Emil Gilels that in the prewar days of the Thirties Artur Rubinstein made a tour of the Soviet Union during which he heard a sixteen-year-old, red-haired pianist and predicted that he would "one day rival any of us." Here is the day, in fact for Rubinstein himself, whose recording of this work was memorable in the Forties with members of the Pro Arte Quartet, and is again in the Seventies with his Guarneri companions. Gilels and the threesome of Norbert Brainin (violin), Peter Schidlof (viola), and Martin Lovett (cello) have something of a more elegiac quality in their version and perhaps the finale paced by Rubinstein has more spice in its tziganery, but it is in every way a beautiful accomplishment for which Gilels's prior credentials as a chamber music player are not merely endorsed but expanded. Fine sound.
Glazunov: *Raymonda* Suite. Yevgeny Svetlanov conducting the Bolshoi Theater Orchestra. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR-40172, $5.98.	*Raymonda* has been so little heard in this country recently (though it is danced regularly elsewhere) that the music is even less familiar than that of, say, *The Seasons*. Charm and rhythm abound, also a lightness of touch that made Glazunov a favorite in the last phase of "Imperial" Russia. However, it must also be remembered that Glazunov considered himself a "serious" composer (eight symphonies and six string quartets among other works), and it is when he reaches for the mantle of Tchaikovsky that the slightness of his stature is revealed. Or, to vary the image, that the smallness of the bore is converted into another kind of ennui. Svetlanov does very well with the lighter sections of the Suite, but the going gets heavy when the variations start to pile up. Attractive sound.
Handel: *"Al sen ti stringo e parto" (*Ariodante*); *"Sì, tra i ceppi" (*Berenice*). **Schubert:** **"Aufenthalt"; **"Am Meer"; **"Der Doppelgänger"; **"Der Wanderer"; **"Der Lindenbaum"; and **"Der Wegweiser." **Schumann:** *"Wanderlied"; *"Mondnacht." **Brahms:** *"Sapphische Ode"; *"Auf dem Kirchhof"; *"Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer"; *"Feldeinsamkeit"; ***"Wie bist du meine Königen"; and ***"Blinde Kuh." **Strauss:** *"Traum durch die Dämmerung"; *"Zueignung." Alexander Kipnis, basso; with *Arthur Bergh, **Frank Bibb, and ***Ernst Victor Wolff, piano. Columbia mono, M 30405, $5.98.	Even those to whom Alexander Kipnis was a living legend in the Thirties and Forties (when he finally made his belated Metropolitan Opera debut) could hardly have had the chance to bring together such a cross section of his art as is represented on this superb disc. And even if they had physical possession of all of them, they would not have possessed the auditory values possible in this grandly restored microgroove form. A singer of rich endowment, Kipnis made himself a paragon by the thoroughness with which he mastered the technique of singing (florid music, as in the much performed "Sì, tra i ceppi"), declamation (one of the greatest performances ever of "Der Doppelgänger"), sustained melodic phraseology ("Der Wanderer" and "Der Lindenbaum"), and poetic mood ("Wie bist du meine Königen."). No wonder all the basses in the assembled chorus stood up in greeting when Kipnis made his entry at the closing "gala" of the old Met in 1966. They knew who was boss—and his like is still to make his appearance. All the pianists are good, and the reproduction belies the 1927-31 period that brackets the dozen-and-a-half items. Columbia should be commended for including texts in all instances, original as well as English.
Mendelssohn: *Fingal's Cave* Overture; Symphony No. 3 (*Scotch*). Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan. DGG stereo, 2530 126, $6.98 open reel, L 3126, $7.95; eight-track, 89-432, $6.98 cassette, 3300-181, $6.98.	Those who are inclined to patronize Mendelssohn as a man of great talent who was victimized by his background of privilege and affluence will find little sympathy in Karajan's view of these works. They are, to be sure, two of Mendelssohn's very best, but few can have heard them treated with the flair, the abandon, the scope that Karajan imparts to them. Whether this is a point of view that would be equally apparent in a concert hall or is a byproduct of microphoning and mixing can only wait on the "live" performance to demonstrate. Certainly some of the antiphonal effects in the Overture (which is billed, according to the German custom, as *Die Hebriden*) could not be duplicated without microphones, and the thunderous timpani at the climax of the first movement of the symphony is more Nibelungen than Victorian (the work is dedicated to Mendelssohn's favorite queen); but there is something to be said for such enterprise as Karajan exhibits here, even if it is, in some instances, carried to excess. The Adagio is especially well played, the recording throughout superb.
Scriabin: Etudes (Op. 8). Viktor Merzhanov, piano. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR-40176, $5.98.	According to the jacket commentary of Faubion Bowers, "there has been" since the death of Koussevitzky, Rachmaninoff, and Siloti "no orchestral or pianistic tradition for Scriabin performances in America," and "We must look to Russia for advice, guidance, and information." He then proceeds to make out a case on behalf of such guidance from Merzhanov, now aged fifty-two. Unfortunately, the playing only occasionally suggests such authority, especially in the lyric surge of No. 5 in E major, and in a truly stormy performance of No. 12 in D-sharp minor. In other respects, it strikes my ear that Merzhanov has succumbed to the lure of technical exhibitionism more than either Morton Estrin or Ruth Laredo, whose versions of these études are currently in the Schwann listing. And, for the matter of that, has the name of Vladimir Horowitz been forgotten where authority in Scriabin is concerned? The use of liner notes as "commercials" for the performer is a formula that too often invites separatism and non-objectivity. The piano sound is good. —I.K.

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LADIES' NIGHT

by ARTHUR KNIGHT

With all the commotion over Women's Lib these days, the moviemakers are (perhaps coincidentally) focusing in on the ladies with a greater intensity than has been their wont. Statuesque Glenda Jackson stands at the apex of a homo/heterosexual triangle in John Schlesinger's *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*. Minuscule Mia Farrow is the special target of a mad murderer in *See No Evil*, directed by Richard Fleischer. And in *Let's Scare Jessica to Death*, a first feature by John Hancock, Zohra Lampert is edged toward insanity by vampires in rural Connecticut. They may not be having an easy time of it, but at least the ladies can't claim that they are being ignored.

Miss Jackson is particularly impressive in the Schlesinger film, a rock of sanity standing fast in the eddies of two driven, indecisive men. A divorcee, she welcomes the attentions of Murray Head, several years her junior. Mutual friends have arranged that the pair spend a weekend as babysitters at their suburban home, with every expectation that much of it will be spent in bed together. Their expectations are fulfilled, but only up to a point. Head has a friend back in London who is a doctor and a homosexual (Peter Finch). After a night with Glenda and a day with the children, he leaves abruptly to visit Finch. There is no ambiguity in the relationship between the two men, even though Penelope Gilliatt's script leaves the ultimate squaring of the triangle up in the air.

As in Schlesinger's earlier *Midnight Cowboy*, the plot is less important than the incidents that move it along. *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* is filled with small scenes that have the smell of truth about them. The middle-class, "liberal" family that has arranged the weekend is neatly punctured in its posturings. Their children, as rotten as one might expect, are suddenly sobered when their dog is hit by a truck. The doctor drives through central London, and the whole menace of the city at night is embodied in his brief encounter with a previous pickup (male) and a horrifically impersonal sequence in an all-night drugstore. Also neatly observed is a bar mitzvah at which a Jewish mother tries vainly to interest Finch in her totally unattractive daughter.

But if Peter Finch has all the best scenes, the picture remains Glenda Jackson's through the sheer force of her performance. The mouth is too wide, the body less than spectacular, but her feline eyes display not only a wisdom but a tolerance of the world and its ways that are just right for her role. When an executive who has been fired (she works in an employment agency) tells her his troubles, she offers him solace in her bed. When her lover returns to London to visit the doctor, she accepts the situation with rueful resignation. She displays strength and vulnerability, dignity and an understanding of the weaknesses of others. Above all, she values herself—and the film gives us every reason why she should. Billy Williams's low-keyed photography is outstanding.

Mia Farrow's performance is the best thing about *See No Evil*, but that is faint praise indeed. With strong overtones of *Wait Until Dark*, the film features Miss Farrow as the blinded relative of the inhabitants of one of England's statelier homes. While driving his car, the lord of the manor, unfortunately, has sloshed the boots of a peculiarly unforgiving young man, and the young man turns up at the house soon after and murders everyone—except Mia, who happens to have been off visiting at the time. Although blind, she discovers a silver identification bracelet dropped by the murderer and carries it to a gypsy encampment. The gypsy she encounters there unaccountably panics (since it turns out that his son was not the one identified by the bracelet) and locks Mia in a remote barn. Brian Clemens's script lurches along from one red herring to the next, while the camera either focuses in on the assailant's boots like a mad fetishist or makes small, foreboding movements that promise revelations which never come. Possibly, these gimmicks are employed because the script has no real revelation to offer. One good long-shot of the owner of the boots and the entire mystery, such as it is, would have been dissipated. I found myself longing for the old days of mystery films when all the surviving members of the cast would sit down in the last reel and explain the plot to the audience.

This same lack of explanation seriously mars *Let's Scare Jessica to Death*, particularly since there is every indication that Norman Jonas and Ralph Rose have written themselves into a corner from which no conceivable amount of explanation could possibly free them. Zohra Lampert, a mannered but attractive young actress, has recently been released from a mental institution and drives to a Connecticut farm with her husband and his friend. There they find Mariclare Costello, a girl who strongly resembles the daughter in a family photograph taken at the farm more than a hundred years ago. Is she a vampire? Are the hostile natives in the nearby town also vampires? Or should Zohra promptly be shipped back to the loony bin? Unfortunately, the film, for all its moody photography and electronic "scare" music, never gives us reason to care one way or the other.

Murray Head, Peter Finch, and Glenda Jackson in "Sunday, Bloody Sunday"—the ultimate squaring of the triangle is left up in the air.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Gene Ammons and **Dexter Gordon:** *The Chase.* Ammons and Gordon, tenor saxophones; Jodie Christian or John Young, piano; Rufus Reed or Cleveland Eaton, bass; Wilbur Campbell or Steve McCall, drums; Vi Redd, vocal (on one track). Prestige stereo, 10010, $5.98.	Two old comrades were reunited for these performances recorded live in Chicago last year. Both were in Billy Eckstine's boppish band in 1944, and on this evidence both seem to have withstood the ravages of time quite well. They duel with the usual quotes and uneven results on "The Chase" and "Lonesome Lover Blues." Gordon has "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" to himself, and Ammons "The Happy Blues." Neither rhythm section is any great bargain, but the better tempos of the second side lead to more rewarding moments.
Kenny Burrell: *God Bless the Child.* Burrell, guitar; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Hugh Lawson or Richard Wyands, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Billy Cobham, drums; Ray Barretto, percussion; with string quintet. C.T.I. stereo, 6011, $5.98.	Burrell plays with his customary taste and concern for good tone. This should not, but might, obscure the fact that he also often swings strongly, something most evident in his three originals on the first side. On the second, he plays long interpretations of Thad Jones's "A Child Is Born" and that tiresome favorite, "God Bless the Child." Even here, where the mood is more subdued, he sets up a dynamic pulse and improvises with assurance. The arrangements are by Don Sebesky, who uses the string section discreetly, sometimes like stage curtains, and sometimes for effective riffs. Hubbard's crackling trumpet on "Do What You Gotta Do" is a little out of context in the album as a whole.
Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland: *All Blues.* Clarke, drums; Boland, piano and arranger; with fourteen-piece band. M.P.S. stereo, 15288. *Faces.* M.P.S. stereo, 15218, $6.25.	A lot of chauvinistic statements are made in Europe about this band, but it is without question an extremely good one. Its only obvious fault is the overbusy rhythmic underlay provided by the two drummers, co-leader Clarke and Kenny Clare, a fault somewhat offset by Jimmy Woode's excellent bass playing. It is interesting to note that the models of the European musicians are not only those currently fashionable, as is generally the case here nowadays. Thus, Tony Coe's fine tenor saxophone solo in "Vortographs" (in the second set) clearly owes its inspiration to Paul Gonsalves, while Dusko Gojkovic's flugelhorn on "The Wildman" just as clearly stems from Clark Terry. And unlike most contemporary American arrangers, Boland pays more than lip service to Duke Ellington, as his original and colorful "All Blues Suite" testifies. The first album is probably the band's best to date, and it is worth close study and attention. Besides the two soloists already mentioned, Johnny Griffin, Benny Bailey, Sahib Shihab, Idris Sulieman, and the formidable trombonist, Ake Persson, all make handsome contributions, and the section work is superb. Boland seldom features himself extensively, but he is a neat, swinging pianist who can be heard to advantage in *Out of the Background* (M.P.S. 15137), where he is accompanied only by Woode, Clarke, and a relatively inoffensive bongoist.
Dizzy Gillespie, Bobby Hackett, and **Mary Lou Williams:** *The Giants.* Gillespie, Hackett, trumpets; Mary Lou Williams, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Perception stereo, PLP-19, $4.98.	This was recorded live at the Overseas Press Club last January, and, like most sessions of the kind (like the Ammons-Gordon sessions mentioned above), it probably seemed more exciting to the audience than recording reveals it to have been. Atmosphere, spontaneity, and a feeling of immediacy seldom survive such a transfer—or repeated playings. Gillespie and Hackett are both superior musicians, but their styles are just not compatible. The honors go instead to Mary Lou Williams, whose accompaniment and solos are brilliant throughout. Gillespie can be heard to better advantage in a four-part *Portrait of Jenny* (Perception PLP-13), where he is accompanied by piano, guitar, bass, timbales, and two congas. His muted playing in "Olinga" is particularly moving.
Woody Herman: *Brand New.* Herman, alto and soprano saxophones, clarinet, and vocal; with fifteen-piece band and guest artist, Mike Bloomfield, electric guitar. Fantasy stereo, 8414, $4.98.	A big improvement on Herman's last album, this showcases guitarist Mike Bloomfield (formerly of the Butterfield Blues Band) on four surging blues tracks. It was a very good idea, for the big bands have been surprisingly slow in recognizing the current interest of young people in the blues and the guitar, and Bloomfield plays with admirable fire and assurance. An additional bonus is "After Hours," well arranged by Nat Pierce and well played on electric piano by Australian Alan Broadbent.
The New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra: *Volume Two.* Lars Edegran, piano; Lionel Ferbos, trumpet; Paul Crawford, trombone; Orange Kellin, clarinet; William Russell, violin; James Prevost, bass; Josiah Frazier, drums. Pearl stereo, PLP-7, $6.00. (Postpaid, Pearl Records, P.O. Box 1411, Salisbury, North Carolina 28144.)	The sedate and gracefully melodic music this ensemble perpetuates predates jazz. It is interesting as an idiom early jazz musicians were certainly familiar with and from which they borrowed freely. In fact, it is easy to see how imitations of formal performances such as these, when improvised by unschooled and uninhibited musicians before unsophisticated audiences, could develop into the basic New Orleans or Dixieland jazz style. The violin playing of noted jazz authority William Russell is an attractive feature.
George Shearing: *Out of This World.* Shearing, piano. Sheba stereo, ST-101. *The George Shearing Trio.* Shearing, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; Harvey Mason, drums. Sheba stereo, ST-103, $5.50. (Postpaid, Sheba Records, P.O. Box 2120, North Hollywood, California 91602.)	Shearing continues to show what we have been missing in recent years. The unaccompanied piano in the first set is gentle, warm, and reflective—mood music that is not an insult to the intelligence. In the trio album—his first since 1963!—the playing is rhythmically stronger, the expression more intense, and the programing full of good contrasts. Mason is no Vernell Fournier, but the trio works well as a unit.
Marion Williams: *Standing Here Wondering Which Way to Go.* Marion Williams, vocal; Hank Jones, Ray Bryant, Joe Zawinul, or Keith Jarrett, piano; Paul Griffin, organ; Dave Spinozza, guitar; Jerry Jemmot or Andrew White, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; the Dixie Hummingbirds, vocal backgrounds. Atlantic stereo, SD-8289, $4.98.	This album has a highly misleading, teenage-type cover, but, inside, the great singer triumphs over some improbable material and delivers it all with the abandon and gospel fervor proper to her. Don't miss her *frisson*-making exits on "My Sweet Lord" and "Danger Zone," or her soaring flights on "Heaven Help Us." Her five-minute "Put Your Hand in the Hand" is decidedly affecting, too, despite the often unfeeling accompaniment. The album is recommended to all those who enjoy Mahalia Jackson and Sister Rosetta Tharpe. —STANLEY DANCE.

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VIDEO

COLOR TV FROM A VIDEO DISC

by PAUL MOOR

BERLIN

For the second year in a row, AEG-Telefunken, in conjunction with Teldec and Decca/London, has provided the Berlin Funkausstellung, that enormous exposition of everything new in the audio-video electronic field from all over the world, with its greatest popular sensation. Last year brought the disc that plays not only sound but also a black-and-white picture. Now Telefunken has followed that up with an audio-video disc that reproduces a picture in vivid color.

The quality of the demonstration I saw couldn't measure up to the sharp definition of the European television systems, but it easily matches that of the American system. According to the press release, the disc gets between ten and fifteen grooves into the width equivalent to one normal LP groove, and it is claimed that not even the finest particle of dust can penetrate them. I have some doubts: Occasional blemishes in the pictures I saw reminded me of film dirtied by usage. But it should be remembered that the discs emanate from presses, making perfection of such extreme exquisiteness very hard to attain.

The new color disc doesn't differ in size or playing-time from the black-and-white one unveiled here last year; Telefunken has abandoned earlier plans to make them only half that long. The discs measure a fraction over eight inches in diameter but they weigh only a single gram each. The plastic material has the thinness of foil, and when handled they look like Salvador Dali watches. The discs have grooves on only one side; a Telefunken man said they can produce the plastic so cheaply that it makes no sense to try for a double-faced disc.

Four Telefunken engineers (including Eduard Schüller, who produced the world's first tape-recorder) have managed to get between three and four million image and sound vibrations per second into those grooves. The disc whirls around on an air cushion at the speed of 1,500 rpm, and the total grooving on one disc, straightened out, would stretch about 1.8 miles. To compensate partially for the brevity of the present disc, Telefunken promises a magazine apparatus that will play a whole pile of discs, changing them *blitzschnell*—like lightning. The players demonstrated here—prototypes only, Telefunken emphasizes—measure roughly ten by sixteen by six inches. The company plans to make the player available for all international color systems. Each disc at present comes in a sleeve that you feed into the apparatus through a sort of letter-slot. Five minutes later the player expectorates it once again back in its sleeve, untouched by human hands. Telefunken says they notice no deterioration in quality after playing a disc a thousand times.

The demonstration I witnessed included fairly humdrum bits and snatches from several areas: Jean Claude Pascal strolling the Champs Elysées and warbling about them, the Les Humphries Singers and Sue Kramer doing a bit of their respective things, a gruesome close-up of a hypodermic long enough to penetrate the heart getting stabbed into some wretch's chest, and another bit of song by Peggy March. In a close-up, the picture quality made that cute little mole above her left eye quite lifelike, but a shudder went through me when a Telefunken flack extolled the merits of this new invention as, among other things, "an electronic baby-sitter."

> *"To compensate partially for the brevity of the present disc, Telefunken promises a magazine apparatus that will play a whole pile of discs, changing them* blitzschnell—*like lightning."*

Telefunken's people at the exposition say confidently that they expect to have this player, which you can hook up to any standard television set, on the market early in 1973. They expect to sell the most modest black-and-white model at about $250, the fanciest color magazine model at about $400. Discs will cost, depending upon their content, between one and two dollars.

Berlin has a long audio-video tradition: Emil Berliner gave the first public demonstration of his newly invented gramophone disc here in 1889; European radio broadcasting started here in 1923; and Schüller's brand-new tape-recorder got its unveiling here in 1935. So when Berlin puts on an exposition like this, it puts on a humdinger. This year 262 different firms sent exhibits from all over the world, including stands from the U.S.S.R., Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. The smiles on the exposition publicists' German faces turned a bit gelid and pained when they admitted that more than half of all the exhibitors came—in *Germany*—from Japan.

Sony, for some reason, didn't bother to include its video-cassette system in its Berlin exhibit, but the firm did trumpet its development of the first waterproof portable radio, in case you can't pass up your audio even while skin-diving. Akai showed the only Japanese video-cassette system at the show, but it had plenty of company from Philips, Blaupunkt, Grundig, Loewe-Opta Rank, and Teleton. With negligent largesse, Telefunken outployed everybody by exhibiting not only its picture disc but also both its tape and film reproduction systems. Philips showed its model N-1500, which it plans to sell for $825, with a cassette costing $4.50.

Grundig pushed its model VR-2000, which, like the Philips, also uses half-inch magnetic tape in a cassette lasting up to an hour. The Grundig set has a twenty-four-hour clock you can preset to tape programs from the air. Grundig claims that ten leading European manufacturers of television receivers have agreed to go along with Grundig's system. Those ten obviously do not include Philips, and the tiny discrepancies in cassette size make you feel like pulling your hair out over the senseless waste implicit in such flamboyantly free enterprise: Grundig and Philips cassettes are identical in width but Philips's measures precisely three millimeters shorter and six millimeters thicker than Grundig's. This sort of thing reminds me of Mexico City in the old days when if you had an Ericsson telephone you couldn't call anybody who had a Mexicana telephone, or vice versa.

As often happens in the inventing racket, somebody else hit upon the idea of video discs earlier but found no interest in his accomplishment. John Logie Baird, a Scotsman who lived in London, produced a disc that delivered a shadowy but recognizable thirty-line television picture way back in 1927. One should know that Baird also invented inflatable rubber soles, but those didn't make him rich, either. Where is he now. . . ?

Sony's indifference toward showing its cassette system here bemuses me. Do they perhaps feel so secure they don't really need even to care? I find it noteworthy that at Telefunken's disc demonstration the monitor set between the feet of the demonstrator, down where the spectators couldn't see it, came not from Telefunken but—you guessed it—from Sony.

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THE BERNSTEIN-GINASTERA PREMIERES AT KENNEDY CENTER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

TWO NEW WORKS, both American in the broadest sense, put a parenthesis of time (September 8-10) around the formal opening of the Kennedy Center Opera House and made it a truly hemispheric happening. Leonard Bernstein's *pièce d'occasion* is a "Mass" that combines the emotions of the composer with the motions of a cast totaling more than 200 singers, dancers, and players. It not only glorified the occasion, but made it "of a piece" in another way. The Argentinian Alberto Ginastera's *Beatrix Cenci* is a study in violence and horror redeemed by sacrifice. Its production engendered innovative staging techniques that could breed a new order of operatic presentation.

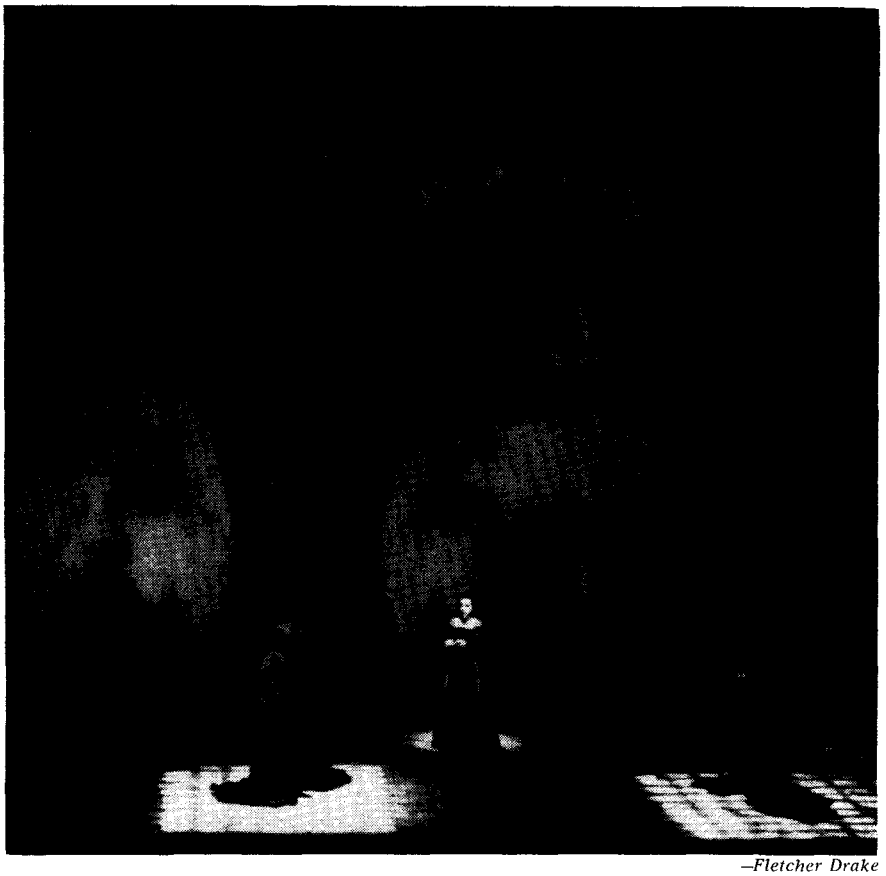
By using the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Mass from "Kyrie Eleison" to "Agnus Dei" as a framework for English interpolations by himself and Stephen Schwartz (both sung and spoken), Bernstein has called into account all the manner of means with which his career has been associated: the concert hall and the musical stage, the pop tunes and the *Jeremiah* Symphony. Better still, he has achieved a fusion of them more varied and expressive than in any prior work he has written.

According to the "billing page," *Mass* is a "Theatre Piece for Singers, Players and Dancers," but it is in fact a "Mass of Life," a celebration of being, a pageant of existence, rather than anything suggesting a sacred service for the dead. Verdi put Italian opera into his "Manzoni Requiem" and Bernstein has unquestionably drawn upon techniques of the "musical" for the score brilliantly staged by Gordon Davison. But the so-called "alien" elements cohabit so well with the more traditional content, and have been, for the most part, so sensitively spaced and timed, that *Mass* must be considered a permanent addition to the American theater repertory. Oliver Smith's décor and Maurice Peress's musical direction share much of that credit.

In a way, as Gershwin set out to write an opera in *Porgy* and wound up with more hits than in any musical comedy of his prior half-decade, so Bernstein has been moved to produce a "Mass" with singable matter that may well become popular. The mildly hysterical, electronically amplified opening "Kyrie" (very little in the performance is not heard through speakers) prompted forebodings, but the abrupt transition to the beautifully expressive "A Simple Song" (performed by the versatile Alan Titus, who carried the burden of the Celebrant without buckling under its weight), restored a balance immediately. Repeatedly, thereafter, as Bernstein called upon brass and winds on the stage, the maximum volume from a hundred choristers, and the bodily virtuosity of the Alvin Ailey dancers, a point of aural satiety was but a decibel away. The last outburst, in which the Cross is shattered and the singer of the original "Simple Song," who had donned robes and a priestly manner, rends his garments to show that beneath all he is a mere man, is, in fact, deafening. But the quiet resolution, in which the opening theme of *"Laude, Laude"* is converted into "Love, Love" for the not merely integrated but consecrated cast to perform perfectly, restored that transgression too. I found it theatrically banal and emotionally tasteless for the final words, "The Mass is ended. Go in Peace," to be heard in the taped voice of Bernstein himself.

For those interested in probing beyond the immediate impulse that prompted the composition of *Mass* (a personal invitation from Jacqueline Kennedy, as she was then), there are some absorbingly applicable antecedents. *Porgy* has been mentioned, and an interpolation called "Easy" is more than Gershwinesque. But the scheme as a whole relates most, in my view, to the *Airborne Symphony* of the late Marc Blitzstein, to whom Bernstein was almost fraternally devoted. This was a massive creation by "Sergeant" Blitzstein on behalf of the Eighth Air Force of World War II, in which words and music were intertwined, the colloquial and the vernacular were as present as Bernstein's use of "rock" flavor for a vocabulary purpose in *Mass*, spirituals occurred in hymnlike contexts, etc. It had its first performance anywhere under the direction of the young Leonard Bernstein at City Center on New York's 55th Street on April 1, 1946.

The fact that there should be such a pattern for *Mass* should distress no one, Bernstein included. There are



—Fletcher Drake

"Freedman and Chase have achieved a series of suspenseful, even intimidating 'spectaculars'." Under projections of her evil father, Beatrix (Arlene Saunders) plots his assassination.

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those composers who are blazing innovators, and there are those who are synthesizers. Bernstein has ventured both roles in his career, but there is little doubt that he is, by nature, more synthesizer than innovator. A sharp-eared professional could pick out a spot of Copland here, a swash of Orff's *Carmina Burana* there (a little too acquisitive, this), even a suggestion of *Parsifal*, but in the end, nobody but Leonard Bernstein could have written this score. And if that is not originality, it is identity.

Noting that one of my colleagues has intimated that the *Mass*'s plea for faith and love is not much antidote to these troubled times, may it be suggested to Bernstein and Schwartz that their next collaboration be called *Priorities, Priorities*? It could begin with "The National Debt" (*adagio lamentoso*), go on to "Bring the Boys Home" (*presto accelerando*), deal at length with "To Bus or Not to Bus" (*largo, quasi politico*), and end, of course, with the "Labor-Management" Rondo.

Alberto Ginastera's *Beatrix Cenci* is a theater piece cut from another bolt of cloth. A direct descendant of such prior works as his *Don Rodrigo* and the more recent *Bomarzo*, it is a contemporary kind of "fun" piece about the Count Cenci celebrated by Shelley and Stendhal, among others. A Roman aristocrat of the sixteenth century, Cenci made a despotic domain of his palace, ordered a bacchanal when two of his sons were killed, raped his daughter Beatrix, died at the hands of assassins hired by her to get him, literally, out of her hair. She paid for it on the gallows but, at least, freed her youngest brother of the monster who begot them both.

There are many marks of Ginastera's craftsmanship in the first act, which is mainly devoted to the revels and the rape, but too much of it is subservient to formularized recitative and declamation. As if to prove that he could turn off the formula and turn on music of charm at will, Ginastera has written a ballet sequence for one of Cenci's MAAAD parties that is lightly brilliant, purposefully ironic. But the dryness sets in again, the curtain falling on a seduction which, in this staging, suggests that it might not have been Beatrix's first experience of the kind, a curious anticlimax to what had preceded.

An intermission later, the mood is totally different, with Ginastera a composer much more involved than in Act I. Clearly his sympathies are now with the violated daughter, no longer the submissive Beatrix but a vengeful Elektra. Through much more inspired declamation, sometimes verging on arioso (there is barely any melody as such), and a dazzling array of visual effects conceived by Gerald Freedman and Ronald Chase in which film and slides, movement and action flow together, the work moves to its appointed end with gathering tension and theatrical force.

The stage director, Gerald Freedman, has sought to affiliate *Beatrix Cenci* and its Spanish text by William Shand and Alberto Girri with today's tolerance of horror and violence, to show *us* mirrored in Cenci's degeneracy, but knowledge of what appeals to an opera composer tends to make me doubt it. Ginastera loves to make an orchestra boil and a chorus shriek in horror, and you can't do that with a setting of *Tea and Sympathy*. In any case, he has written a second act that could very well be played by itself—and may, in future be so done. Indeed, had Ginastera the stagecraft of Strauss, or a theatrical collaborator such as Hofmannsthal, it could have all been done in one continuous sequence (as in *Salome* or *Elektra*) and be the more absorbing therefore.

As Cenci, the Spanish-speaking Justino Díaz reaches heights that have so far eluded him at the Metropolitan. Good direction and, of course, the maturity that has come to him in the eight years since he was an Auditions' winner at twenty-three have resulted in an effort that makes the incredible almost plausible. Arlene Saunders, on the other hand, who performed a Beatrix of much charm and artistry, has neither the vocal range nor the personality thrust to ring the emotional changes that would have suited the Maria Callas of yesteryear perfectly. Carol Smith as the stepmother was on a lower level of achievement, reminding us that the Opera Society of Washington, though fortunate in its musical upgrading under the forceful direction of Julius Rudel, still tends to use "local artists" who are not quite first-class.

The unquestionable star and the reason for which *Beatrix Cenci* will be long remembered is the production. There is some fumbling at the outset, an overuse of visual techniques for their own sake. But once the real drama—Beatrix's lunge for the jugular of her parent—is underway, in Act II, Freedman and Ronald Chase have achieved a series of suspenseful, even intimidating "spectaculars" climaxed by the leering face of Cenci as his daughter is led to her death, fearful that her destiny is hell, where they will inevitably meet again. A *Boris* done in this technique, with Godunov's hallucinations of the young Dimitri, whom he had murdered to get his throne, vivified á la *Cenci*, would give Mussorgsky's score something it could well use. Such future implications make Washington's *Cenci* as much an embellishment of Kennedy Center's theatrical beginnings as *Mass*.

Rugoff

(Continued from page 63)

York Hilton and invited every critic within a radius of 200 miles. Then he wandered through the crowd asking opinions of *Accident*. Most magazines had not yet come out with their reviews but Rugoff learned that many would be favorable. He got permission to quote from their reviews prior to the appearance of the magazines, then ran a full page ad in the *Times* replete with approving quotes. Notably absent was one from Crowther's review. "We saved the picture," Rugoff remembered. "In New York, that is. But the rest of the country—total disaster."

He'd just as soon have Crowther back reviewing for the *Times*, though. "It doesn't much matter what their present critics say, one way or the other. Crowther was easy to read, and you could really tell whether he liked a picture or not. With these guys today you have to read the whole review and then try to figure out what they thought. I get more and more upset with them. I think the *Times* has a responsibility to its readers to have film reviewers who have some bearing to the makeup of their readership. All this fancy *auteur*-ship is unhealthy for the industry."

Critics may nettle Rugoff, Hollywood may be in its decline, scripts may be fragmented and fail to tell an absorbing story, but Rugoff still sees a glowing future for films. "The reign of the big studios is ending," he said, "but more and more people will be making movies. More and more kids will graduate from college, the audience will be more educated, and more intelligent films are going to have to be made. The era of directional self-indulgence will end—we'll have to get rid of a lot of spoiled brats first—and there'll be more emphasis on stories that reflect reality. The art house as such—the kind that used to specialize only in top-level foreign films—is gone, but that's a good sign. Film culture is spreading deeper. And someday someone is going to design a film theater that will turn everyone on. The shape of the screen will change, the audience will be sitting up in the air in darkness, suspended almost, totally involved. I look at new designs, but so far builders don't want to play around with them—too expensive, because they demand free span instead of pillar construction. But they'll come." Meanwhile, back to the *On Any Sunday* ad campaign. "How about," he asked, " 'Harvey Mushman says it's greatness'?" Who was Harvey Mushman? Steve McQueen, it turns out, rode a cycle in the film using the name Harvey Mushman. "Is it honest, though?" That's when I left him still mulling

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POP

JIMMY WEBB

by BURT KORALL

Jimmy Webb was a pleasant surprise. When he came to the scene a few years back, the twenty-five-year-old songwriter took hold immediately. He seduced a wide sampling of listeners, spanning the generations in the process. His chief strengths were a seemingly innate sense of grace and melody and the ability to combine them cogently in song.

Much of his early work not only captured his country beginnings and subsequent musical sophistication but also made comment on life situations in a surprisingly collected, mature manner. Webb songs sang; and the best of his lyrics succinctly summed up, with a sharp sense of compression and imagery, his primary concern—one-to-one relationships.

Until about eighteen months ago, when he decided to drop out and think about future musical directions, he was served particularly well by a number of artists. They illuminated his songs and gave them tender treatment.

Glen Campbell, like Webb a country boy, brought just the right flavor to "By the Time I Get to Phoenix," "Galveston," "Wichita Lineman," and "Where's the Playground Susie," among others. He achieved the precarious balance of urbanity and countrified openness crucial to the thrust and "feel" of this material. Particularly consonant arrangements by Al De Lory were an asset. (*Glen Campbell's Greatest Hits*, Capitol, SW-752, $5.98.)

The Campbell contributions and Webb songs recorded by The Fifth Dimension, notably the runaway hit "Up, Up and Away," generated great interest in the songsmith. Artists on both sides of thirty increasingly recorded his things. As a result, Webb attained a high level of currency both on AM and FM radio. "Phoenix" and "Didn't We," the latter written when Webb was only seventeen, cemented his position. Their economy, melodic appeal, insight and sadness, and that ultimate quality, ageless reality, made them exemplary love songs.

After initial success, Webb sought further challenges. He progressed into a second phase by turning more of his attention to producing records, arranging, and conducting, so as to be in complete control of at least some of the taping of his material. Albums for The Fifth Dimension and Richard Harris, employing large orchestras, voices, and studio magic, were vehicles for experimentation and growth.

What Webb created for both Harris and the vocal quintet were suites made up of his songs, separated by suitable instrumental bridges. Their central theme: love—sought, found, and lost. Considering his comparative inexperience and lack of training in the more formal aspects of this project, Webb was surprisingly successful.

The Fifth Dimension offering, now titled *The Worst Thing That Could Happen* (Soul City, SCS 92001, $4.98), contains several fine songs—"Carpet Man," "The Girls' Song," and "The Worst Thing That Could Happen"—cleverly voiced scores, rocking rhythms, and excellent production values. It makes for a fine prologue to Webb's best piece of work: *A Tramp Shining* (Dunhill, DS-50032, $4.98), which showcases British actor, sometimes singer, Harris.

Leading with just a suggestion of the title song, the set opens with "Didn't We" and rarely lets down through the closer, a complete treatment of "A Tramp Shining." The material is unabashedly romantic; the orchestration lushly parallels and supports the creation of this ambience. Webb, Harris, and company, however, skirt the obvious and avoid the sugary taste that turns bitter in the mouth. Only the pretentious, pseudo-Elizabethan "Paper Chase" is a failure. But to counteract this, we have the lovely essay in 3/4 time, "Lovers Such as I"; "Dancing Girl"; the title song; and the famed "MacArthur Park."

Scored with finesse, "MacArthur" is in three movements—in essence three songs in one. A Webb lesson in compression, orchestration, and airy melodiousness that strains but does not break with song forms, it leaves the impression that something important has happened. Tempo and meter changes are used with particular flair; the work's contours are uniformly attractive; the harmonies linger long after the music has stopped.

Webb's instinct for the "right" syncopation and spacing in structuring a song is given best illustration on "If You Must Leave My Life." As in many of his songs, it takes on primary musical and lyrical momentum and interest as we approach midpoint, and builds pleasingly to climaxes. Once again, Webb tempers the romantic character of the song with an arrangement that, while smart and techni-colorful, doesn't overplay matters.

The Webb impact is not quite as consistent on subsequent albums. *The Yard Goes On Forever* (Dunhill, DS-50042, $4.98), the follow-up Harris set, fails to take fire. The production, scoring, and Harris's performance of this song suite (a departure for Webb—he delves into matters out of the romantic sphere) are comparative with the first album. But only the title song—a comment on the nuclear threat—and "That's the Way It Was," which touches upon loss of innocence, strike a resounding note.

Before taking time away from the scene, Webb produced, arranged, and conducted *Sunshower*, a Dunhill album (DS-50054, $4.98), for Thelma Houston. Miss Houston, an exciting performer in the Aretha Franklin lineage, does a hell of a job. The arrangements are imaginative. The songs maintain interest, yet just three are standouts: "Someone Is Standing Outside," another lovely Webb waltz with excellent lyrics; "Didn't We"; and "Cheap Lovin'," an R&B item strongly interpreted by Miss Houston and rocketed along by the band.

Late in 1970, Webb returned center stage in a new role—singer of his own songs. The new Jimmy Webb is documented on *Jimmy L. Webb: Words and Music* (Reprise, 6421, $4.98) and the more recent *Jimmy Webb and So: On* (Reprise, 6448, $4.98). As a performer he leaves something to be desired. His voice is undistinguished; his delivery, though spirited, will not worry any top rock stars.

Webb is quite serious about this new aspect of his career. He is touring with a rock unit. His plans include continuing public performances and more recordings. It would seem that he wants to be a central force with the younger people rather than the songwriter who means something to us all. The new albums tell us this.

As for the Webb songs, they are less expansive and emotional. The trend is to subtlety, varied subject matter, and even more economy than in times past. The result is songs that are less immediately appealing. Some of the songs, their delivery and manner of recording hark back to the Beatles of the Sergeant Pepper period. Others are just not as good as his early items. But there are rewarding times: "Sleepin' in the Daytime" and "Songseller" in the first set catch hold of you, while documenting types of filth and corruption with which we live. "Met Her on a Plane," the second album's prime offering, finds its music and lyrics well mated.

Jimmy Webb strives to keep growing and expanding his musical interests. He talks about a synthesis of popular elements within a larger-scale concert piece, setting free verse to music, making better use of electronics. Yesterday, he was one thing, today another. Tomorrow, perhaps another pleasant surprise.

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SAD DAYS FOR SALOME

A few years from now some nostalgic soul is bound to sigh, "They just don't make recordings like they used to." And hopefully the addressee (of infinitely clearer mind and keener historic sense) will snap back, "Thank God!" For the recording industry is bravely working out its strange death-wish in these early Seventies. In opera, it is in the form of committing to record a singer in a part that he or she has either just added to the repertory or has learned solely for a recording project. The whole concept of putting on disc a stage performance worth treasuring has been reversed; an interpretation is given currency by the mere fact that it exists on record. But there are few roles, if any, that don't demand careful seasoning through repetition—and few are the singers, if any, who can make a role their own at once.

Richard Strauss's Salome is an awesome creature, musically and theatrically, which is one reason why so few sopranos since 1905 have been able to scale the Himalayan heights, no matter how dynamic their vocal-dramatic gifts. This is mirrored in her complete recorded history: the brutal magnificence of Christel Goltz with Krauss conducting, the vocal splendor of Birgit Nilsson with Solti, and the special lyricism of Montserrat Caballé with Leinsdorf. Now enter the Welsh soprano Gwyneth Jones with Karl Böhm conducting the Hamburg State Opera Orchestra "live" on November 4, 1970 (DGG stereo, 2707 052, $13.96).

The assumption is that the great Straussian Böhm, now in his seventy-seventh year, was eager to have "his" *Salome* join the canon of *Ariadne, Daphne, Die Frau ohne Schatten, Elektra,* and *Der Rosenkavalier*—and well he should, for he alone carries on the Strauss tradition today, his performance crusting over with authority with the passing of every year. He is especially masterful with the massive Strauss, achieving opulence, power, and billowing sound—yet not at the expense of revealing all the textures and exposing instrumental voices. He wrings out of this pictorial, shattering score all of Strauss's musical imagery; but at the same time, with his fine ear, he gives equal attention to the voices through skillful handling of dynamics. The orchestra responds with a monumental reading, and never has the "Dance of the Seven Veils" sounded less tawdry.

Böhm, however, is a great conductor in search of a performance, for, in whatever time was devoted to this joint DGG-Hamburg venture, he was unable to lift his cast to his own plateau of accomplishment. The German translation of Wilde's play is fond of the word *"Schrecklich,"* meaning "terrible," which sums up the rest of this recording. Miss Jones, singing the role for the first time, barely suggests the character, skimming over words and phrases without much more than a rudimentary affinity for the character or the musical style. In the long dialogue with Jokanaan—as she longs for and despises his body—there is barely a hint of sensuality, and her answers to Herod sound affected. If the dramatics are sporadic, her singing is, in a word, distressing. A few quiet moments reveal beauty, but from *mezzo-forte* on up (95 per cent of her effort) there is a persistent wobble that widens under pressure on every sustained tone. And if notes don't wobble, they stray off pitch and turn sour. Added to this are scooped attacks and sliding tones, while much of the "Final Scene" is tired and careless in pitch. Just as there is no overall dramatic concept, so, too, the voice has no center of gravity—it is a desperate attempt of a young, once-splendid voice, now pushed beyond its resources.

In the other roles, only the Jokanaan of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau has true authority, for his intense characterization has an angry conviction—but vocally he declaims more than he sings, his high voice forced and dry. It's good to hear a rich tenor and mezzo in Herod's and Herodias's music, but Richard Cassilly and Mignon Dunn suggest little of the lasciviousness. Wieslaw Ochman is a *bel canto* Narraboth, and Kurt Moll impressive as the First Soldier, but Ursula Boese is an oldish Page. DGG vividly captures a fine balance of elements from the live performance, although Jokanaan's voice from the cistern is noisy at times.

Saddened and disappointed at what Böhm is leaving behind as his recorded *Salome* document, I read producer August Everding's liner note, in which he calls for the bathing away of all the old clichés. But to deny the depravity and turn-of-the-century ripeness of Wilde's text and Strauss's music, to do away with the decadence that produced such a work, is a director's conceit—to turn this into a bourgeois little drama seems to be the greatest perversity of all. —ROBERT JACOBSON.

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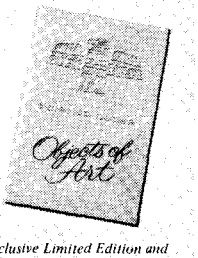

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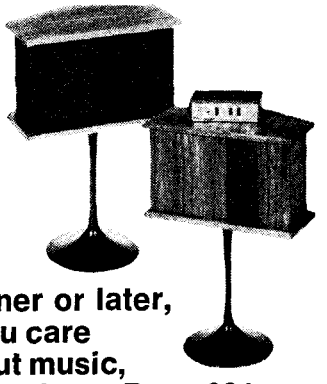
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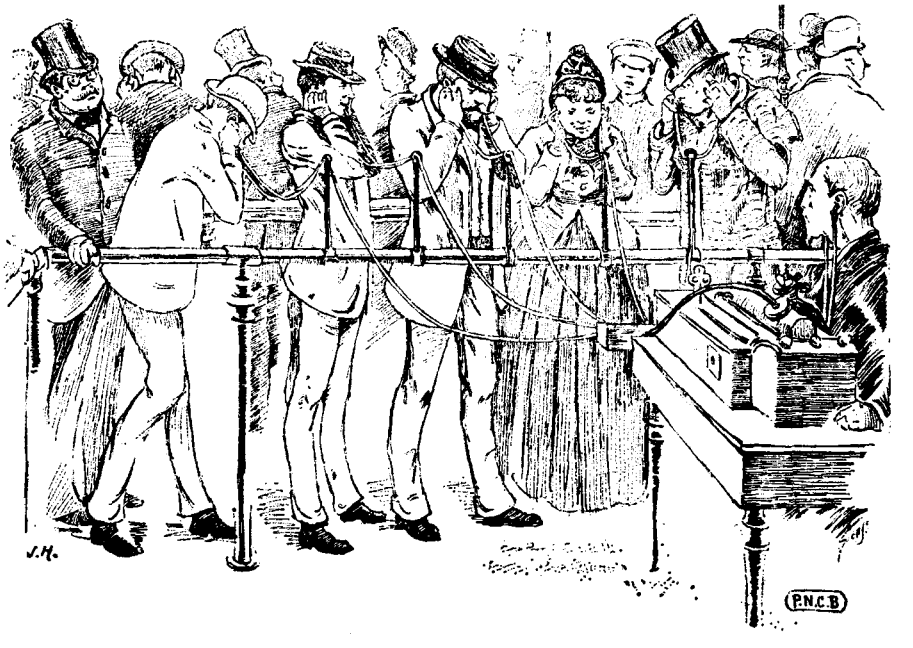
THE FABULOUS PHONOGRAPH —IN WORDS AND MUSIC

by ROLAND GELATT

The history of the phonograph is at once that of an invention, an industry, and a musical instrument. One would suppose that any chronicling of this history on records would properly and logically lay its emphasis on music. But such is not the case with the two-disc album entitled *Wonder of the Age: Mr. Edison's New Talking Phonograph*, which Kevin Daly has recently produced in London for Argo Records (stereo, ZPR 122/23, $11.96). Surprisingly, and disconcertingly, this production stresses the invention and the industry at the expense of the musical instrument.

Daly employs radio-documentary techniques to recount the story of recorded sound from its beginnings in 1877 to the advent of the microphone in 1925. Five skilled actors narrate material culled from various writings on the phonograph—newspaper reports and magazine articles, instruction manuals and catalogue blurbs, memoirs and letters—while an occasional old recording is interspersed to lend pith and point to the scenario. The verbal matter has been selected adroitly—both for information and for chuckles—and the juxtapositions have been carried out with a fine ironic twist. It is diverting to hear Sir Arthur Sullivan proclaiming (on an 1888 cylinder) his terror "at the thought that so much hideous and bad music may be put on record forever," and then to have this prevision followed by Billy Golden's backwoods rendition of "Turkey in the Straw." And it was a nice stroke to precede Violet Lorraine's maudlin "Three Cheers for Little Belgium" with an excerpt from a 1914 trade journal explaining how the new patriotic war songs can build record sales. Although the narration understandably emphasizes the British side of phonographic history, it does manage to convey a good bird's-eye view of the invention's early ups and downs.

But there is much too much talk and much too little music in this compilation. After a while, one begins to tune out the words and to squirm impatiently until the next rare recording comes along. Fortunately, some of these almost make the wait worthwhile—Caruso's "Tu non vuoi più bene" (the 1901 cylinder), Melba's "Nymphs et Sylvains," Tamagno's "Di quella pira," Bernard Shaw's "Spoken and Broken English." But how much more satisfying this album would have been if producer Daly had opted to minimize the palaver and to maximize the pearls. As it is, the field still remains open for a really encompassing documentation of recorded sound from its beginnings to the present day.



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BOOKS

A COUNTERPOINT OF VIEW

by OLIVER DANIEL

The phrase "I'm from Missouri" is the mark of the opinionated man. "I am both submissive to facts and amenable to argument," Virgil Thomson has stated, "and I consider my personal biases to be facts not opinions. . . . But if my opinions are not wholly unbiased, neither are they irresponsible. They are the opinions of a man from Missouri. . . ." And where else could he have originated?

The opinions he expresses in his latest collection of essays, *American Music Since 1910* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) are often trenchant and perceptive, and at times funny in a very good sense. As he was a vital part of the emerging post-World-War-I musical scene, Thomson's observations are of particular relevance. It is interesting to note how rivers seem to have played a crucial part in his life. Born on the Mississippi, he commemorated it in his felicitous score for Pare Lorentz's 1937 film *The River*. Ten years later, he evoked "a memory of Paris and its river" in *The Seine at Night*. But the Danube left him cold. Neither its purported blueness, its bankside *Gemütlichkeit*, nor Schoenbergian dodecaphony beguiled him. And those who would steamroll the concept that all that matters in twentieth-century music is that which was spawned by the waters of Vienna's precious stream do not faze him either.

Thomson's title is a bit confusing. "Since 1910" indicates from then till now, but that is not quite the case. The year 1910 is more or less the starting point, though Thomson dips back and gives us a once-over of our earlier days. But the book stops about 1954, when Thomson resigned as music critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, a post he had held for fourteen years. In his autobiography he remarks, "I came to realize, once I had given up reviewing it, that I could not bear the stuff in any form." Of recent developments and trends he seems blissfully obtuse. While he observes it all with a God's-eye view, he seems at times to speak like a seer who wants to set things right and at moments to prattle like one of Lewis Carroll's royal ladies. Nothing could be more calculated to bring down upon him the wrath of the current younger—under forty (and a few over)—group of American composers than his statement that "since the death of Edgard Varèse, nobody in America is writing 'advanced' music at the level of Stockhausen, Boulez, or Xenakis, not to mention six to a dozen stars on the European team."

Six composers are given stellar treatment. They are: Ives, Ruggles, Varèse, Copland, Cage, and Thomson himself. His estimate of Ives is lower than that held by his more perceptive colleagues. He esteems Ruggles more highly.

The chapter on Varèse is one of the finest, which is odd, because by nature and esthetic he is so totally alien to Thomson. In addition to the fine biographical material, the comments on Varèse are most perceptive. And to a world that usually thinks of Varèse in terms of cacophony, Thomson finds Varèse's *Le poème électronique* "for the larger part of its time miraculously delicate, a chamber piece of ravishing quietness, and though played on that most blatant of all sound-sources, an ensemble of loudspeakers, a work of rare delicacy."

The chapter on Copland again often goes beyond the surface, and we are treated to some fine inside lights on the building of his career, during which he determined "to make no unnecessary enemies." Thomson observes, perhaps a bit ruefully, that Copland's "foreign affairs and post-war domestic alliances, as well as his worldwide conducting tours of the 1960s, seem more specifically aimed at broadening the distribution of his own music than in sharing the wealth." Thomson spends some time in establishing his own directional influence on Copland. He observes that, after the production of his *Four Saints in Three Acts*, Copland remarked, "I didn't know one could write an opera." And then he proceeded to write *The Second Hurricane* three years later and, again after a twenty-year lapse, *The Tender Land*. Thomson feels that it was because of his writing the Americana-based ballet *Filling Station* in 1937 that Copland, having renounced the ballet after two successive failures, composed *Billy the Kid* the following year, then his successful Americana-based *Rodeo*, and subsequently *Appalachian Spring*.

Having known John Cage throughout his career, Thomson is able to observe the changes and evolution he has undergone; the influences that Cowell, Harrison, and Schoenberg have exerted on him; his acceptance of noise, all noise, as musical material; and his introduction of aleatory elements into the field of music. He recognizes the enormous impact that this last element has had on the young generation of com-

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posers working today but concludes that Cage's mind is a narrow one.

In the chapter on Cage as well as in two other non-specific ones, "Looking Backward" and "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," Thomson wanders in all directions, tossing comments like a Fourth of July sparkler. His observations on Schoenberg and his philosophy and school, and on various trends, influences, and developments emerging in Europe, America, and Japan are intriguing. He finds time to formulate his own opinions on such a variety of musical subjects that one is carried along with them, sometimes with happy admiration or with annoyance, and that is surely how he would want it to be.

Among the famous men he singles out we have Sessions, whose work he finds monumental and if it "stumbles over its own coils, it is nevertheless work of a high viscosity, stubborn obscurity, and some grandeur." Less weighty is the music of Ross Lee Finney, which "runs higher in the charm of sheer sound." Lou Harrison receives more copious comment. Thomson calls him a "great man (*une grande nature*, the French would say) with a remarkable ear; a composer both authentic and highly original, as well as (thank heaven) abundant." He finds his work unlike anything written in Europe today. He deals briefly with Harrison's Asian interests, serial pieces, and works in non-tempered tuning, something "which no other Schoenberg pupil did do;" he also informs us that his *Four Strict Songs*, commissioned by the Louisville Orchestra, calls for "fourteen especially-built flutes"—which it does not. A simple phone call to Harrison's publisher could easily have verified this. Henry Cowell, Ned Rorem, Elliott Carter, Roy Harris, and Kenneth Gaburo are singled out for special coverage and praise. Curiously, Thomson finds no place for one of the creatively vigorous major figures of our period, Wallingford Riegger, except in the appendix, where he is given a slight but praiseworthy two sentences in which he observes that it is his "poltergeist's musical wit" that gives him a place among U. S. composers. Surely Riegger deserves more than that. Other colleagues, particularly the more established, fare better.

Thomson's hundred-plus little biographies are concise and reasonably up-to-date; the longest is, of course, on himself, which he presents with no mock modesty. The most refreshing additions to these brief statistical assemblages are the pithy comments that tick them off. Of Babbitt's music he declares that it has "the clarity of distilled water and just possibly the sterility." Earle Brown's music is "far-outness manicured and groomed, always clear in sound, generally sparse in texture." Elliott Carter's chamber music he regards as "the most interesting being composed today by anybody anywhere." Little-known Lucia Dlugoszewski's "far-out" music is of "great delicacy, originality, and beauty of sound, also ingenious with regard to instrumental virtuosities and of unusually high level in its intellectual and poetic aspects." Ross Lee Finney's brightly colored music, at its best, "glows like the celestial firmament, with a dispersed brilliance untouched by human feeling." Roy Harris's "best" is his deeply meditative quality, exuberance, and great beauty of texture. Concerning the music of Hovhaness, he remarks: "If like heaven it purports to be eternal . . . it can also on occasion seem interminable." And so on! But as one reads on, the one-liners seem to become increasingly tired and repetitious, like floral descriptions in a seed catalogue.

He finds space for John Knowles Paine (1838-1906), Horatio Parker (1863-1919), and George Chadwick (1854-1931), but none for such distinguished younger men as Pulitzer Prize winners George Crumb and Leslie Bassett. Others who are conspicuously absent include Francis Thorne, Lester Trimble, Daniel Pinkham, Donald Erb, Alan Stout, John Eaton, Harold Farberman, and Ezra Laderman. A glaring fault is the omission of Bernard Herrmann, whose scores for radio, movies, and later TV are among the most memorable of the period, and whose opera *Wuthering Heights*, though still unperformed in the United States, is available on a superb British recording. It is a rich, challenging work and fully as memorable as any by Thomson.

Thomson feels that if he is to be remembered at all it will be for his operas rather than his other works. But are they operas? Victor Yellin is chosen to tell us, and his conclusions are somewhat different from those of John Cage in an earlier analysis of the subject. It is Yellin's conviction that Thomson's operas establish a new kind of opera in English that transcends nationalism, nineteenth-century dramaturgy, and twentieth-century stylist dogmas. *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All*—both Thomson-Gertrude Stein collaborations—have moments of wonderful pastoral charm. Yellin regards them more as grand operas than as musical cantatas, which they more definitely resemble. In fact, their prototypes are the Sunday School cantatas written by such composers as George Root, who, like Thomson, was a Boston organist and later wrote such rousing songs as "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Just Before the Battle, Mother." Thomson, too, can write such typical American tunes with willful simplicity.

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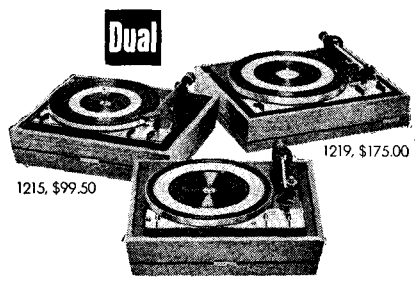

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Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

That Certain Sinatra

I HESITATE to cavil with Gene Lees and his excellent article "Sinatra—That Certain Style" [*SR*, Aug. 28]. For the most part I agree with him delightedly and wholeheartedly. However, his example of Sinatra's phrasing of the opening lines of "It Never Entered My Mind" jarred my ear. I have listened to that song well over 100 times on the album *In The Wee Small Hours* (Capitol, W-581), backed by Nelson Riddle, and I have sung it (unabashedly imitating Sinatra) to my second daughter now age ten almost as many times because she originally got hooked on the line about ordering orange juice for one. On this recording, at least, he sings:

> Once I laughed when (pause)
> I heard you saying . . .
>
> Not
> Once I laughed (pause)
> When I heard you saying . . .

Perhaps Mr. Lees had another rendition of that song in mind. I hope so.

RICHARD REIFSNYDER,
West Chester, Pa.

AFTER READING Gene Lees' tribute to Frank Sinatra, I looked through my collection of Sinatra recordings to find "It Never Entered My Mind." I found several duplications but in two different versions (CL 1136 and W 581) Sinatra sang it with pauses after "when."

Lees referred to the difficulties of "My One and Only Love" and the ease with which Sinatra sang it. On which recording is the song included? I cannot find it in my forty-five Sinatra records.

RICHARD C. EISENHAUER,
Cleveland Heights, O.

GENE LEES is right. Sinatra was there, and he was magnificent. He was to my husband and me what the Beatles were to my children. No other singer could touch him. He had a style that did, indeed, provoke imitation. Even today I must listen to half the record before I know whether it is Steve Lawrence, Vic Damone, Jack Jones, or Frank.

His talent and class are unequaled. I have been walking around for the past twenty-five years hearing Sinatra's recordings of "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night" playing softly in the back of my mind. I can't imagine any other singer even attempting to sing that song.

Thank you, Frank Sinatra, for all that great music, and thank you, Gene Lees, for the great tribute.

MICKIE SCHOLTUS,
Evelth, Minn.

Svoboda and "Lanterna Magika"

MAY I ADD a sad note to the very interesting article by J. M. Burian, "The Scenic World of Joseph Svoboda" [*SR*, August 28]? The originator of *Laterna Magika* of Expo Brussels 1958 and of Expo 67 in Montréal, Alfred Radok, who is mentioned in your article as Svoboda's collaborator, is now unjustly—in many a sense of the word—forgotten. He created and directed both the first (Brussels) and the second (Montréal) programs; the best parts of the second one (Martinu's *Opening of Wells*) were banned as "decadent" by the Stalinist Minister of Culture Vaclav Kopecky, one of the instigators of the Slansky Trial. Fired from the *Laterna Magika*, Radok worked in one of the less important Prague theaters, creating wonders on its small stage. When the tanks came in 1968 he left the country. In Sweden he worked out a completely new and original project for the *Laterna Magika* technique that was refused by the Swedes for reasons not quite unrelated, I would say, to those given once by Minister Kopecky. So while one of the fathers of the famous show is reaping laurels both at home and abroad, Radok—among whose pupils and assistants in the *Laterna Magika* were Milos Forman and Ivan Passer—pines away in a Swedish town called Västra Förlunda, directing a local theatrical group. Another of Art's Little Ironies.

JOSEF ŠKVORECKY,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Canada

I WAS FASCINATED by Burian's article about Svoboda and the use of multitudes of screens in multi-media productions. Living as we do in the Midwest, we have little chance to see that sort of thing.

Yet in 1968, to help celebrate the centennial of Paul Claudel's birth, the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay performed an English version of his *Protée* in four different towns using, as I remember it, five scattered TV screens—and one TV set which functioned for a while, most amusingly, as a character! Claudel had portrayed Helen as so traumatized by her experience at Troy that she could say only "I am Helen" no matter what was said to her. The character of Menelaus carried in the TV-set-Helen and turned the "on" button when he or other characters spoke to her. Her "I am Helen" scene was on video tape, of course. Later in the play, when Helen was goaded into lengthier speeches, the live actress seemed to be pulled out of the TV set.

LOUISE R. WITHERELL,
Associate Professor of
Literature and Language,
The University of Wisconsin-Green Bay
Green Bay, Wis.

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GRAFTON, VERMONT—Ski Bromley, Magic, Stratton. 4 bedroom home, 2 baths, large living room, fireplace; modern. $700 monthly. Available fall $350 monthly. Owens, 1400 Carrollton Avenue, Ruxton, Maryland 21204. 301-825-0259.

ESCAPE to secluded 80 acre farm near Woodstock, N.Y. Privacy, cooperative organic kitchen. $75 per month. 212-799-2875, 914-657-8940.

ALGARVE, PORTUGAL—Villas at resort club near Lagos. 2-4 bedrooms, 1½-2½ baths, maid service, restaurant, swimming pool. Golf and tennis nearby. Available for fall *and winter. Weekly rentals, including maid service and* car, from $170 in winter. Land & Leisure, 730 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1707, NYC, 10019. 212-879-3835.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box T-851.

For Fall/Winter Rental

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT. Charming estate, fireplaces, panoramic view, pond, near ski areas. SR Box D-513.

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WANTED: RETIRED PERSONS — Share lovely home Vermont border near Saratoga. Box D-517.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. **Fairview Heights** . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

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For Rent—Furnished

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APARTMENT FOR SALE

Furnished

ST. CROIX. U.S. Virgin Islands. Luxury 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. On beach. $75,000. SR Box D-438.

ROOM/APARTMENT WANTED

PROFESSIONAL COUPLE *seeks accommodation Tuesday* nights, East side Manhattan. College year. 516-482-1804.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VACATION, RETIREMENT, INVESTMENT on the coast of Maine. $300 DOWN delivers the deed to 1 to 2 acres in beautiful Maine coast communities in the famous Bar Harbor area. Quiet, hospitable fishing villages near enough to all conveniences; or active resort communities with everything right at hand: shopping, theatre, recreation. One of the few *remaining oceanfront areas still available* for your vacation or retirement home. $300 DOWN. $3,500 total price, including roads, power, telephone, adjacent beach privileges. Only 7¾% interest on balance over 6 years. ($55.72 monthly.) Or directly on the shore as low as $5,800 total ($900 down). Write Whitecaps, Box 45S, Bar Harbor, Maine or call 207-667-5956.

GHOST TOWN California desert. Clean air. 75 acres including old buildings, boot hill, partly developed mobile home park, all utilities. Exceptional potential. Low down. Terms to suit. P.O. Box 14, Pismo Beach, California 93449.

VERMONT PROPERTIES—Lovely country homes. For considerate service, Frank Punderson Agency, Pittsford, Vermont. 802-483-6517.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 2193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655, 802-888-4287/2433.

EVERGREEN POINT—160 foot deepwater frontage on *Taunton Bay in beautiful, internationally known* Bar Harbor area from only $5,800, with just 15% down. Striking vistas from rocky tree-lined coast with lovely coves and points. 1.5 to 2.5 acre interior properties with beach privileges from $3,000, $300 down. An unusually fine value in rare Maine coastline. Call 207-667-5956 or write Box 45, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

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(Continued on page 88)

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(Continued from page 87)

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

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LONG-TERM RESIDENTS. Tudor style lodge. Blue Ridge country. Economical living. English Hills Inn, Buchanan, Virginia 24066.

VACATIONS

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YOU'VE BEEN WHERE IT'S AT—Now go where it isn't. Rental houseboats cruise Florida's sheltered waterways. Boating experience unnecessary. Write for brochure: Waterbird, S-16, Box 617, Jensen Beach, Florida 33457.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure or see your Travel Agent. N.Y. Rep: F. Junge, 51 East 42nd Street, New York. 212-867-7585. Owner: Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

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WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

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BAYFRONT-UNIQUE—Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515. Fall from $85 week. Also Christmas, Winter Season. Apartments, too. Brochure.

VACATIONS

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TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME. Sanibel, Florida. Private cottage; Gulf beach. Swimming, fishing, shelling. Brochure. L.I., 621-3252. SR Box A-90.

CARIBBEAN SEA—Remarkable resort. Idyllic coconut beach. Efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

CRUISE INLAND FLORIDA—Relax, 5 idyllic days on LAZY BONES plus airboat and swamp buggy jaunts in Everglades country. $149 complete—November through April. Featured on Jack Douglas TV series. Brochures, reservations, write Capt. Maurer, Shanty Boat Cruises, Rt 1, Box 366SR, Ft. Myers, Florida 33905.

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GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

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TRAVEL

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TIMBUCTU — 17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara Capitol. $565 land portion. Departures first Saturday every month. Write for brochures. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

TRAVEL

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FLORIDA-DENVER-EUROPE. VW Camper. ICR, P.O. Box 23726, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33308. 305-563-5917.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z1J Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SPECIAL — Mexico — Christmas. Rail tour December 17th, 1971-January 2nd, 1972. Mexico's "Grand Canyon," Mexico City, Puebla, Cholula, Veracruz, Merida, Progreso, Chichen Itza, Uxmal, Teotihuacan, air conditioned "Pullmans," private lounge and diner, American style menus, bottled water, anthropological experts. Cost from El Paso, lower $540. Repeated February 25th-March 12th, 1972. WAMPLER TOURS, Box 45-SR, Berkeley, California 94701.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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TRAVEL COMPANIONS & ESCORTS—For children, invalids (including wheel chairs and stretchers), elderly, blind, and infants from or to any point in the world by air, land, or sea. Highly trained personnel including registered nurses. Multilingual if requested. Short trips or long cruises. No time limitations. Write International Travel Companions, Inc., Box 107 SR, Cochranville, Pennsylvania 19330. Tel. 215-869-8500.

AMERICAN, living, working Majorca, will find you living quarters. Davis, Soller, Majorca, Spain.

SOUTH AMERICA—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon Jungle. 18 days $565 land portion. "Central America by Motorcoach." 15 days $415 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Adjacent to U.N., shopping, theatres, sightseeing only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations with private bath, television and air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Singles from $12; double from $15. Family rooms featuring 2 baths. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME down Mexico way, Baja peninsula and Sierra Madre mountains. Free brochure. Mitch Williams, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Kensington, central yet quiet. Good, middle-class accommodation with friendly atmosphere. Light housekeeping facilities and full hotel services. Singles, doubles and 2/3 room suites, all with central heat, TV, radio and telephone. From approximately $5 to $8 daily per person. Clearlake Hotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington, London W.8. Tel. 01-937-3274.

MEXICO CRUISE. Sail aboard the last Windjammer to exotic tropical ports of La Paz, Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Acapulco. Swim, scuba and adventure. 28 days-$785. Trade Wind Cruises, Box 176, Dept. 100A, Palos Verdes Estates, California 90274.

AFRICAN HERITAGE—History, Arts, Religions of West Africa including TIMBUKTU and DOGON COUNTRY. Meetings with cultural leaders. Escorted, 21 days. Price from NYC, $1,275. Vision Travel, Inc., 29 East 61st, NYC, 10021.

VIRGIN ISLANDS CHARTER—41' Reliant auxiliary yawl, crewed or bare boat. Low summer rates until December 1st. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

LOW-COST TRAVEL—Free details tell how you can save. Write Adventure Travel Club, O'Hare International Airport, AMF Box 66182KK, Chicago, Illinois 60666.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Ad Hoc

THE AD HOC committee, once fashionable, appears to be losing ground so rapidly that it may never recover its old standing. A few years ago, in the heyday of its popularity, hardly a day passed without the formation of a new one. A passion to organize ad hoc committees seemed to grip the country.

Whatever matter arose—an argument over the placing of a new telephone booth at a suburban street corner, changes in the typography of a parish directory, the wish to save an ancient elm or restore a rotting pier or limit the number of pizza parlors in a single block—whatever the case might be, an ad hoc committee had to be formed to get things into perspective, to construct, it was said, a frame of reference and attack.

Naturally all these ad hoc committees put a terrible strain on the public, for as time went on members often were in short supply. The search for people to serve on ad hoc committees was frenetic. People on the fringe of noisy meetings found themselves drawn to the center of a debate and were proposed and accepted for membership on ad hoc committees. Frequently they were men and women who had merely wandered into the meeting to get out of the cold or from curiosity or because it was free. It was idle to protest. Those who did so risked the scorn of the audience, most of whom were already signed up for other ad hoc committee work.

More and more men and women yielded. Some, of course, wanted to be on ad hoc committees since most of their friends were, and even among those who had at first declined membership the sentiment slowly developed that one was being unpatriotic not to be on at least one committee, to be involved or, as some learned to say, *engagé*. Ad hoc name-dropping became common.

The astonishing thing about ad hoc committees was their variety and their incredible spread. Office workers formed ad hoc committees to talk authoritatively about water coolers and the color of paper toweling in wash rooms. Commuters formed committees. Playgoers, ice skaters, rock fans, smokers, cabbies, standees at the Met, playground attendants, small political groups, organizers of anti demonstrations, bird watchers, dog lovers—in short any number of people with grievances eased the emotional pressures of the day by forming ad hoc committees.

They sprang up by the thousands in universities, colleges, high schools, elementary schools. Some rose, flared briefly, and died. Some bred ad hoc committees within older ad hoc committees. Splinter ad hoc committees were among the most popular.

Nobody knows how many ad hoc committees there were at the peak of the craze. The number probably never will be known. —JOHN FERRIS.

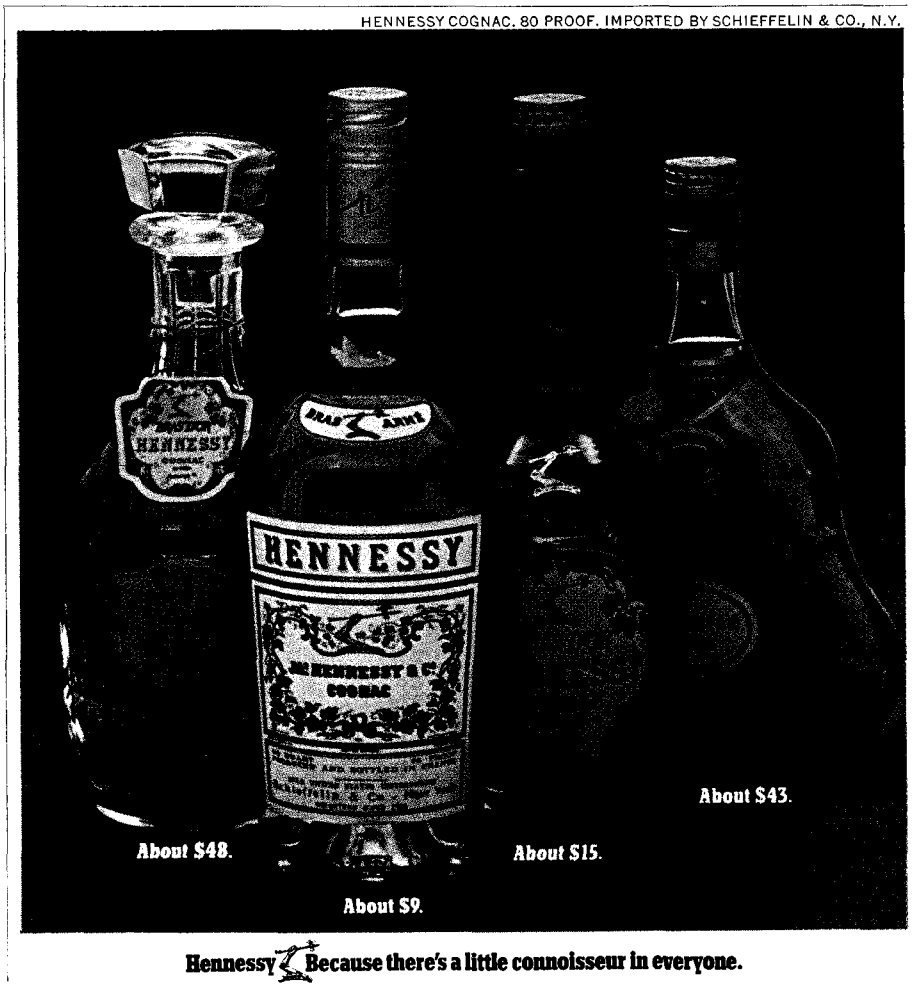
Station Break in One Minute

BACK WHEN radio and the world were young, the main attractions of a long night's entertainment were the station breaks. People listened to stations more than to programs. When the five dials on your twelve-tube Atwater Kent superheterodyne had been carefully aligned and a new station crackled into your headphones, you felt like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken.

But usually the new planet was listened to only until it identified itself. After you had entered the call letters, the exact time, and the dial numbers in the logbook that came with the set—in the kit along with the "A" and "B" batteries and the antenna wire—you resumed the eager but not always successful quest of far-off KFI Los Angeles. If you were in the Eastern time zone, this was apt to be the last triumph of the day, because generally it was long past bedtime before you could bring it in.

The station breaks we loved so long ago are still around, though the thrill is gone. Evidently, the FCC and most radio and TV announcers believe we are still waiting breathlessly for the half-hourly revelation of who it is that is bringing us today's ball game. "We owe you a station break," the announcer says, "and we'll bring it to you right after the next batter is announced." And sure enough he does. It always turns out to be the same station that has been bringing me the ball games for the past twenty-five years and from the very same number on the dial. The trouble is I filled in the last page of the logbook about forty-five years ago, and nobody gives them away with new radios anymore.

—JOSEPH A. BOURDOW.



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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1955

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Bind (a person's arms or hands)	18 49 68 74 97 113
B. Clothe, array	121 126 156 167 177
C. Harmless	184 192 199 2 15 45 56 58 63
D. Swedish soprano (1820-87)	92 100 125 139
E. (*of a skin*): limed but not yet tanned (3 wds.)	140 146 163 187 196 9 16 52 69 91
F. Outcasts	33 39 44 67 70 90 101
G. Make void, annul, or set aside	147 182 27 40 54
H. Not helpful toward further development	189 3 29 34 71 75 96 104 119 127 151
I. Devious, not straight-forward	172 174 202 6 23 48 78 165 176 59 64
J. Happy-go-lucky man given to the pursuit of amusement (comp. and wd.)	198 7 22 73 102 108 180 117 120 128 137 37 157 160 112
K. Belgian port at the confluence of the Scheldt and Lys rivers	94 99 130 154 194
L. She was bequeathed the "second best bed" (full maiden name)	4 28 81 132 142 155 183 12 66 35 164 105

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Hypocritical or pretentious ceremonies or performances	110 145 57 79 134 201 10 20 46
N. Makes uniform, smooths	62 131 149 162 168
O. Military decorations	19 80 159 181 188 8 13
P. Exhaust the strength, richness, or fertility of	84 133 21 31 42 170 61 87 109 95
Q. Steinbeck novel (2 wds.)	76 179 135 1 43 65 158 26 114 51
R. Deserted	143 195 82 178 191 200 88 25 171
S. Tax of one-tenth	106 129 83 169 30
T. Accelerate	60 111 150 185 36 86
U. Fundamental character or spirit of a culture	161 5 38 85 186
V. Daughter of Belus, king of Tyre; queen of Carthage, lover of Aeneas	203 152 24 122
W. Disproportionate; beyond what is proper or fitting; not just	148 173 32 124 197 77
X. Validates, tries	11 41 55 86 144
Y. Under obligation (2 wds.)	93 166 72 47 116 53
Z. Sound	98 17 50 107 103 118
Z^1. Incompetent	14 138 123 175 136
Z^2. Game of chance involving cards and discs	190 153 115 141 193

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 Q	2 C		3 H	4 L	5 U	6 I	7 J	8 O		9 E	10 M	11 X	12 L		13 O
14 Z^1	15 C	16 E		17 Z		18 A	19 O	20 M	21 P	22 J	23 I	24 V	25 R	26 Q	27 G	28 L	29 H
30 S		31 P	32 W		33 F	34 H	35 L	36 T	37 J		38 U	39 F	40 G		41 X	42 P	43 Q
44 F		45 C	46 M	47 Y	48 I		49 A	50 Z		51 Q	52 E	53 Y	54 G		55 X	56 C	
57 M	58 C	59 I	60 T		61 P	62 N	63 C	64 I	65 Q	66 L	67 F	68 A	69 E		70 F	71 H	72 Y
	73 J	74 A	75 H	76 Q	77 W	78 I	79 M	80 O	81 L	82 R	83 S	84 P	85 U	86 T		87 P	88 R
	89 X	90 F	91 E		92 D	93 Y	94 K	95 P	96 H		97 A	98 Z		99 K	100 D	101 F	102 J
103 Z	104 H	105 L		106 S	107 Z	108 J	109 P		110 M	111 T	112 J		113 A	114 Q	115 Z^2		116 Y
117 J		118 Z	119 H	120 J	121 B		122 V	123 Z^1		124 W	125 D		126 B	127 H	128 J	129 S	130 K
131 N	132 L	133 P	134 M	135 Q	136 Z^1		137 J	138 Z^1	139 D		140 E	141 Z^2		142 L	143 R	144 X	
145 M	146 E	147 G	148 W	149 N	150 T	151 H	152 V	153 Z^2	154 K	155 L	156 B	157 J	158 Q		159 O	160 J	161 U
162 N		163 E	164 L	165 I	166 Y	167 B	168 N	169 S	170 P	171 R		172 H	173 W		174 H	175 Z^1	176 I
177 B	178 R	179 Q	180 J		181 O	182 G	183 L		184 C	185 T		186 U	187 E	188 O	189 H	190 Z^2	191 R
	192 C	193 Z^2	194 K		195 R	196 E		197 W	198 J	199 C	200 R	201 M	202 H	203 V			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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These cigarette holders can give you a cleaner taste.

So can this one.

A cigarette holder keeps the end of the cigarette away from your lips.

Naturally, that gives you a clean taste.

The tip of a Parliament does the same thing.

Inside the firm shell there's a filter, recessed away from your lips.

So instead of tasting the filter, you taste good, clean flavor.

The Parliament cigarette holder. It does what other holders do.

In a new kind of way.

It works like a cigarette holder works.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine–100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70

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Sometimes it's more elegant not to use an elegant decanter.

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